March 13, 1937

5¢ A COPY

IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA KANSAS

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

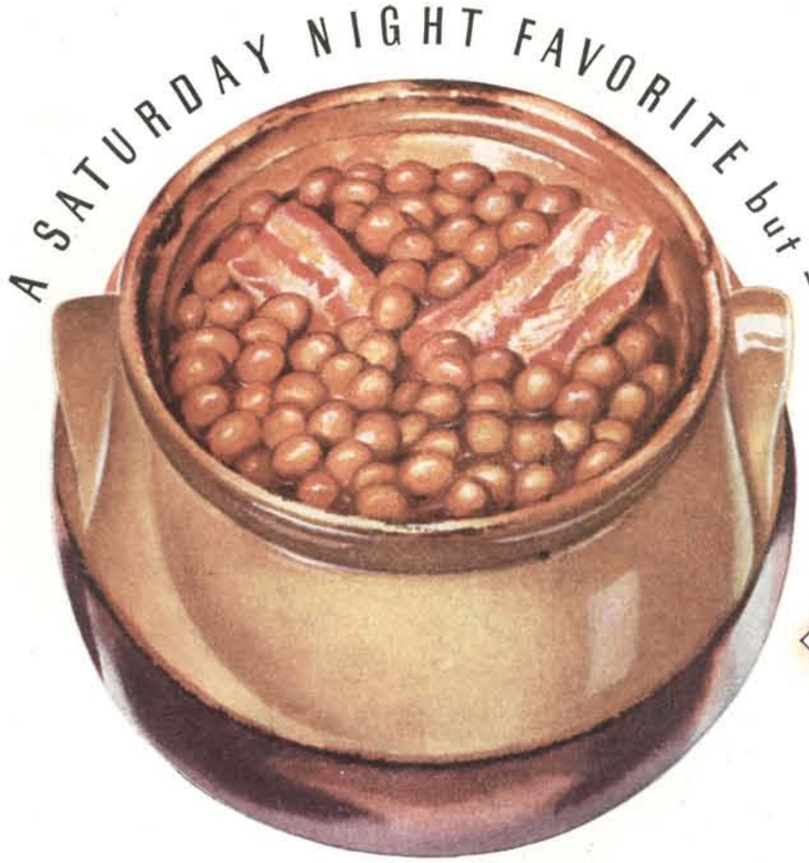
© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
COLLIER'S—THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Suffer, Little Children, Suffer

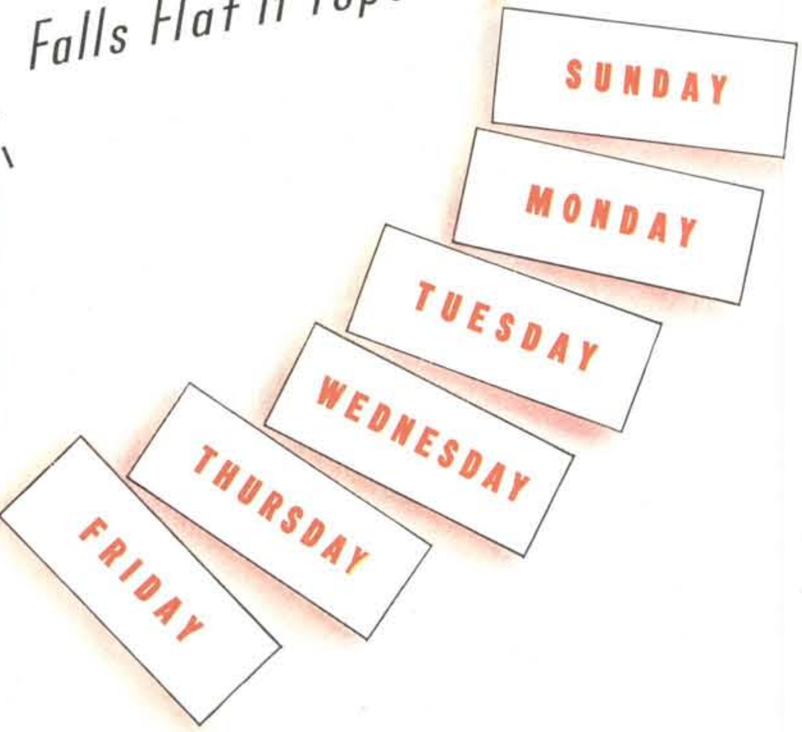
By WALTER DAVI

DOLORES FRY C
2220 HOLMES 6857.
GPO C
KANSAS CITY EEI
MO D37 XMAS

March 13 1937


A SATURDAY NIGHT FAVORITE but –

Falls Flat if repeated –


SUNDAY
MONDAY
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY
FRIDAY

YOUR LIQUOR TASTE NEEDS A CHANGE, TOO

Do you sometimes feel like a machine — all wheels and gears inside? Don't blame it on "this machine age" . . . it's your routine drinking. You don't have to limit yourself to Dry Martinis or Rye Highballs. This is a free country. Have a mind of your own and be individualistic in what you drink. Treat your weary liquor taste to something new and see what a beautiful world this really is. Here are three new starting points . . .

OLD MR. BOSTON
Apricot Nectar Liqueur

OLD MR. BOSTON APRICOT NECTAR LIQUEUR – 80 Proof

Here's the taste of luscious ripe fruit with a twinkle in its eye. Old Mr. Boston Nectar Liqueurs are delicious both as a before-dinner or after-dinner drink. Four flavors for zesty variety — Apricot, Blackberry, Wild Cherry and Peach . . . Pour straight or serve in a highball.

OLD MR. BOSTON
BOURBON LIQUEUR
FULL QU

OLD MR. BOSTON RYE OR BOURBON LIQUEUR – 90 Proof

The same good old flavor brought up to modern conceptions of subtle smoothness . . . authority plus diplomacy. Designed for drinking straight but it's also a good mixer. Try it this way . . .

WHISKEY SOUR — use 8 oz. glass
1½ ozs. Old Mr. Boston Rye or Bourbon Liqueur
¾ oz. lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar
Shake and strain. Add piece of ice and fill with seltzer. Decorate with half slice of lemon.

OLD MR. BOSTON ROCK & RYE 80 Proof

The old standby for that chill. But this delicious drink doesn't need any excuse. Your best companion at the fireside or the window as you watch the snow falling. *Drink it straight or in a highball. On a cold night try adding a half jigger of hot water to a jigger of Old Mr. Boston Rock and Rye.*

OLD MR BOSTON
Rock & Rye

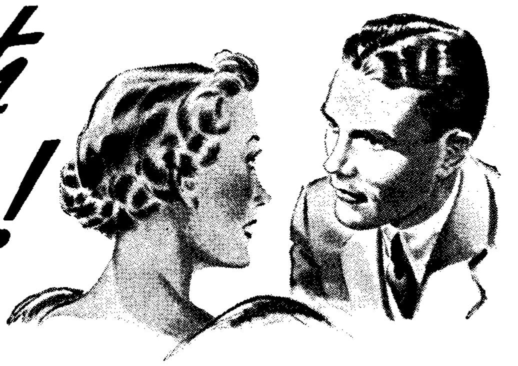
OLD MR. BOSTON
Fine Liquors

BEN BURK, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

Try Something Different

COPR. 1937 BEN BURK, INC.

Good-looking hair is worth "60 seconds" of your time!



use VITALIS and—the "60-Second Workout"

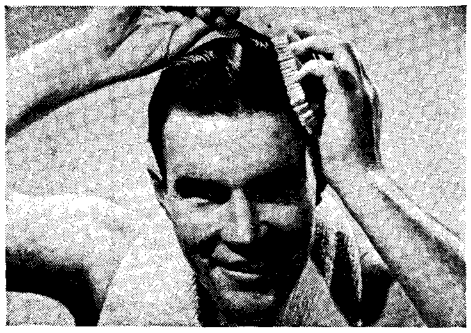
WHEREVER you go—whatever you do—you're judged, first of all, by your appearance. That's why well-groomed hair is so important. For it wins the admiration and respect of everyone you meet, whether in social or business life. It is an outward mark of honest pride in your appearance.

You can easily give your hair the proper care—keep it looking lustrous and handsome—with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." Just apply Vitalis, rub it briskly into your scalp, right down to the hair roots. Feel the tingling sensation as strong new circulation responds to this vigorous massage. The tight, dry skin of the scalp relaxes . . . the pure vegetable oil of Vitalis helps replenish the natural oils of the scalp.

Your hair benefits by the healthy condition of your scalp. It takes on new life, new "lustre." Loose dandruff soon goes . . . and with it one threat of falling hair. Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" gives you a handsome head of hair, easy to comb and brush ...without that objectionable "patent-leather look"!

Get a bottle of Vitalis at any drug store today. Keep your scalp healthy and your hair good-looking with Vitalis and "60-Second Workout."

1. **50 SECONDS** to rub—hair-nourishing oils are replenished. Circulation quickens. Your hair takes on new life and lustre.



2. **10 SECONDS** to comb and brush—your hair looks rich and lustrous, but with no objectionable "patent-leather" shine.

ASK YOUR BARBER

Your barber is an expert on the care of the scalp and hair. Where you see this seal displayed you are guaranteed that the barber is using genuine Vitalis—from single-application "Seal-tubes." Beware of substitutes.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

March 13, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
GEORGE CREEL Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

NO ONE could understand why Doctor Rand, graduate of Johns Hopkins and the University of London, should choose to bury himself in an obscure mountain college. His pupils at Ozarkian worshiped him—and also failed to understand. All except Lisha Moseby. She caught some hint of the splendid vision that had brought him to the Ozark Hills.

And then Doc Rand performed a miracle. A genuine and attested miracle. Word went like wildfire through the hills. The Power had come to Doc Rand. In "Alma Mater Song," a two-part serial, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan tells the exciting and romantic story of a man of science transformed against his will into a miracle worker.

IT'S fun to fly; there's something dramatic and adventurous about it. It's convenient, comfortable and fast, but "Is It Safe to Fly?" Many people think not. They read headlines about an air crash and loudly resolve never to leave the solid earth. That's the price that our youngest transportation industry has to pay for its prominence—its disasters are dramatic too. But what are the facts? What are the safeguards? What are the chances? Collier's flying reporter, W. B. Courtney, after careful examination of the airways, answers fully and candidly your question: Is it safe to fly?

WITH only five days between her and matrimony, Terry Peters dived off the yacht and swam away into the fog. The important thing in a fog, as Jack Bard told her later, is to take a true departure. But if Terry had done that she would not have swum out to sea and consequently would never have met Jack Bard nor been marooned on his island. "Girl Adrift" is by Ben Ames Williams.

SOME of the very best fishing in the world is to be found in Mongolia. It's unsatisfactory now, though, because three other nations are using Mongolia for a battlefield. In "Luck of the Mongols," Jim Marshall gives you a firsthand account of what's happening there.

BECAUSE, as a boy, Albert Holman got sick his parents bought him a saxophone and altered the course of his life. In "Evening of a Gobble-Piper," Henry Anton Steig shows you the dizzy heights to which he eventually attained.

THOMAS McMORROW, Jack Lamb, Octavus Roy Cohen, J. D. Ratcliff, Dwight Mitchell Wiley, Ruth Carson, Quentin Reynolds and others contribute fiction and articles. Watch for 'em.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Surprise Witness. The Hope Taylor mystery. Page 9

MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS and MURDO MORRISON
A Place in the Sun. A polo player's woman trouble. Page 11

FREDERICK NEBEL
Woman at Bay. Tropical melodrama. Page 14

D. K. FINDLAY
Man in the Sky. Test of courage. Page 18

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Family Affair, by Henri Duvernois. Page 28

SERIAL STORIES

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
I Love You again, Part VII. On trial. Page 16

DWIGHT MITCHELL WILEY
Castle Key, Part III. A villain in the making. Page 20

ARTICLES

WALTER DAVENPORT
Suffer, Little Children, Suffer. Opposition to the Child-Labor Amendment. Page 12

RUTH CARSON
Fresh as They Come. Spring cleaning. Page 17

EDWIN GRANBERRY
The Private Life of Margaret Mitchell. The author of Gone with the Wind, overwhelmed by the world. Page 22

VICTOR G. HEISER, M. D.
Purity Preferred. Drama in the offices of the Board of Health. Page 60

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY
Shots from a new movie. Surprise! Surprise! Page 62

●

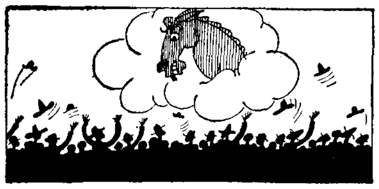
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Fact by fact. Page 6

EDITORIAL
Water Cure. Page 78

COVER JAY IRVING

Any Week

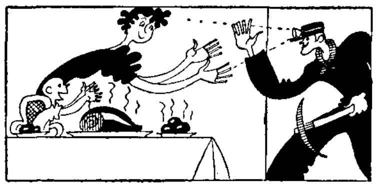
OF COURSE we asked for it. And like all such foolhardy seekers after trouble, we've got it. Our secretary, who hasn't been in the very best of health lately, has just staggered in to report that nearly nine hundred of you have sent in your solutions of the problem that Montana rancher is struggling with—the rancher who owns the horse which insists upon eating with the children. Just as soon as we've finished this job we're going to lock ourselves up and, with a doctor, a couple of attendants and a strait jacket handy, we're going to read nine hundred letters. There'll be twice that many by that time. The solutions run all the way from selling the horse to fooling it with a few dummy children. Lots of the solutions are accompanied by diagrams. Architects have entered the fray with plans for a new ranch house; lawyers have invoked the Constitution; headmasters of boarding schools have agreed to take the children at half price; chemists have invented special horse foods which will change the nature of the nag; secretaries of Southern chambers of commerce have invited the rancher to move to balmier climates; legislators come forward with special legislation; scenario writers want to work the Dionne quintuplets into the argument. A few moments ago we said something about some of our correspondents being slightly screwy. But our secretary says we're the one that's that way.



YET somebody's going to get that ten dollars. And we hope the winner will handle the money wisely. Mr. Bob Berry of Mena, Arkansas, assures us that there are people prudent enough to be trusted with such windfalls. "Our State Welfare is now paying up to twelve dollars a month to those who have had sixty-five or more birthdays," says Mr. Berry. "And that's not enough, according to one old-timer who recently asked Welfare to raise his monthly check to twenty dollars, saying: 'If you-all do that I can live right well and save up somethin' for my old age.' "

"THIRTY-ODD years ago," writes Mr. James A. Tanner of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, "I wrote you complaining that whereas your front pages were numbered at the top, your back section was numbered at the bottom. I was pretty mad. But you corrected the evil and I was getting along fine until now. Now you're at it again, only worse. Now your rear section is not numbered at all. Not in my copies anyway. Are you doing this just to make me mad again? Please correct this and see that it's permanent this time. I do not wish to have to chide you again thirty-five years hence."

NOR is Mrs. Edna Mae Rogers of Butte, Montana, pleased with us either. Our recent piece about that fascinating town irritated her. "Butte," says she, "is a town with lovely homes, and very real and lovely people live in those homes. We have beautiful department stores, theaters, Y. M. C. A., a K. of C. and more really beautiful churches than I can count. It is true that after eight hours underground the miners are ripe for a bit of relaxation but in the majority of cases it is their own fireside and families and a nice steaming hot dinner. In the winter evenings a friendly game of pinochle or bridge, or an evening at the cinema and perhaps a glass of beer or a hamburger or hot dog and then home to bed. . . . The miners like to relax that way. Their family, a nice picnic dinner (in the summer) and a cool stream and as much of God's good clean fresh air as they can get into their lungs. . . . I am really so angry that I cannot think coherently."



WE were the subject of quite a lively debate in the home of Mrs. Ed P. Baselie of Trenton, New Jersey. It was generally agreed that Collier's is "right on top of things." But the problem was, "How do those guys keep right after it all the time?" At a late hour it was decided to adjourn with the decision that "you people must get in an airplane and fly around, watching the ground. When you see something that looks like it might be interesting you come down and go to work on it. Whatever you do, please keep it up. You're doing fine."

WELL, it isn't that simple. But it isn't very complex either. Years ago we knew an editor named Beatty. A very wise editor too. "Son," said he, "something is always happening. Nothing you can do can prevent it. Find out where it's happening and then drop in and find out why. And then tell everybody."

SO stick around.

Vol. 99, No. 11. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home Magazine. Copyright, 1937, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

More than 700,000 Investors are Saving with

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

DIRECT OBLIGATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Each month more than 50,000 investors are buying United States Savings Bonds. These investors are representative of every section of the country—men and women living on the farms, in the villages and in the cities throughout America. The special features of Savings Bonds adapt them for systematic savings.

Fixed cash surrender values free these bonds from price fluctuation—these values never are less than the purchase price, and increase at the end of the first year and each six months thereafter until the bonds mature at the end of ten years. A Savings Bond may be redeemed, in whole or in part, at any time after sixty days from issue date and provides ready cash for its owner in the event of need.

If you invest from accumulated funds, or desire to save systematically from current income, you will find denominations to suit your purpose.

EACH BOND MATURES IN 120 MONTHS FOR 33⅓% MORE THAN ITS ORIGINAL COST

By purchasing a Savings Bond each month you can provide yourself with a monthly return beginning in 10 years, for as many months as you buy bonds.

Amount You Invest Each Month for 120 Months	Payable Each Month, for 120 Months, Starting in 10 Years
$18.75	**$25.00**
$37.50	**$50.00**
$75.00	**$100.00**
$93.75	**$125.00**
$187.50	**$250.00**
$375.00	**$500.00**

A Regular Purchase Plan is offered by the Treasury Department to facilitate systematic purchases. You will be reminded to save regularly, at intervals selected by you. Check coupon below for full details.

TEN IMPORTANT FEATURES OF THESE BONDS

- Your investment will increase 33⅓% if held for ten years.
- Interest accrues at the rate of 2.9% per annum compounded semiannually provided the bond is held to maturity.
- May be redeemed in cash after 60 days from issue date, in whole or in part.
- Free from price fluctuation. The fixed cash redemption values, which never are less than the purchase price, are printed on the face of each bond.
- Ownership. They may be registered in the name of an individual, a trustee, a corporation, or any other legal entity.
- Ownership by two persons. They may be registered in the names of two (but not more than two) individuals. Such bonds may be redeemed by either person named as coowner.
- Beneficiary can be named. You may register your bond with the name of a beneficiary to whom, on request, your bond will be payable or reissued in the event of your death.
- Protection against loss. If lost or destroyed, a duplicate will be issued upon proof of loss and proper indemnity.
- Tax exempt both as to principal and interest to the same extent as other Treasury bonds, as more fully defined in Treasury Circular No. 571.
- $10,000 maximum in one year. It is permissible under the law authorizing these bonds that $10,000 (but not more than $10,000) maturity value, issued during any one calendar year, (Jan. 1 to Dec. 31) may be held by any one person. An additional $10,000 maturity value issued during each or any subsequent calendar year may be so held.

FOR SALE AT POST OFFICES OR, IF YOU PREFER, ORDER BY MAIL

TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, DEPARTMENT C-03, WASHINGTON, D. C.

☐ Please send me without obligation, your Regular Purchase Plan and forms for my consideration and optional use.

☐ Send me the following bonds for which I enclose check, draft, or money order.

NUMBER			
....	**$25** United States Savings Bonds at	**$18.75**	$..........
....	**$50** United States Savings Bonds at	**$37.50**	$..........
....	**$100** United States Savings Bonds at	**$75.00**	$..........
....	**$500** United States Savings Bonds at	**$375.00**	$..........
....	**$1000** United States Savings Bonds at	**$750.00**	$..........
		Total	$..........

Register in the name of and send to

Name Miss / Mrs. / Mr. ____________________

Street Address ____________________

City ____________________ *State* ____________________

Make all remittances payable to Treasurer of the United States

I'M WORRIED ABOUT MY GUMS
WHY DON'T YOU TRY A TOOTH BRUSH WITH ROUND-END BRISTLE?

WHEN your dentist tells you that Round-End bristle is *gentler to the gums*... remember that Pro-phy-lac-tic is the only tooth brush on the market with this patented improvement.

The microscope proves that the bristles in all other tooth brushes are sharp and jagged right at the points which touch your gums... just as it proves that the bristles in Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush are as round and smooth as your fingertips.

Why take chances massaging the gums with an ordinary, scratchy tooth brush? Look for the red and yellow box so that you will be sure of getting a genuine Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. If you like a small brush, by all means ask for the newly designed Pro-phy-lac-tic *Adult SMALL-Type*. For a slightly larger size, get the Pro-phy-lac-tic *Adult REGULAR*. Either is 50¢. Both have Round-End bristle. Guaranteed to satisfy or your money refunded.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

Photo-Micrograph of ORDINARY BRISTLE MAGNIFIED 16 TIMES

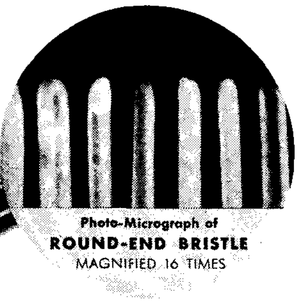
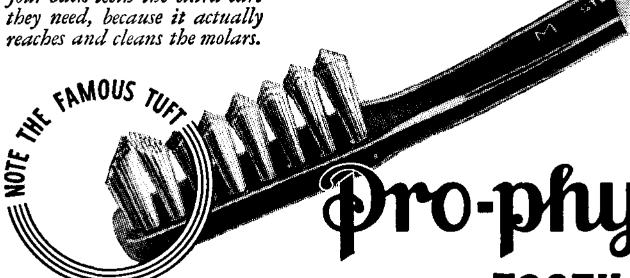


Photo-Micrograph of ROUND-END BRISTLE MAGNIFIED 16 TIMES

This tuft makes it easy to give your back teeth the extra care they need, because it actually reaches and cleans the molars.



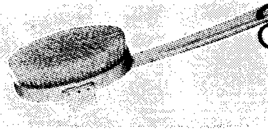
Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSH

No other has ROUND-END Bristle

How to Pick "Best Buys" in Brushes

No brush can be better than its bristle. No bristle can be better than that which Pro-phy-lac-tic selects for any brush in its particular price class.

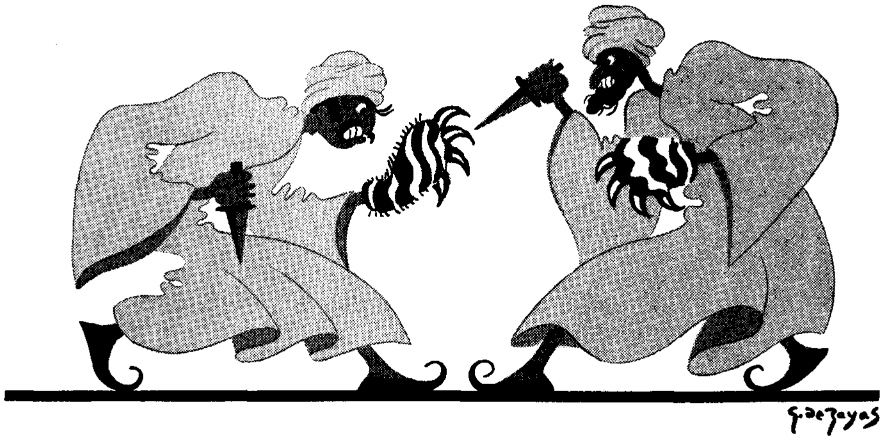
To make sure of top value and bristle excellence, look for the Pro-phy-lac-tic name. It is your money-back guarantee of satisfaction on military sets for men, priced as low as $3.50. On hair brushes for women, from $1 up. On brushes for the complexion at 75¢ and $1, for hands and nails at 50¢ and $1, on bath brushes at the price range shown below.



Pro-phy-lac-tic BATH BRUSHES $1.25 TO $4.00

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster



A CURIOUS weapon, used in India centuries ago, was the "claw hand." When a man entered a fight, he carried a dagger in his right hand and tiger claws fitted to the fingers of his left hand. Apparently it was believed that these claws, even when worn by man, would do considerable damage.

A submarine can lie motionless on the surface or on the bottom of the ocean. But when submerged but not on the bottom, the boat must keep moving so its horizontal rudders or fins can hold it on an even keel and at the desired depth.

In New York and other American cities, a Chinese merchant cannot rent a store that has previously been occupied by another Chinese unless he pays this former tenant for the privilege. The cost of the "permit" is often so exorbitant, sometimes running into thousands of dollars, that the property owner can never again rent the store to a member of this race.—*By Lee Wong, New York City.*

As late as 1880 commissions in the British Army were bought and sold legally by English military men. The high cost of these appointments is shown by one such transaction in 1856 in which a young and wealthy soldier paid $90,000 to become a cavalry colonel.

At a trial in Port Royal, Jamaica, in 1799, the master of a ship was about to be acquitted of the charge of carrying contraband, through lack of evidence—the ship's papers which he had thrown overboard while being captured—when the master of another vessel walked in with the incriminating documents. He had just found them in the stomach of a shark. —*By R. P. Cunningham, Darlington, Indiana.*

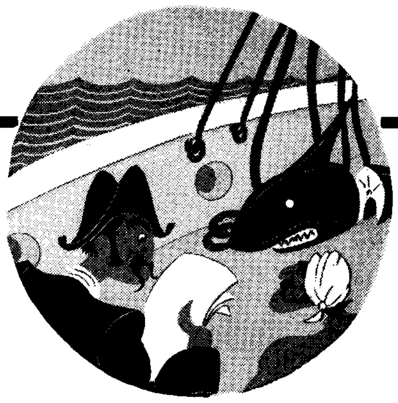
Intense sounds can produce luminescence in at least fourteen liquids, among which are glycerine, nitrobenzene and ethylene glycol.—*By H. W. Foote, Watertown, Massachusetts.*

For the past 99 years, a unique family racket has been in operation, first by the father and now by the son, on the river Nile near Luxor, Egypt. As each ship has passed "their point," they have rowed out and asked for a toll on the basis that, through their psychic powers, they could either help or hinder a vessel on the remainder of its journey. In the beginning, ship captains paid through fear. Now they do it through custom.

Not long ago two clever diamond smugglers were foiled by an accident. A man in London rented a house and announced a forthcoming "marriage" in the newspapers. Then his partner in South Africa secreted $50,000 worth of diamonds in a bridal bouquet and had it frozen in ice and shipped, by an unsuspecting ice company, to the address in the announcement. But during a storm at sea, the block of ice was broken and the trick was discovered.

Sixty years ago few citizens of this country had ever seen or tasted a banana. Our formal introduction to this now popular fruit took place at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition in 1876 where they were wrapped in tinfoil and sold as novelties at ten cents apiece.—*By Nicolas Paez, Buffalo, New York.*

Ten lighthouses in the world are far more powerful than America's brightest light at Navesink, New Jersey. France owns seven, Germany one and Portugal two, one of which, at Cape St. Vincent, has six times the candlepower of Navesink.—*By Catherine Anderson, Flushing, New York.*



Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without permission of the publishers

LOVELY

Gladys Swarthout

LIFTS HER GOLDEN VOICE IN PRAISE OF Pullman

This glamorous star of the Metropolitan and Hollywood writes:

"In the considerable amount of traveling I must do to fill opera and concert engagements all over this country, I am always grateful for the comfort of the facilities offered by The Pullman Company. And I find also that I never can rest and relax so completely as when I am making a transcontinental trip."

Gladys Swarthout

Deems Taylor, noted Composer and Librettist writes: "I happen to be one of those unfortunates who likes to be places and hates to travel, which is why I wouldn't dream of using anything but a Pullman for any journey of more than fifteen miles. In a Pullman car, you lose all sense of roughing it and high adventure."

A PULLMAN CAR is not a glittering place full of satin drapes and cut glass mirrors. It has the atmosphere of a quiet inviting living room by day, with comfortable beds for restful sleep by night.

Everything's clean in a Pullman car—the seats, the carpets, the bed linen, the towels. In the air-conditioned cars, even the air is cleaned! There's plenty of room, too, where you can stretch and relax and feel at home. These comforts and facilities—plus a courteous conductor and a well-trained porter anxious to please you—are what you'll find in a Pullman car. And it's the safest travel in the world!

In 1935 and 1936 Pullman cars carried over 34 million persons without a single passenger or employe fatality.

You can enjoy Pullman service on railroads throughout the United States and on various lines in Canada and Mexico. Your ticket agent will gladly give you complete information, including its reasonable cost. Or write to

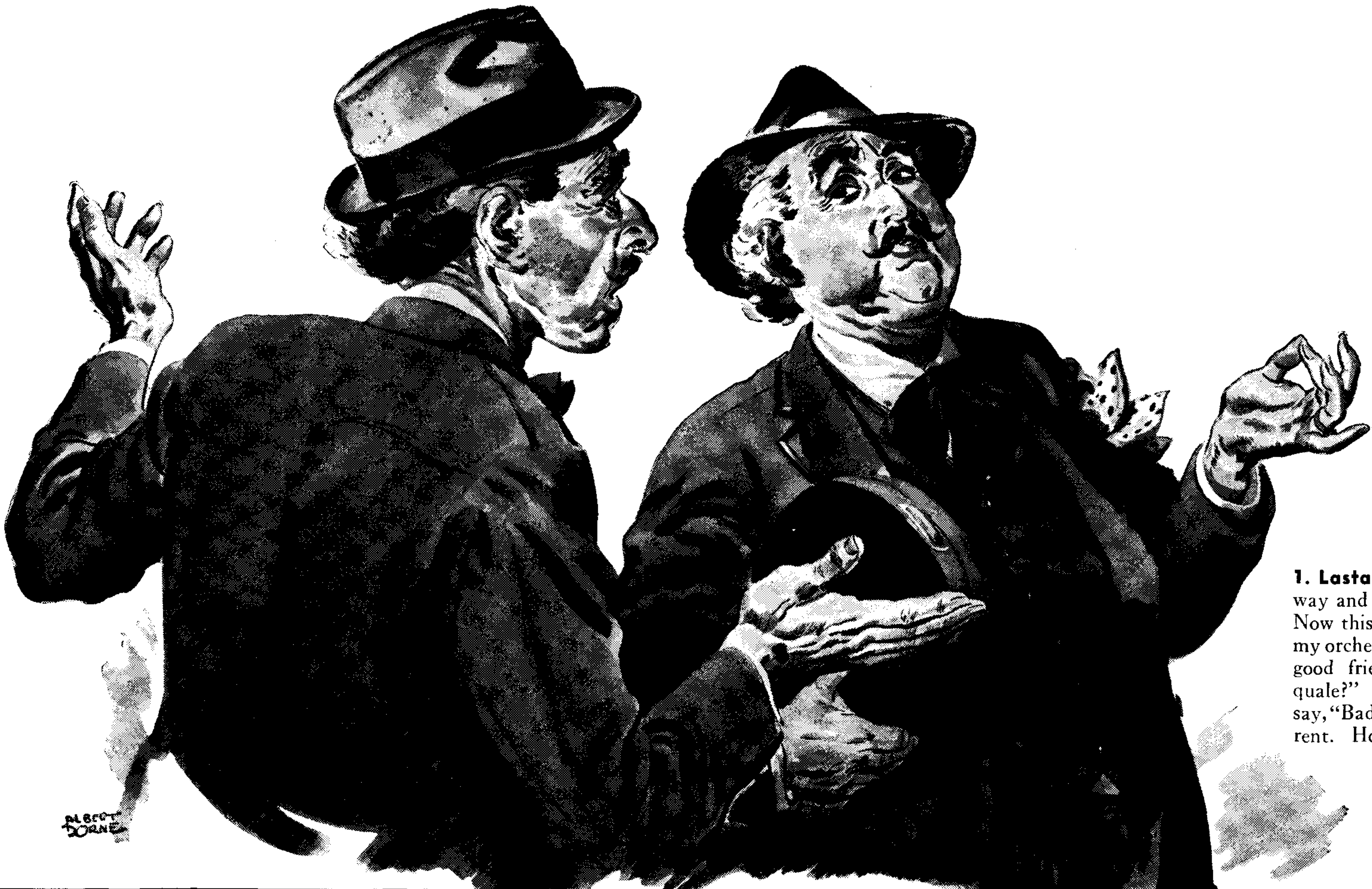
THE PULLMAN COMPANY, CHICAGO

Pullman His Rolling Hotel—Frank Graham, New York *Sun* sports columnist, writes: "Covering events from coast to coast, I have never lost a night's sleep on trains. On frequent occasions I have preferred to spend the night on a Pullman at sidings, rather than trust myself to a small-town hotel."

Pullman and Rail—The safe way to go and the sure way to get there

TRAVEL AND SLEEP IN PULLMAN SAFETY AND COMFORT

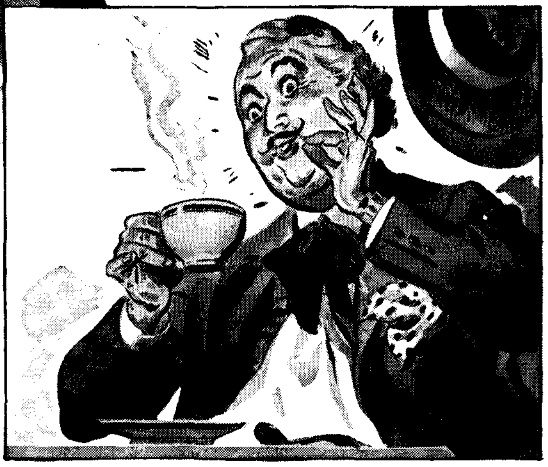
"Lullaby Hour" for Everyone but Tony!



1. Lasta night, I walk up Broadway and meet Pasquale Pecararo. Now this Pasquale, he play violin my orchestra long time ago and we good friends. "How it go, Pasquale?" I say. And Pasquale, he say, "Bad, Tony, bad! No job. No rent. How's by you, Tony?"

2. "Troubles I got, too," I say, "that's the life." Then we go for cups coffee and in restaurant I say, "Listen, Pasquale. I make sweet music all the nights for 'Lullaby Hour' on Station KLOV. I make sleep for everybody in world, but never make sleep for me. I think I go crazy."

3. "Leave to me," say Pasquale, "I fix." Then he tell the waiter, "Bring two cups Sanka Coffee. Make black. Make strong like everything." I think maybe Pasquale joke. So I say, "What is she, the Sanka Coffee?" And Pasquale say, "Drink, Tony, I tell you after."



4. I drink. I open my eyes. This coffee, she tastes like the paradiso. "Sanka Coffee," Pasquale say, "is best coffee in world for fella who no can standa the caffein. The caffein, she is taken all out of Sanka. You can drink all the cups you want—Sanka Coffee never keep you awake."

5. I no believe Pasquale. But when I go to bed, I shut the eyes and sleep like a little bambino. This morning, I call up Pasquale and say, "Come to studio quick. Bring violin. Ten o'clock, sure. You wise guy about sleep. You belong on 'Lullaby Hour' all right."

"SANKA COFFEE SHE IS SWEET MUSIC FOR ME."

If you, like so many coffee-lovers, have been passing up your favorite beverage because the caffein in it keeps you awake . . . you'll find sweet harmony in Sanka Coffee.

For Sanka is first, last, and all the time a perfectly grand coffee. And moreover, since it's 97% caffein-free, it will never cost you a second's sleep.

Make Sanka Coffee strong . . . the way all good coffee should be. Use a heaping tablespoonful, as much as the spoon will hold, for each cup. If you "perk" it, be sure to give it a few extra minutes "on the fire."

Your grocer is selling Sanka Coffee at the lowest price in history. It is a General Foods Product.

HEAR HELEN HAYES, America's most captivating dramatic actress, in "Bambi," N.B.C., Blue Network, every Monday night. See your paper for time and station.

ALL PURPOSE GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE...97% CAFFEIN-FREE...DRINK IT AND SLEEP

Surprise Witness

By Quentin Reynolds

Here is the story behind the evidence, told by a lawyer who never again will boast that he doesn't feel things in court

CAROL CANNON was slim and blond and her lips were a vivid red, and when Carol smiled it was as though a languid rose had come to life. She was smiling now, smiling gently and a bit dreamily as Frank Cunningham's hands swept easily over the keys. Frank Cunningham was a stockbroker until three o'clock every afternoon. After that he was any number of things. Now he was playing the waltz from *Der Rosenkavalier.*

"Do you remember the part, Carol," Frank said softly, without stopping, "where Octavian first sings of his love to Sophie?"

"In the second act?" Carol's voice was always a delightful surprise.

Frank nodded. "I'll play that and you make believe I'm singing it to you." Now he swung into the love song and he played it tenderly. His hands caressed the keys and I looked at Carol. Her eyes were half closed and I could see that the music was sinking into her heart and finding an answer there. Then the song came to its soft end and Frank's hands dropped from the keys.

Carol looked at him and said a little breathlessly, "Frank—that wasn't fair. That was too beautiful and too real."

"I meant it to be real, Carol," he told her gently. "Richard Strauss said it in that song so much better than I could say it. I could only tell you clumsily that I love you very much and that I want you to marry me."

"WOULD you please remember that I am here," I interrupted a bit irritably. "I am only a lawyer, not a Greek chorus for you two. If you intend to propose to Carol," I added, "you might have the decency to wait until you are alone with her."

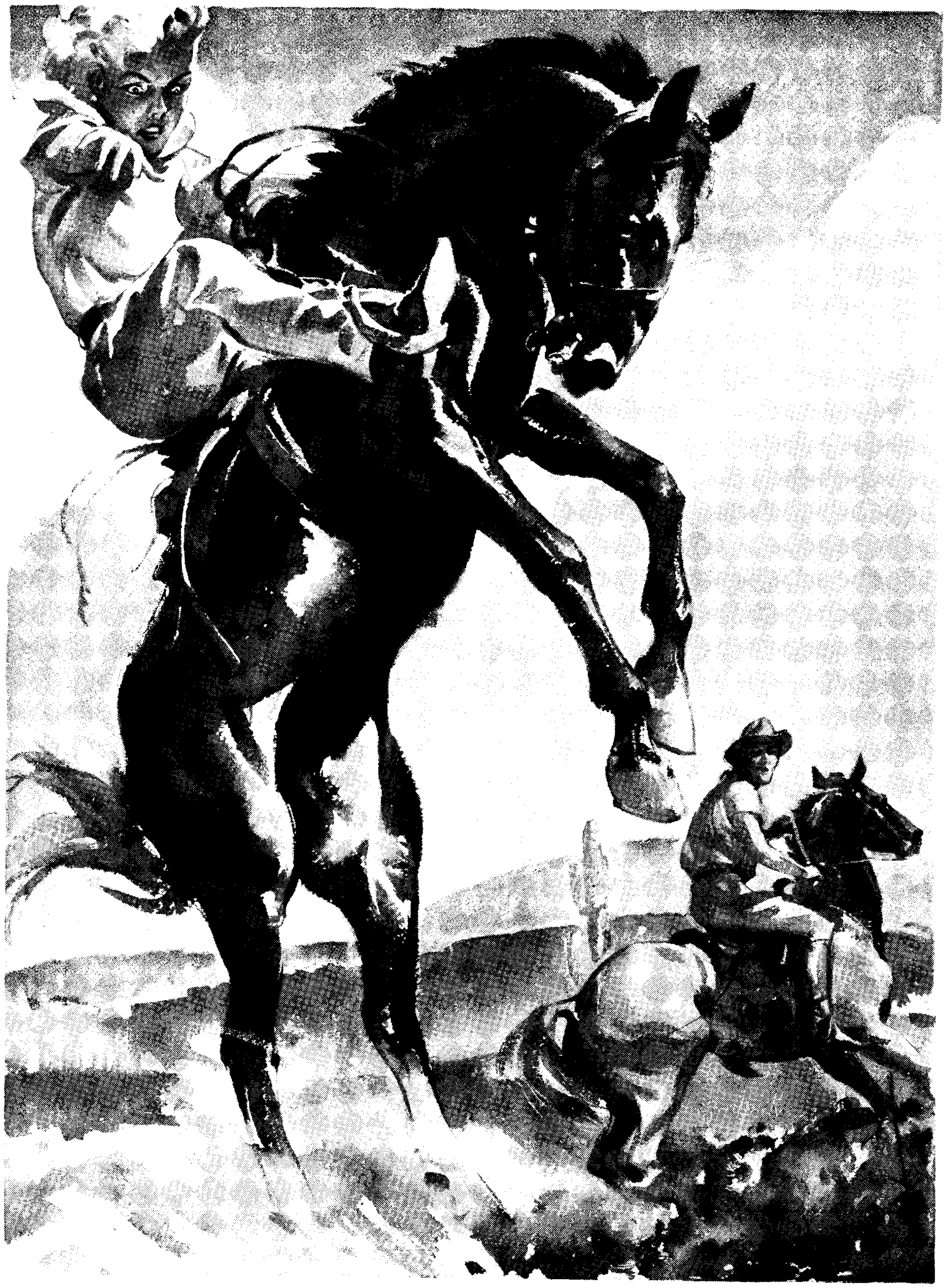
Neither one of them said anything. Frank was looking at Carol and his look said, "I mean it. You will marry me, Carol?" And Carol was looking back and her look said, "Of course, my darling," and all in all I was very much embarrassed.

Then abruptly Frank stood up and he said to me, "We must go, Dwight."

Carol said, "You'll call me tomorrow?"

He nodded and they smiled into each other's eyes and I had to admit that they were a perfectly matched couple. Frank was tall and dark, and he had a sensitive face with high cheekbones and very black eyes. Frank Cunningham was my client; but, more than that, we'd been very good friends for several years. Frank was wealthy and he was charming and in many ways amazingly brilliant—in his piano playing, for instance. Oh, Frank was no paragon of masculine *charms—he had his faults.* For one thing he had a very low boiling point. Sudden anger often flared up within Frank, only to subside just as quickly.

So we left and we went to my club for



That dreadful moment when the frisky horse, rearing, had hurled Hope from its back flashed before my eyes a drink because, after all, a man doesn't get engaged every day, and when he does it affords a good excuse for a drink.

Fisher, the bartender, nodded and I said, "An old-fashioned, but with no fruit."

"Make me a carbon copy of that, Fisher," Frank said, and then he turned to me. "I really love Carol," he said, and there was a touch of awe in his voice. "It's the first time, my first offense, after thirty-five years of living in this here world. Dwight, do you understand I really love her?"

"Surprise, surprise!" I murmured.

"Dwight—" he gripped my arm, "Dwight, I'd—I'd commit murder for her."

"We have a law against that in New York. You'll find it in the Penal Code. It isn't allowed. No, Frank, murder just isn't done. And besides," I added, "crime will out and the police always get their man."

Frank laughed. "Do they? They get a lot of mental defectives who murder stupidly. But, Dwight, I'll tell you something. I'd like to bet you $5,000 that I could commit a murder and get away with it."

"FINISH your drink, my pet. Remember you're a respectable broker—if there is such a thing. Stick to your ticker tape and let the bullets fall where they will. And now," I added casually, "what about Hope Taylor?"

"I haven't seen Hope for a long time," Frank said, looking down at his drink.

"Remember me? I'm Dwight Young, a brilliant young man. What about Hope Taylor?"

"Well," he admitted, "I did see Hope last week. But I'm not seeing her again. Dwight, I'm a one-man dog. From now on all girls, besides Carol, all look alike. Hope and I are all finished."

"Does she believe it?"

He looked at me and there was a worried light in his eyes. "I may as well tell you," he said bluntly, "she doesn't believe it. She wants me to marry her, and if possible she is going to raise a lot of trouble about my marrying Carol."

"But, Frank, after all she has no claim on you."

"I wrote her a few letters," Frank said softly, and I winced.

"It looks as though a little legal advice might be needed. Tell Poppa all."

It took a while to tell, and I knew most of the story anyhow. Hope Taylor was one of those girls about whom you are constantly reading in the Broadway columns. She is usually referred to as the "former musical comedy star" but actually the nearest that Hope ever came to being a star was when she tripped a few numbers in some musical show. She couldn't act; she couldn't dance; and when it came to singing she had a voice like a mink. But Hope had something else.

Hope was all blond and golden, and Hope had the biggest, bluest eyes you ever saw. She left the chorus to marry a man who had four million dollars, and a year later they were divorced and then the man had only two million dollars. Then Hope married a baron—the Baron Ulrich de Durando—and when she decided to divorce him she came to me for legal advice. At twenty-nine Hope looked nineteen and there was always a childlike look of surprised innocence on her face and an air about her which said, "Listen, big man, I'm so all alone. Please help me."

As I said, I arranged her divorce from the baron and it wasn't especially easy because the baron wanted alimony and Hope really had no legal grounds to divorce him.

"He's all right, you know," Hope told me earnestly. "The baron, I mean. Oh, perfectly all right. But so, so expensive I just can't afford him any more, Mr. Young. I must get something less expensive."

"A Pekingese dog?" I suggested.

There was a delightful vagueness about Hope Taylor which some people thought to be an amusing stupidity. But Hope wasn't stupid—and sometimes she wasn't amusing. I found that out later on. Anyhow, I got her a divorce. A few months later she told me that her financial affairs were all jumbled up and would I advise her about her stocks. I suggested that she put everything into the hands of a good broker, but her blue eyes gazed at me reproachfully and she shook her head.

"I know a few brokers," she pouted, "and they are always giving pretty girls things like ermine wraps, or diamond charm bracelets and, goodness, I wouldn't want to trust my money with a man who is liable to give a girl a ruby hairnet just because she fluttered her eyelashes at him."

SO I introduced her to Frank Cunningham, who, so far as I knew, never bought a girl anything but a dinner. She and Frank got along well—too well, I thought—and once I tried to warn him.

"Watch your step, Frank," I said, and he laughed.

"I hardly ever trip," he said.

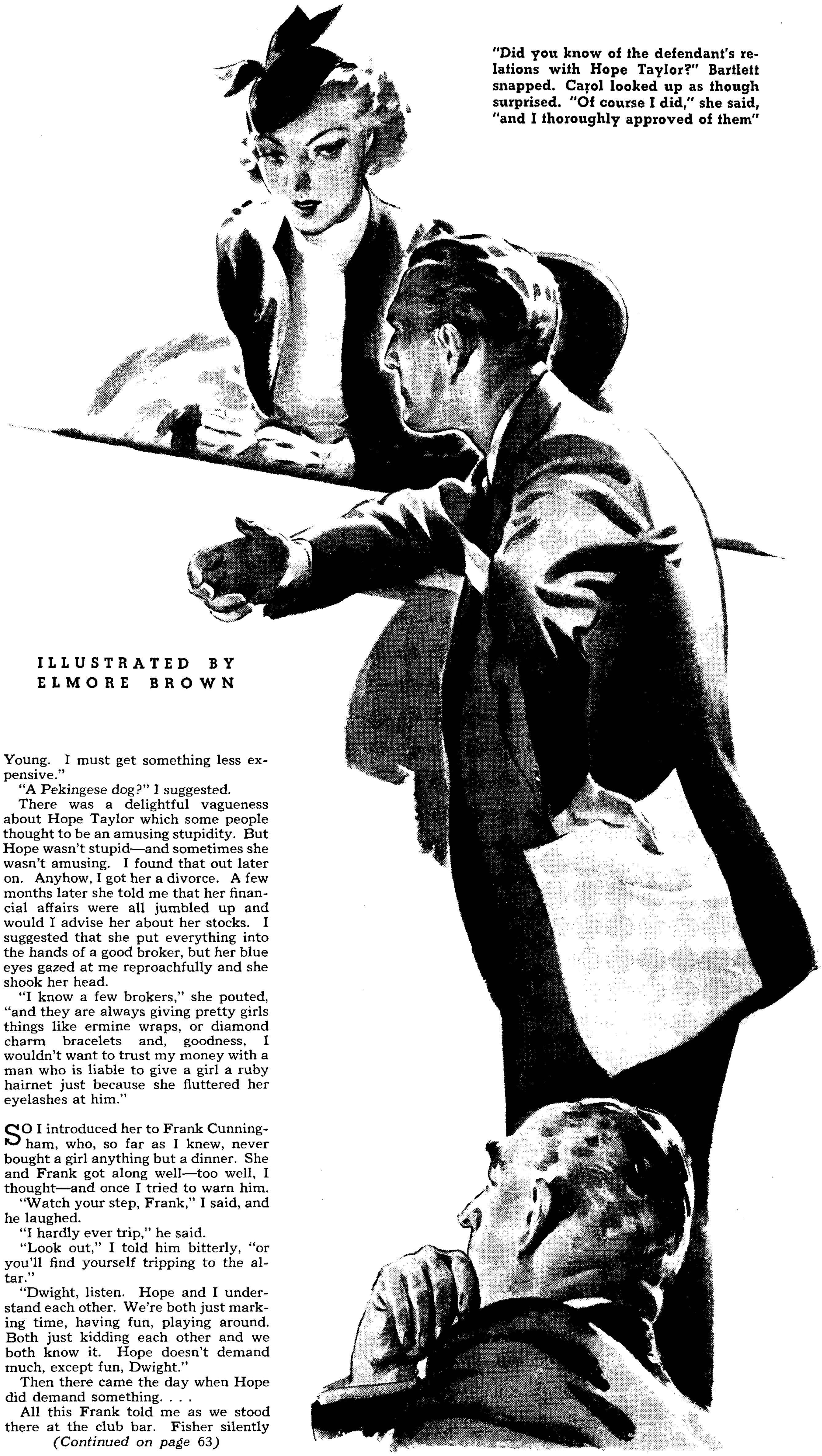
"Look out," I told him bitterly, "or you'll find yourself tripping to the altar."

"Dwight, listen. Hope and I understand each other. We're both just marking time, having fun, playing around. Both just kidding each other and we both know it. Hope doesn't demand much, except fun, Dwight."

Then there came the day when Hope did demand something. . . .

All this Frank told me as we stood there at the club bar. Fisher silently

(Continued on page 63)



"Did you know of the defendant's relations with Hope Taylor?" Bartlett snapped. Carol looked up as though surprised. "Of course I did," she said, "and I thoroughly approved of them"

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

A Place in the Sun

Of two imperious ladies, polo, and the power of money. The story of young Lee Malden, who never lost his head, even though the cards were stacked against him

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas and Murdo Morrison

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

WHEN Lee Malden walked his polo pony off the field at the end of his first practice game against Stanhope Farrell's crack Easterners, he was happier than he had ever been in his life.

The blood exulted in his hard young body. He had shot three goals and won the game for the pickup team. And Farrell had just ranged up alongside and said, his face glowing under his helmet, "Great hitting, boy. The .position is yours. Drinks at my place after you're dressed."

He was, then, the master of his own future. Nothing was left in him, or so it seemed, of what had once been gnawing bitterness.

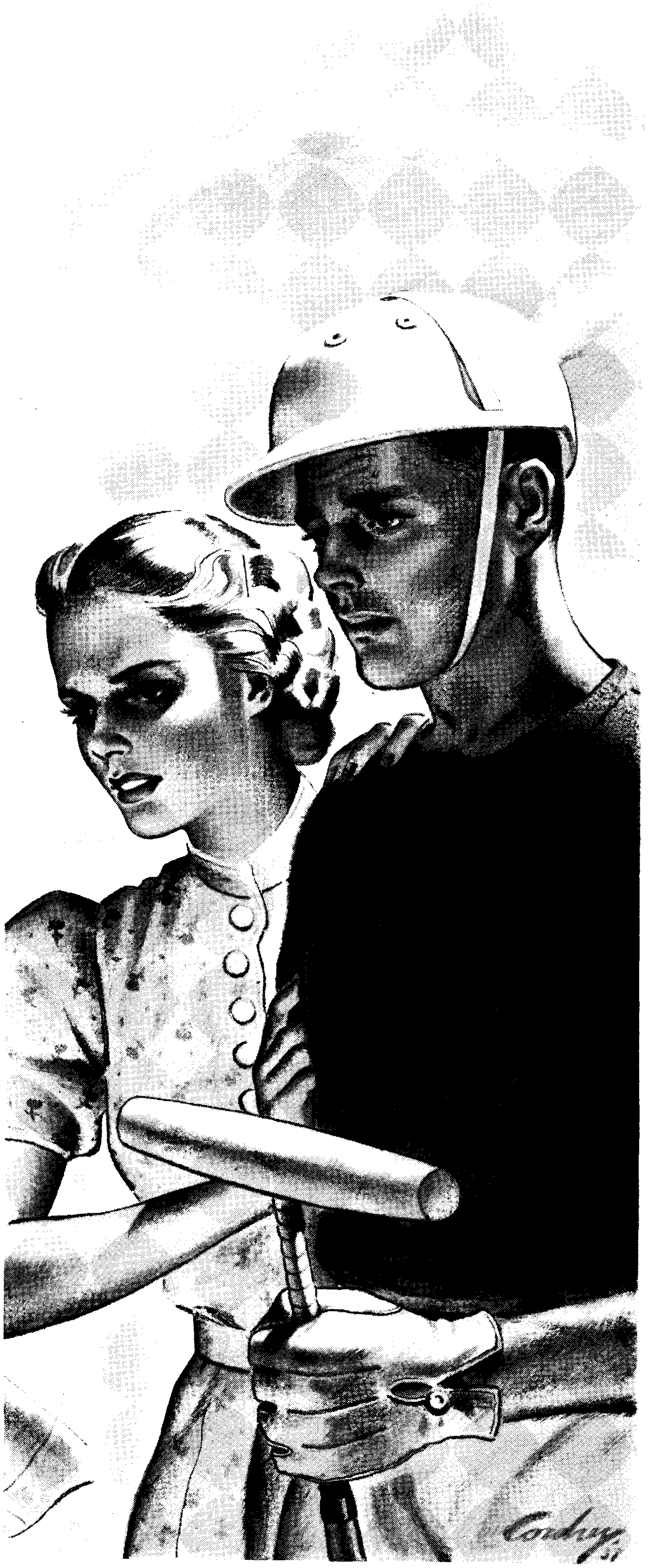
Two years ago he had worked his way down into Texas with one clean shirt under his arm and that raw misery in his heart. The quarrel with his mother about his new stepfather had torn him up by the roots. It had flung him out of his last year in college, because he could not let that man pay his bills. It had driven him south, from paddock to polo field, anywhere he could get jobs with horses. Horses were all he had left. The stability of their sound and willing flesh eased and released him. On foot, he was only an embittered boy. But on a horse he could be a man grown.

So he had drifted to Farrell's Texas ranch, having heard that men were wanted to school polo ponies. On one of his brief visits, Farrell found him there, pounding at breakneck speed over rough ground, as wild as the half-trained pony he rode. Farrell had watched him for a week and then he had offered him this chance to come to Florida with the new mounts and to play on the pickup team against Farrell's own—at his regular pay. He could take along his own mare, Aigrette, that he had picked up young and trained to follow and check and turn like a kitten playing with a blowing leaf.

He had been stirred clean out of himself with new eagerness. At New Orleans he found himself writing a cheerful postcard to his mother. She might never get it, dashing about the world with her expensive hat tilted over her handsome nose—he hadn't had word from her for months—but he hoped that she was as all right, as pleased with the promise of the world as he was himself. As for his stepfather, Hal Worthington, he could even think of him without bitterness.

The players, dismounted ahead of him, were wrapping themselves in their

(Continued on page 34)



"No," she said. "You aren't going to do any such thing. I've sent them for the vet and the dray. She'll be all right. Honestly"

Their names are Margaret and Katherine, children of a Haverhill, Massachusetts, family. They know what gainful employment means

Suffer LITTLE CHILDREN Suffer

By Walter Davenport

That little figure, groping its way by lantern light at four in the morning to begin a day of toil within the grim walls of a factory—that little figure is out. There are no such little figures. But there are plenty of children in workshops who should be at school or at play. And yet bare mention of the Child Labor Amendment makes a number of highly-thought-of personages froth at the mouth and leap to arms. They justify their horror by ingenious arguments and, taken in the mass, they constitute a very strange set of bedfellows

ON Beacon Hill we were informed that it was none of the federal government's business what children did in Sink Street. Beacon Hill said that if Washington was going to tell Mrs. Masuopolis of Sink Street that her beloved son Calvin and her adorable daughter Sadisa might not stand at the kitchen table until midnight, dinking imitation leather for cheap pocketbooks, then indeed had come the end of freedom and the pursuit of happiness in America. And just to prove it, no less an authority in the elaborate sciences of child training, juvenile delinquency, domestic economy and democratic government than Mrs. Masuopolis herself concurred.

A great deal more than mere miles separate Beacon Hill, Boston, and Sink Street, Lynn, both cities being in the freedom-incubating and tyrant-hating state of Massachusetts. Traditionally and still tenaciously Beacon Hill is a coldly superior, vigorously scrubbed and aggressively literate colony. Wealth and culture are polite naturals on Beacon Hill.

But neither wealth nor culture is discernible in Sink Street, where countless Masuopolises live on a minimum of everything except ignorance and furtive secrecy. When Mrs. Masuopolis is not cooking ham-ends and cabbage, hell-catting the truant officer, throwing a mop at the landlord's skinny clerk-collector and wondering what's become of her eldest daughter, she is either scrubbing office-building floors or sewing pocketbooks for a mysterious magnate known in Sink Street as The Boss. And when Mr. Masuopolis isn't on relief, which is as infrequently as he can manage, he sometimes drives a wagon for a junk collector, encouraged by the knowledge that his boss will give him a bonus of fifty cents for every hundredweight of lead pipe he fetches in—and no questions asked.

That branch of cheap wallet and pocketbook manufacturing which absorbs Mrs. Masuopolis' spare time (after the evening cabbage until midnight and later) is known as Home Industry. Of course pocketbooks are not the only product of such labor. Out of the two-room waterless and sometimes windowless flats of Sink Street come baseballs, lamp shades, greeting cards which wish you happiness, health and prosperity, artificial flowers, toys to be destroyed in the nurseries of Beacon Hill, hand-braided rugs, shoe buckles and paper novelties for pretty birthday parties.

For an adult to make Home Industry worth while it is not only desirable but quite necessary that the output be large. If The Boss should discover that you are devoting only an hour or two to his products, frittering away the rest of the night in sleep and other selfishness, he is likely to refuse to give you any more work. And while there are poolrooms to loiter in and dance halls to dredge for romance, little help may be expected at night of boys and girls of fourteen and upward. Fortunate then are the Mrs. Masuopolises who have brats of seven or so. With some patience and occasional slaps you may teach such babies to dink (cut) imitation leather, pull the proper threads, knot wool strands and fold colored paper. And although children of seven, and sometimes as much as ten, are inconsiderate enough sometimes to fall asleep at their work about midnight, it is possible for Mrs. Masuopolis, assisted by three or four scared infants, to make as much as three dollars a week.

Now if the Child Labor Amendment were to become a part of our federal Constitution (which it will not if our Beacon Hills and Sink Streets have their way about it) it would be theoretically impossible and actually extremely difficult for The Boss to wax rich in the cheap pocketbook, lamp shade, baseball, rug and paper novelty rackets. Nobody knows that better than he—a remarkably smart fellow, proof of which lies in the fact that he landed in America only twenty years ago without a penny to his name and now owns a dozen tenement houses in which Masuopolises live. Therefore he is as much opposed to this amendment nonsense as the scholarly Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of New York, the patriotic ex-Senator James A. Reed of Missouri, the distinguished Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, president emeritus of Harvard and His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell of Boston. In fact, The Boss goes so far as to respond rather handsomely to financial appeals from Beacon Hill to carry on the patriotic battle against such Communist onslaughts upon the will and purposes of the Founding Fathers.

Plenty of Sink Streets

We have, thus far, given you but a sample few of the first-rate personages who are actively opposing the adoption of the amendment. Permit no doubt of their humanity to enter your mind. Rather accept their protestations that each of them would go far in any direction to rescue little children from cruelty and privation. But they will assure you too, that the amendment is wholly unnecessary, that there is no more child labor. Or, if there is, it is to be found only in isolated spots—suppurating spots like Sink Street. They will assure you too that minimum wage laws would serve the same purpose and do a better job of it.

New England will assure you that its idea of a minimum wage is more generous than the South's. You see, if New England's far-famed openhandedness in the matter of wages were to get the better of her and the South should refuse to equal her fine generosity, the South's mills and factories would have a fearfully unfair advantage, underselling the tender-hearted and humanely liberal Yankee manufacturers.

There is yet another element which contends that neither the Child Labor Amendment nor a federal minimum wage law is called for if Mr. Roosevelt's Congress re-enacts a new and—who knows?—constitutional NRA. Such legislation would take care of both child labor and the minimum wage. And it would have the beauty of not being a part of the Constitution. When presently the Conservatives should return to power this new NRA could be ejected from the ranks of our federal statutes and liberty restored to her rightful throne. And so on and on and on.

Now no service is rendered by being narrow about this. The opponents of the Child Labor Amendment are quite right in that the exploitation of minors by first-rate industry has largely disappeared in the United States. Of course there are Sink Streets wherein rickety children work for as little as five cents an hour. We shouldn't be surprised if we never entirely get rid of Sink Streets. And there are turpentine camps, shook mills and cheap lofts where boys and girls may continue their coughing and sniveling at work which should have been declared unconstitutional years ago—even for adults.

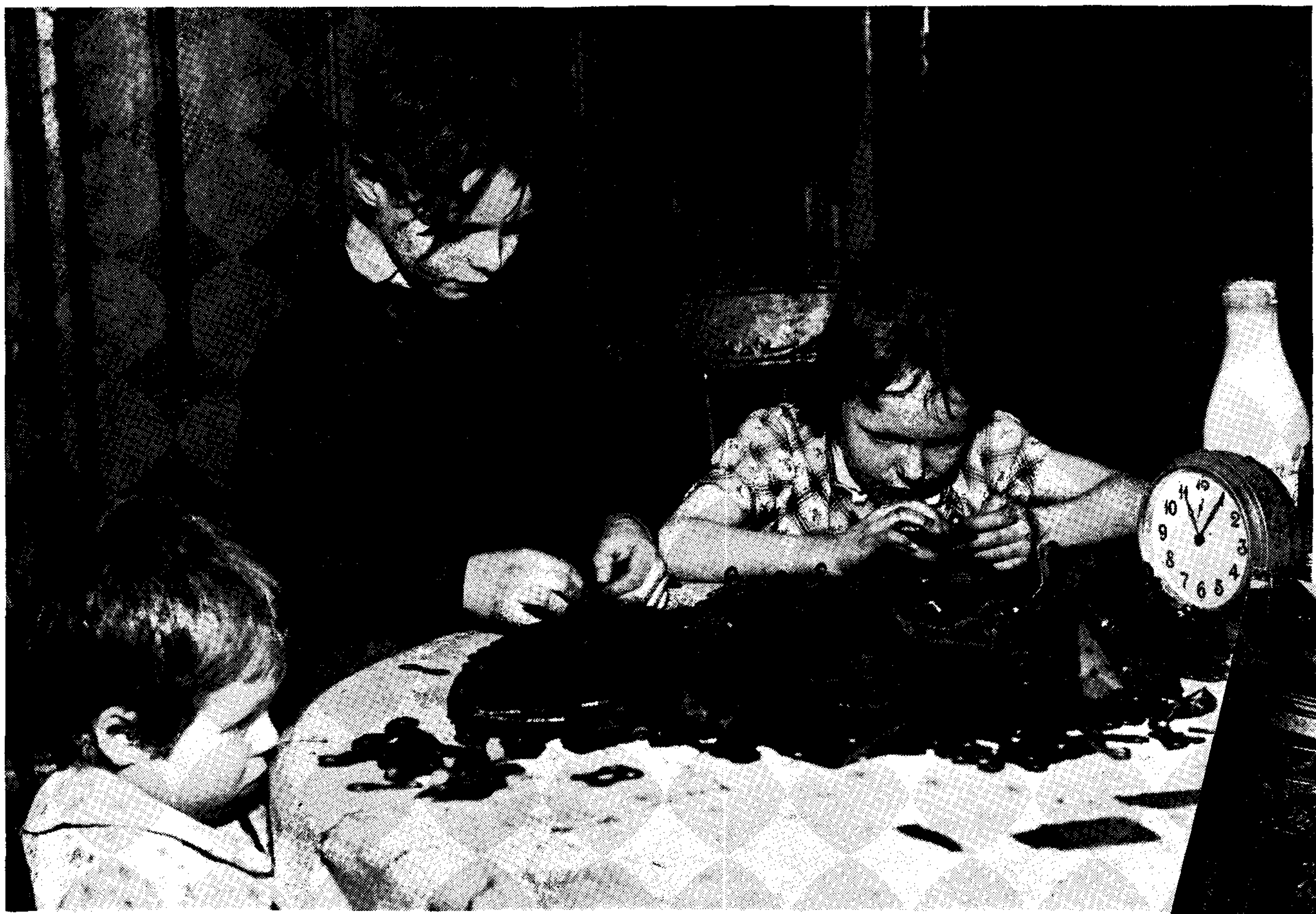
But the large industries, the substantial employers of industrial workers, are coming gradually to agree that child labor is uneconomic; that poor wages paid to immature workers are too likely to produce inferior commodities. And that's bad business. The textile industry has not been wholly deficient in foresight. It did not, for example, fail to realize that child labor, proscribed by Mr. Roosevelt's first NRA, was not going again to become popular when the Supreme Court outlawed the NRA. Even the most violent of the advocates of the amendment will tell you that as an industrial practice child labor is vanishing.

Never Mind the Statistics

It might be in order here to set down the precise number of children wage-earners there are in the United States at present. The figure might be impressive. But such statistics are not available. Furthermore, they are not necessary. They who are advocating the adoption of the amendment are contending with considerable logic that it is quite as important to prohibit future exploitation of children as it is to see that the current crop gets a fair deal. Statistics are not available for the excellent reason that a dependable census officially taken by an unprejudiced agency has not been had since 1930. In that year the United States Census Bureau discovered that 667,118 boys and girls of from ten to fifteen years of age, inclusive, were what is solemnly called gainfully employed.

Their hours of labor ran from eight to twelve hours a day and their week was a six-day one. These youngsters

(Continued on page 31)



Not a posed photograph, this is Home Industry. Eleven p. m., George and Katherine cutting leather for cheap purses, Margaret looking and learning

Too young to be useful are Norman, Victor and Dorine, another set of Haverhill kids to whom the Child Labor Amendment may mean much

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT W. LEAVITT

Woman at Bay

The story of the Pallens, Harry and Vivian, and their best friend, Tom Dennison—and how the rigors of the tropics took the weakest of these three for its toll

By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

HARRY PALLEN was popular from almost the first day he set foot in the Caribbean colony but it was not until four months later, on the veranda of the Anglo-American Club, that he won the admiration of every right-thinking man and woman with the exception, understandably, of the widowed Mrs. Beverly, a confirmed gossip.

Everyone said that she had it coming to her. It remained for Harry Pallen to give it to her.

It was in one of her giddy interludes that Mrs. Beverly said, "It's been so dull, so very dull, for so long. The rains, of course. Well, they're over now and—" she sighed hopefully and threw an arch, roguish smile at the gathering on the club veranda—"perhaps we may have a little excitement yet." Her lips puckered irrepressibly. "Of course," she went on hastily, "nothing terrific, you understand. But—" she gave a tinkly little laugh and bobbed her head viciously from side to side—"something, well, beguiling. I'm sure you've all noticed the perfectly delicious flirtation that's been going on between Vivian Pallen and Tom Dennison." She burst into a giggle and waved a tiny lace handkerchief in front of her face. "And right under dear Harry Pallen's very nose!"

Then she turned her head and saw Harry Pallen standing in the doorway.

Her voice squeaked: "Oh!"

Pallen's lips twitched in a grimly amused smile. The silence on the veranda was cataclysmic. He regarded Mrs. Beverly speculatively for a moment and then he said, quietly and earnestly:

"Mrs. Beverly, I've never liked you but I regret you've given me the opportunity of telling you so to your face. You're a meddlesome brainless troublemaking busybody with an inclination to slander. What you've just termed a flirtation between my wife and Tom Dennison happens to be, in truth, a decent friendship which I approve heartily. I've the utmost faith in my wife as an honorable woman and in Tom Dennison as an honorable man. I hope—"

"B-b-but—"

"Please," he said gently. "You need not flounder around in apologies. I only hope—" and here he included the others in his gaze—"that this malicious morsel of gossip will not find its way beyond this veranda. It would, you can plainly understand, humiliate Vivian and embarrass Tom Dennison."

PALLEN had a sense of the dramatic. He said no more. He gave the others a brief bow which conveyed his apology for having been forced to speak his mind frankly and left the club. He was pleased with the way he had deported himself and knew that in rebuking Mrs. Beverly he had simply carried out the wish of everyone on the veranda and, for that matter, in the colony. And he was certain that all of them would respect his desire that neither Vivian nor Tom Dennison be told. He suspected, of course, that Tom Dennison was in love with his wife; he had suspected it long before Mrs. Beverly did. But it wasn't his purpose to let Dennison, or even Vivian, know of his suspicion.

He strode up the main street past a dance hall and half a dozen noisy bars and when he came to his company's office building, a square yellow structure set on stilts above the ground, he saw a light at a screened window.

Dennison was at a desk littered with blueprints and penciled diagrams and computations. There was no one there tonight but Dennison and this was not strange because he worked there often, far into the night. He had done the same under Carrolton, who had gone home, north, flat on his back, feverish, licked by the drainage problem of District 3. Though the command had been changed—Carrolton to Pallen—the problem still remained. And Dennison—second-in-command—still remained.

"Still at it?" said Pallen in a good-humored, sympathetic voice.

"Hello, Harry," replied Dennison. Dennison's eyes were red-rimmed and his face looked drawn and sallow. He was almost six feet tall and weighed possibly a hundred and fifty. He was twenty-eight, seven years younger than Pallen.

Pallen said, "Better get some sleep, Tom." He put one hand on Dennison's shoulder and the other on the desk and gazed down at the diagrams and computations. He squeezed Dennison's shoulder familiarly. "Come on; tomorrow's another day."

DENNISON'S shoulder flinched a bit under the warm pressure of Pallen's hand and an unhappy look came into his eyes.

"We'll get it yet, Harry—we'll get it yet," he muttered.

"If it can be done at all, yes."

"It's got to be done—with the thousands sunk in it already."

Pallen said after a moment, "You haven't been round to the house much lately. Vivian's been asking about you."

"You know I've been busy, Harry."

"Come along with me now. Have another bottle of beer and a chat."

"Some other time. Remember me to Vivian."

When Pallen arrived home, Vivian was lying on the veranda long chair reading the newspapers that had come in on the New Orleans boat the day before.

"No bridge?" she said.

"I saw no possibility of a good game." He sat down and rubbed a mosquito bite on the calf of his leg. "I stopped at the office. Tom was at it again. I told him he ought to relax a bit—come over here, for instance; get away from the problem of District 3. You ought to talk to him, Vivian. He used to come round quite a bit." He looked at her but saw no sign on her face.

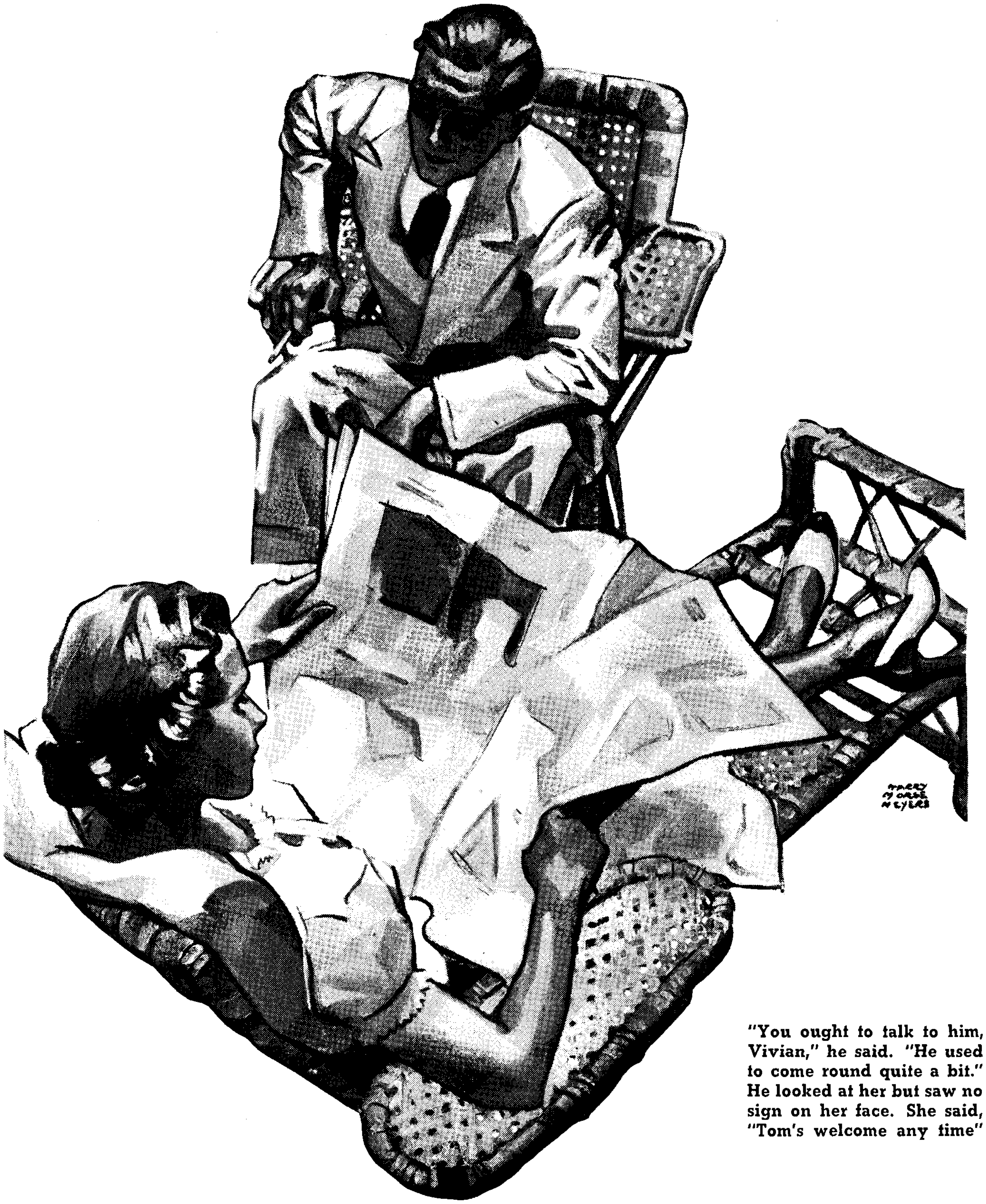
She said, "Tom's welcome any time; you know that, Harry."

"We ought to invite him to dinner."

"If you wish, of course."

"Don't you?"

"But of course I do!" she said gaily.



"You ought to talk to him, Vivian," he said. "He used to come round quite a bit." He looked at her but saw no sign on her face. She said, "Tom's welcome any time"

HE WENT indoors and for a minute afterward she held a newspaper up, not seeing the pictures clearly but retaining the expression of good-tempered unconcern with which she had sent him off; then she let her arms drop and with that the corners of her mouth fell. She let her head back all the way and closed her eyes and for a moment her face was completely expressionless and she seemed not to breathe. When she opened her eyes there was a hurt look in them and moving her head slowly from side to side she said in an almost soundless whisper, "Oh, Tom—"

It was like him, she thought, to stay away because he had fallen in love with her. And it was strange, she reflected, the way an understanding can grow between two persons, man and woman, without ever a word having been spoken. They had never spoken of love and he had never—not once—laid a hand on her. It was a thing as simple, as magnificent, as that.

Tom Dennison, she knew, liked Harry. Everybody liked Harry. "Harry's an open book," they said, never realizing that he used them as steppingstones. She herself had fallen in love with his good-looking, frank, earnest face. She, too, was a steppingstone—a very vital one, for their marriage had swept him into the high regard of her father, who was president of the company.

She was nineteen when she married him. She was twenty-four now. She had come a long way, she had seen a lot, and what she had seen was not, in retrospect, pleasant. For Pallen did not love her. This did not mean that he loved another woman; he did not. He loved, she had come to know, nobody but Harry Pallen. Behind all his polite manners, his disarming candor, his hard male handshake, his ingenuous blue eyes, he was cold as a fish. But he knew the way to success. Sometimes, when she thought of this, she could not help remembering Jack McGrady.

PALLEN was no sentimentalist. He had a pretty good idea of his ability, its limitations, and he was shrewd also in recognizing the ability of others. He knew, for instance, that Tom Dennison was a very able young man—much more able than himself. He also knew that Tom was a sentimentalist and that no matter how much he was in love with Vivian he would never do anything about it. He would never do anything about it because he thought too much of Pallen and he was an honorable man. And, for Pallen's book, that was ideal.

Of course, taking a long view of it, it was obvious that in the end either he or Dennison must leave the job. Pallen knew that it would be Dennison. But, for the time, he had to keep Dennison on the job.

At his urging, Vivian planned a party and when she showed him a list of the guests she thought they ought to ask, he read it and said, "Fine. Sure thing," and gave it back to her. Then he said, after an interval, "Oh—with one exception, I think, dearest."

"H'm?"

"Mrs. Beverly."

"Oh, dear—poor Mrs. Beverly! Must we cut her, Harry? She's really very harmless."

"I could well enough stand her, Vivian, but I know the others detest her."

"Very well," she sighed.

The party was a big success. Pallen was a marvelous host and after dinner in the interim before the arrival of the marimba band he circulated constantly among his guests, never committing the social error of giving too much time to one person or group. He was seen, time and time again, chatting amiably with Dennison, clapping his assistant on the arm familiarly. When Mrs. Scott-Scofield, the wife of a member of the colony's executive council, said to him in a discreet aside, "Poor Tom Dennison seems to get thinner and thinner," Pallen nodded gravely and replied, "Yes—yes, he does, doesn't he? Sometimes I worry about Tom. He drives himself too much. He's got a lot of grit, however. I admire that. Yes, great fellow, Tom!" He knew that Mrs. Scott-Scofield was, in her own right, a dependable gossip.

Afterward, in the intimacy of connubial bedrooms or over a nightcap of whisky and soda, it was agreed that Harry Pallen was a man of character. "Whereas, most of us, all of us, would have weakened and invited Mrs. Beverly, Harry showed spirit. He detests her, therefore he didn't invite her. It's ridiculous to think that there's anything between Vivian and Tom!"

VIVIAN was endowed with more than charm and the softer feminine graces: she was intelligent and possessed a lot of good common sense. She had ceased to be happy after the first year of her marriage but it was her common sense that helped her to carry on. If there wasn't to be love, she had told herself, then there would be the next best thing

(Continued on page 48)

I Love You Again

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

TED COURTNEY, deep in an affair with Duncan Campbell's wife, Rita, is murdered in the small Southern city of Habersham. The only suspect, young Campbell, stoutly asserts that at the time of the murder he was with his old friend, Larry Wilson. Whereupon, the district attorney, aware that Wilson is cruising the Caribbean, patiently awaits his return.

As the cruise nears its end, Larry Wilson saves a fellow passenger, Jason Rountree, from drowning—and is knocked unconscious. When he recovers he can remember nothing of his life for the past eight years! His name, he knows, is George Carey—not "Larry Wilson." He realizes that eight years before, while carrying his company's pay roll of more than twenty-five thousand dollars, he had become a victim of amnesia!

From letters in his stateroom, he learns that he is married and that his wife, Kay, is to meet him in New York. Uncertain what he should do, he turns to Rountree for advice. Rountree counsels him to keep his secret until he knows more concerning his past.

A few days later (Kay does meet him in New York) he is back in Habersham; and Rountree is with him—he feels that Larry needs a wise adviser. And almost immediately, he makes an important discovery: the pay roll, intact, is still in his possession! But Mickey Hogan, a detective hired by Rountree, presently reports that he, George Carey, is under indictment on a charge of embezzlement; that, for numerous good reasons, he should continue to play for time.

The district attorney, Rita and Duncan Campbell and Duncan's father all urge Larry to make a statement. On the plea that he is too ill to think logically, that his thoughts are in a jumble, Larry declines to make one. And Duncan Campbell is indicted!

Then some enemy—someone in ambush—shoots at Larry, tries to assassinate him. Larry, unscathed, reports the episode to Rountree. A few hours later, Rountree is discussing Courtney's murder with Ella Morrison, a girl from whom he has been worming much valuable information. "Say," Ella says, "you weren't even here when Courtney was killed. So you can't swear Larry Wilson didn't kill him himself!"

Rountree says nothing. "Quite true," he muses. "Quite true!"

VII

"YOU cannot," stated a voice from the hallway, "play a black nine on a black ten."

Kay looked up from her game of solitaire. She said, "You startled me. And I could have gotten away with it if you hadn't come and peeked."

"Do you usually play tricks on yourself at Canfield?"

"Never consciously. I suppose I wasn't concentrating."

Her eyes followed his tall figure across the room. He dropped into the wing chair and picked up the evening paper. She could see the big black type of the eight-column headline:

CAMPBELL TRIAL OPENS TOMORROW

Kay said, "You'll have to pick up your golf pretty soon."

"Why?"

"You're eating too much."

"Can't help it. I'm a pushover for hot biscuits."

She shoved the cards into a pile and riffled the deck. For a few seconds he watched her slender fingers. He saw the flash of a single ring on her right hand. He knew that she was trying to be casual—as though nothing of particular importance were pending—and she dealt the cards for another game. Then his eyes dropped to the newspaper story which was being devoured in every Habersham home that night for all its conservative wording:

"THE trial of Duncan Campbell, Jr., only son of Habersham's leading financier, under indictment for the murder of Theodore L. Courtney, prominent socialite, on February 18th last, will get under way tomorrow morning in the Fifth Division of the Circuit Court. Judge Frederick Macon Hawley will preside.

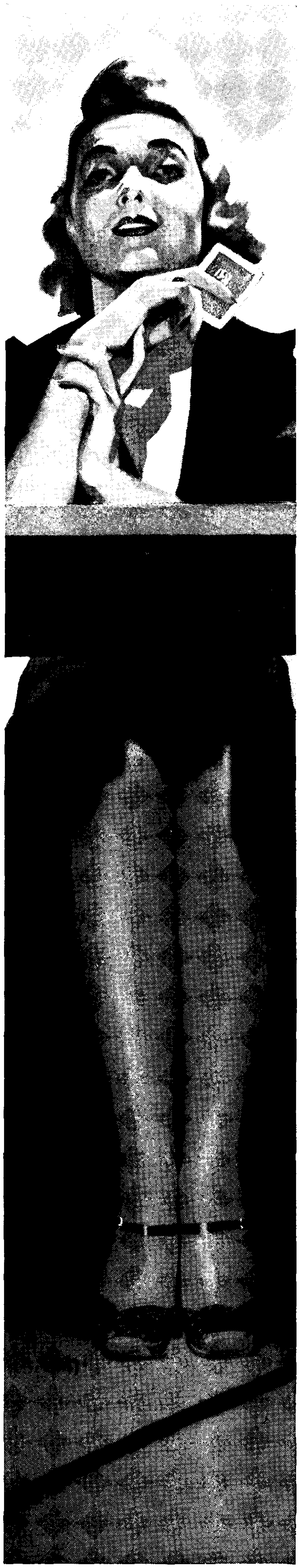
"No criminal case in Habersham history has ever excited so great a national interest. Mr. Courtney, a wealthy and prominent member of the Country Club set, was shot by an unknown intruder as he sat in the library of his beautiful home on Maple Street where he lived alone with a Negro servant and a cook. At the time of the shooting, the manservant stated that he had heard the shot and seen a man leaping into a car at the curb, driving off hurriedly.

"For some time no arrest was made. Then came the arrest of young Mr. Campbell, who has steadfastly maintained his innocence. Mr. Campbell is the only child of Duncan Campbell, Sr., and is popular in Habersham's foremost social circles. He is married to the former Rita Marshall of New York, who has won a host of friends locally by her beauty and charm.

"The state's case will be conducted personally by the Hon. Morley Anderson, District Attorney for Habersham County, and also a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination. The defense will be in the hands of Graham Vale of the local bar, and a brilliant legal battle is anticipated.

"Because of the great public interest in this trial, admission to the courtroom will be by pass only. Guards will be stationed on the fifth floor of Habersham's magnificent new courthouse, and special police will be detailed to keep the crowds in order. It is expected that . . ."

There was more of it. Columns more. Phrased tactfully, so that there would be no lasting resentment on the part of the powerful Campbell interests in the event of acquittal. There were pictures of the unhappily defunct Mr. Courtney, of Duncan Campbell, Jr., of the Campbell estate, of the attorneys for prosecution and defense, and of Rita.



Kay looked up from her game of solitaire. She said, "You startled me. And I could have gotten away with it if you hadn't come and peeked"

Scandal was not even hinted. The reporter confined himself to stating that the city was "in a ferment" and "all agog." He declared that the case promised "unusual and unexpected developments." He said that "many leading newspapers of the nation and all of the foremost press associations have sent to Habersham special representatives and photographers, which indicates the high degree of national interest in the case."

Larry put the paper aside. He rose and dragged an occasional chair across to the card table. Kay looked up and smiled.

"Double Canfield or rummy?" she inquired.

"Double. And we'll play fast."

"But honest."

"Right."

He took the red deck, she the blue. They dealt their seven piles each, leaving room in the middle for a line of eight aces. Their eyes met across the pool of yellow light which fell on the table from the standing lamp behind Kay. He asked, "Ready?"

"Set."

"Go!"

THEY played swiftly, nimble fingers darting out to make plays before the other could turn a next card. They laughed occasionally. They appeared to forget—however briefly—that there was a tomorrow. Both turned red fives at a time when a red four was waiting to be covered. Both hands darted out. Kay said, "I was first."

"No fair . . ."

Their eyes held. And it was not until then that they heard the rapping on the screen door, and a man's voice asking, "Well, can't I come in?"

The door opened and someone entered. Turning from the brightness of the card table, Larry could not at first see the caller clearly. He discerned a man who was broad of shoulder, and who seemed larger than he actually was in the half-light near the front door. He heard Kay's voice: "Come in . . . Certainly . . ." The man crossed to them and shook hands with Kay first. He said, "Finish your game." Then powerful fingers caught Larry's, and the man said, "You seem to be feeling better."

"I am." Larry indicated a chair and dropped into his own. He lighted a cigarette and warned himself to be on guard. He wondered who the man was, and why he had come. He tried to identify him from fragments of description which Kay had dropped in the past few days when referring to various friends.

Their visitor was of about Larry's height, but more powerfully built. He,

(Continued on page 69)

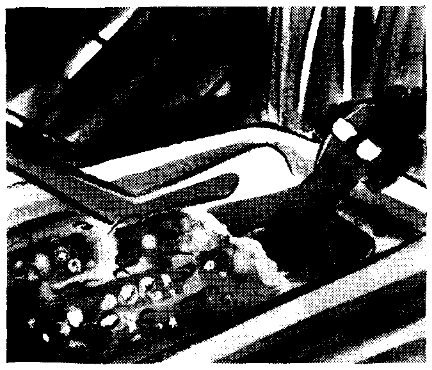
By Ruth Carson

Fresh as They Come

Here are the simple rules for freshness. Follow them carefully and even the best-groomed daisies will turn green

SPRING is all very well in its way, what with burgeoning leaves, balmy air and caroling birds, but it makes a girl feel terrible. The leaves are young and tender, the air fresh, the sunlight clear—and by the contrast her skin and hair feel none of these, and besides she hasn't a thing to wear. Her remedy is to dash out and buy herself a permanent and a hat and a new blue suit, and to freshen up the lipstick. She feels better, but she hasn't struck it yet.

What she is really yearning for, even though she has just stepped out of her daily tub, and even though she doesn't know it, is a good scrubbing and rubdown with plenty of suds and salts and oil and scented alcohol. She wants her hair brushed till it shines. She wants fresh flowers and fresh odors and everything clean, clean, clean. She wants her hair just so and her clothes the same. She wants to be able to look a fresh, pale green leaf in the face and not turn green herself. In short, she wants to feel well groomed.



So one day she does go out and have a big spring cleanup, from shoe polish to shampoo—and the resulting top-of-the-world feeling is something to make resolutions about. But fever pitch can't last, and her shine and glow pass with the whim.

For good grooming is not a matter of orgies but of steady homework. Make a habit of a dozen little things, and that springtime feeling won't vanish with the season. They needn't be many. But even if you're gifted by nature with a dewy freshness that no amount of hurry and work seem to shatter, you'll need a few.

The big job about grooming, anyway, is actually making up our minds and doing something about it. We know our hair would be better off with a tonic but we never get around to finding out what one and using it. We think someday we'll do something special about powders and creams, but it's always tomorrow. We know our nails would look better with a little working over between manicures, but when? Shame on us! It isn't really time we lack, but a system. Figure out the things you need to do to keep yourself in top form, and short cuts and quick ways of doing them—and you'll not only be a smart girl but look one.

So sit you down with your mirror. Or better yet with a mirror and a specialist. For this is a very special occasion and the best start-off is none too good. You are going to figure out what you need to do about your particular self.

Your hair, first of all. There's nothing that picks you up or lets you down so completely as the state of your hair. Healthy hair is strong and springy, and has a sheen. Of course it is free of dandruff. The health of your hair depends on your own general health, but what a little external care will do for hair is something remarkable. So find out whether you need a tonic, and what one. How often your hair needs washing—some women do it every week, some every other week, with tonics for cleansing in between. And then set a regular date with your hairdresser or with yourself, to do the deed. It's keeping up the good work, not waiting till it's obvious to one and all that you need it, that is going to keep up your grooming and your morale.

And get the hairbrush habit. Night and morning. Just flop your head over and wield a good, sturdy brush on your hair, strand by strand, supplementing with a little vigorous massaging of the scalp, the balls of your fingers gripping it firmly, and before you know it the hairbrush will rank as high as the toothbrush in your daily esteem. The lift your tingling scalp and shining hair give to your looks and your spirits will more than make up for the few minutes' sleep you've done without.

For in-between times when you have an extra minute and want to give your hair an extra polish, try this, originated by a busy young fashion editor who nevertheless has time to look her best. Spike your comb through several layers of clean cheesecloth and then comb your hair—a cleaning and polishing movement all in one.

Brilliantine, olive oil, or of all things

(Continued on page 59)

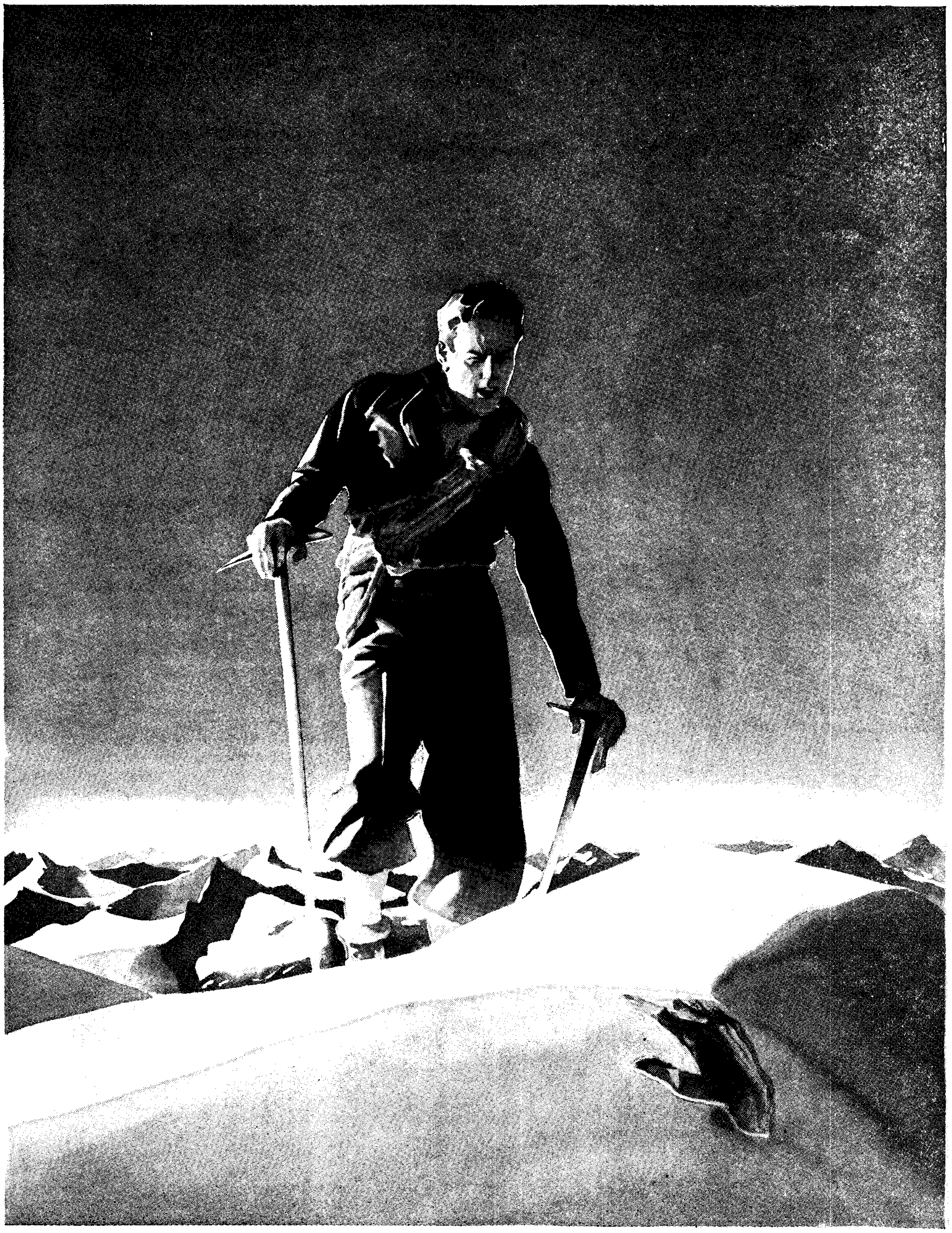
ILLUSTRATED BY
JARO FABRY

Man in the Sky

By

D. K. Findlay

Eight thousand feet straight up a mountain's face, like a fly on a block of ice. Night closing in, with no way forward and no way back. Yet, Golden lived. And, in the stars above him, was the thing that gave him a new life



For a moment, too shocked to move, he stood motionless

GOLDEN saw it immediately among the mail on his desk, an envelope with the crest of The Mountain Club. He held it in his fingers, then, leaving it unopened, he went to stand at the high window of his office.

He looked out over the skyscrapers of the city into a different world. He saw range upon range of shining mountains and beyond them, at the end of a snow pass, a great black and white peak, remote and virginal. He remembered the splendor of that moment—their first clear view of the summit. It was a morning to rejoice the heart of the climber, brilliant and blue, twinkling upon the rocks and snow—and before them, serene and perilous, invincible Mount Alberta.

They, the advance guard sent out to spy upon her fastnesses, were perched high up on a shoulder—Neville, Frame and himself. Their gear lay at their feet; they were worn and brown with exposure. He remembered the expression on the two faces and he supposed his wore the same—ardent, wishing. Next year, they were promising themselves, next year they would stand upon that summit.

And now it was next year. He turned away from the window and opened the envelope. To see, he was saying to himself, whether I am a coward.

THE stiff paper crackled in his hand. "Report of the Special Committee of The Mountain Club to consider an attempt to ascend Mount Alberta; a note upon the topography, accessibility, rock formation, snow conditions, possible approaches. . . ." All this he knew, none better. He turned a page. Ah, here it was! The short paragraph took italics in his mind.

"It is recommended that the following gentlemen be invited to join the Number One climbing party: Messrs Winter, Hudnutt, Abbott, Blumenthall, Neville and Frame."

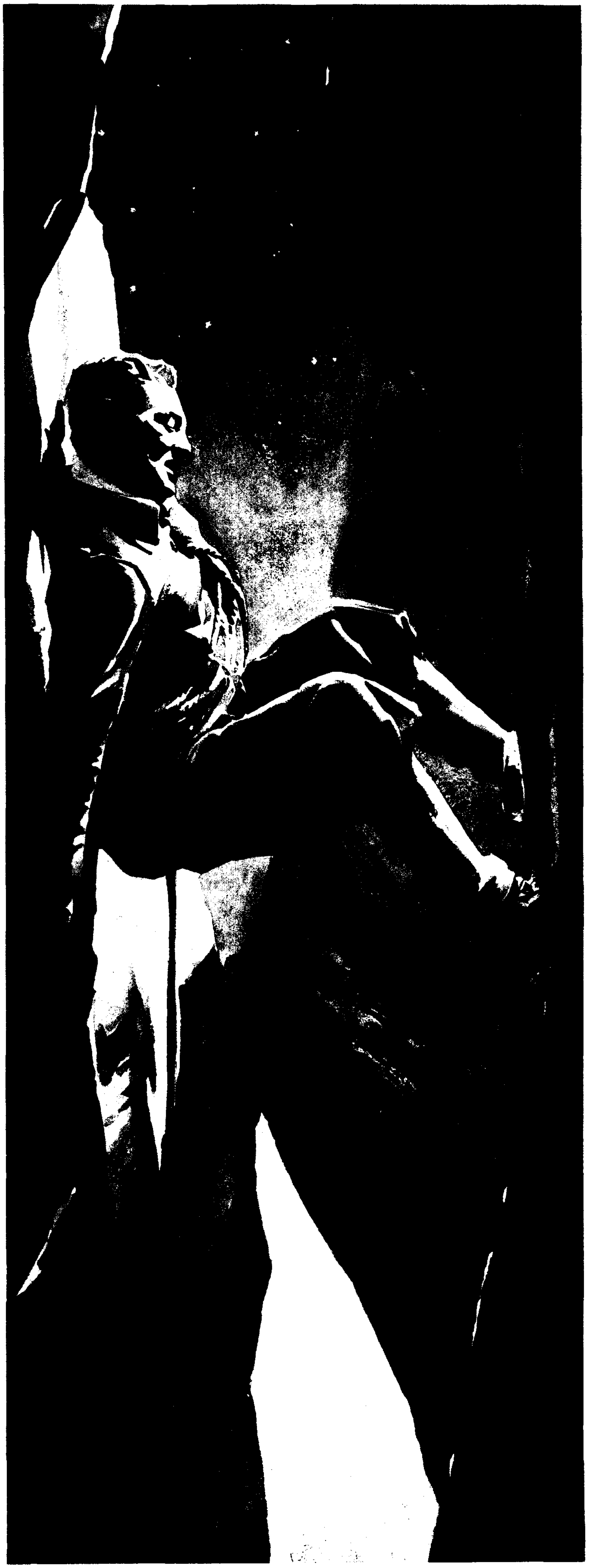
His name was not there. It caught his eye farther down the page. "Your committee expresses its thanks to Messrs Golden, Neville and Frame for their invaluable work of last summer and recommends that their report be printed and made available to every member of the expedition."

His hand moved in an involuntary gesture of distress and he was still again—a big, fair young man, sitting quietly in an expensive office.

Not worthy. Others would attempt the routes he had studied so carefully through the field glasses. Others would know intimately the paths he had followed only on enlarged photographs. He remembered now that afternoon when he and Neville and Frame had come within striking distance of the peak—or so it seemed to them. Their blood was hot with the ardor of climbing; it would have been so easy to go on—they looked and longed but turned back. For the ascent was to be an affair of the whole club. He had had his chance then and he had refused it.

He saw now that he was wrong to have allowed himself even a slender hope. The committee was under a heavy responsibility. It could only consider those whose courage was beyond suspicion. It could not appoint to the assault party a man, however brilliant as a climber, who might fail in a crisis and endanger the lives of the others. It could not appoint the son of his father.

IT WAS the end of a cherished ambition. But the committee's action was merely the overt act which confirmed his own attitude to himself. He told himself dully that he should be glad it was finished. He was tired of driving himself to find the breaking point. The struggle which had begun at his father's



There they clung until Golden, either mortally hurt or despairing of being able to lift his companion, had cut the rope

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE HOWE

death had no end. He thought of his courage as a shining metal globe inside him. Up to a point it was invulnerable; beyond that point it would crush like an eggshell and there would be nothing within—no toughness enclosing toughness, the very quality of manhood. And that it could break he had discovered the day his father died.

Before his father's death, that had been the golden time. There were only the two of them and the boy was delicate, he had been sent to school in Switzerland. Every year, Dr. Golden left his practice in America to spend the long holidays with him. The boy's most vivid recollection of that period was the ecstatic moments when he first caught sight of his father waiting on the foreign railway platform. They went always to the mountains, the Dolomites, Bernese Oberland, Dauphiné. Each year the climbs grew stiffer as the boy's strength increased.

THEY were very much alike, this father and son. Allowing for the disparity in ages, they were almost comically alike. The boy had inherited from his father the bent of his nature. They shared the same love for the heights. The days of storm and sunshine among the soaring rocks and wind-carved snows were an abiding passion with them. The affection for his son, which had become the mainspring of Dr. Golden's life, was returned in a measure which almost embarrassed that humorous and perceptive gentleman. The boy's hero-worship was so frank. Especially he admired and tried to emulate a quality in his father's high-strung courage which seemed to draw a tonic from danger. He hoped that one day he would be tempered to that fineness in his father and that then he, too, would be reckoned among the great climbers of the world.

School days ended and it was fine to be home again. He had found his work and he had the will to succeed in it. He made friends as keen as himself but his greatest friend continued to be his father. Under his auspices he was introduced to the Canadian Rockies and was accepted as a member of The Mountain Club. His father was almost a legendary figure in its history and the son bade fair to become a part of the legend. It became a club pleasantry to say that you had stopped only where the two Goldens could not have gone. Then came the tragedy that twisted his life across, deprived him of his birthright and left him the prey of loneliness—the death of his father. The Golden courage failed at last, had broken where common stuff would have been ashamed to yield. On the day he was killed, he had committed the crime of the mountains—cut the rope which held a fellow climber.

Under what searing compulsion his father had acted, the younger Golden never knew. Sometimes he was haunted by the thought that it was his father's love for him which for one wild moment had burned away honor and the law. But whatever it was, it had not altered by one grain his feeling for his father. But the tragedy dealt him a double blow. It sowed the seeds of an unease which grew to be an obsession—the fear of a particular fear. His father and he had been so much alike, their temperaments so much of a piece, that he knew that one day he would break as his father had broken. It seemed quite certain to him. He had seen other men falter where his own heart had lifted at the challenge. This was the penalty you paid for that sort of courage—it failed you suddenly, terribly, where the other kind endured. It was like a brave-appearing armor which at a stroke turned to tinsel.

His resignation from the club was not accepted. To insist, wrote the governors, would be a matter for regret. In return, he made a point of attending the annual camps, a rather constrained young man who made the hardest tours and had little to say about them at the end of the day. He had already done many of the world's classic peaks; he had been first on a few in the Rockies where there are still virgin summits. If that record had been another's, he would have accepted him as an entirely courageous man but, because it was his own, it proved nothing. Once at grips with a mountain, his fear left him; he was a man at ease with himself, a fine leader and a good companion. He knew the ordinary sort of funk there, of course. It is a useful instinct in the mountains—between it and overconfidence lies the safe, the practicable path. It was when the climbing gear was put away that he suffered.

Lying in his tent, every nerve and muscle taut, he watched moving pictures in his mind—men climbing, men falling, every conceivable sort of accident, the accident that one day would befall him. Staring into the dark and remembering the day's tour, he wondered what the others were thinking as they came up that bad bit on the rope he was holding.

One season slipped into another and this dangerous introspection hardened into habit. He had tried and tried to discredit his gnawing doubt but the conviction that he was sham remained. It raised a barrier in his mind between him and his fellows. He became, more and more, a solitary climber, engrossed in his own problem, avoiding the responsibility of other's safety. He envied—oh, how keenly—the beginner who sat down on the rocks and cheerfully owned that the going was getting too hot for him. At home, he coveted the frame of mind of the simple suburbanite who drove off his neighbor's brute of a dog and went into dinner, flushed with bravery.

BUT he was a mountaineer. His whole life had been shaped in that avocation. And it is better to be without boots on the hills than without bravery. There was comfort in the knowledge that he had made himself a first-rate mountaineer. Neville and Frame, both of the first quality, rated him tops. He had been invited by the government to accompany a boundary commission to the ice fields of Alaska and his own club had chosen him to climb with the visiting members of a famous Alpine group.

He had a purpose in this pursuit of technical perfection. His great hope was to take part in a climb demanding the utmost in private discipline and *esprit de corps*—a climb so exacting that if he survived it the conviction of fear would be broken. Such a climb as Mount Alberta offered. Towering to a height of eleven thousand, eight hundred and seventy-four feet, and ringed with precipices, it had been climbed once by a party of five amateurs and three professionals. All previous and subsequent attempts had failed. On its iron faces, the

(Continued on page 42)

Castle Key

The Story Thus Far:

SECRETLY in love with her brother Hugh's best friend, Greg Adams, June Carlisle is heartbroken when he marries Rita Wells. Three years later, Hugh is killed in an airplane crash. Realizing that, with Hugh gone, June will have a difficult time making both ends meet, Greg secures twenty thousand dollars from his broker, Perry Crane, and tries to make the girl believe that it is her share of her brother's estate.

June sees through the stratagem; she declines to accept the money. Meanwhile (known only to Bill Keith, who, in love with June, is also devoted to Greg) Perry Crane has been seeing far more of Rita than he should. Knowing that Greg trusts the man—has actually invested three hundred thousand dollars in Castle Key, a Florida real-estate development—Bill Keith tries to put Greg on his guard.

Having guessed the purpose to which Greg intends to put the twenty thousand dollars, Crane tells Rita. Furious, she confronts Greg and demands an explanation. Greg attempts to tell the story. But Rita, interrupting him, accuses him of—*keeping June!*

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

III

IT DIDN'T even make you mad. It was so crazy and ridiculous it didn't even make you mad. Greg sat there while she hurled words at him, taking it, and knowing if he said a word, no matter what, that it would only make things worse.

"That's right!" Rita told him, furiously. "Sit there! Sit there being strong and silent and superior and acting martyred and—you fool!"

She was silent, finally; furiously silent. When she looked at him she shot sparks you could almost see and she was beautiful and if he told her so, right now, she probably would kill him. Rita took a cigarette out of her case and Greg went over with his lighter and she slapped it clear across the room. He had a notion to reach down and pick her up and kiss her, while she clawed and hollered; kiss her hard until she stopped and kissed him back. And maybe if he had—

He said: "Oh, good lord, honey! June Carlisle! June!"

"Go on!" Rita told him. "Say it! 'Why, the girl is like a sister to me.' Well, why don't you say it?"

"Oh, for—"

"Sister! You think I don't know that little mewing snake? She's after you and always has been. You think women don't know? You think *she* thinks I don't see it? Making frog-eyed passes at you every time she—"

"Oh, for Pete's sake, Rita!"

"EVERYBODY in the whole town knows that she was after you and didn't get you. And she thinks she still can! And you think I'll stand for *this?* Just simply keeping her and everybody knowing it and hearing them behind my back and—"

"You've gone crazy, that's all. Crazy."

"You're the one who's crazy if you think you're making me believe that you're this dumb and innocent. A sister to you! So you think it would be nice to give your little mewing sister-to-you twenty thousand dollars. Well, you won't. You *won't!*"

Greg went and got his lighter and sat down again. It didn't make you mad; it couldn't, it was so ridiculous; but it was serious all right. It was an issue and you only had to look at Rita shooting sparks to know that. She didn't, honestly, believe a word that she was saying, it was too insane; but it was just as serious. Women were peculiar and she didn't like June and some farfetched jealousy was mixed up in it and her pride and her possessiveness.

Greg said: "You know darn' well I've never even looked at any other woman sideways; not in three years; much less June Carlisle."

"No? She's looked at you though and she always has. And everybody knows it."

That was what it boiled down to, with Rita. It was: "What would people think?" He said: "What worries you is people might think something; but they couldn't, honey; why—"

"Oh, no! Of course not! No one ever thinks a thing when some man gives a woman twenty thousand dollars. They don't *have* to think!"

She laughed. It sounded poisonous and he felt anger rising in him and he tried to keep it down and couldn't.

"You think, damn it," Greg said. "You think! Think of yesterday a minute; it will do you good. Hugh saved my life. Or don't you give a damn? This is a debt, I tell you. Hugh was all June had and it's a debt. It isn't June or personal. Hugh saved my life, and that's the sort of debt I mean to try to pay!"

There were no words that you could put it in that didn't sound theatrical and false. "He saved my life. I've got a debt." It sounded false and noble but you'd think she'd see it, wouldn't you? You'd think she'd see that this was more important than some little farfetched petty jealousy or other. But she sat there, tight-lipped, hardly even listening and with her mind closed tight to everything except some imbecile idea she'd gotten up about poor June. Words strained his throat so hard he felt them physically and had to swallow hard to choke them back. She saw it all right, but she wouldn't, that was all and they were miles apart and yelling wouldn't bring them any closer. This thing was an issue and they sat there miles apart, miles farther than they ever had been, ever; and he had to make her see it, somehow; had to find the words.

He said, carefully: "This twenty thousand dollars wasn't giving anyway. June wouldn't let me give her anything; you ought to know that. It was business; darn' good business; opening a dress shop. She'd be good at it and—"

"A dress shop! June and Greg's Platonic Fashion Shoppey!"

When she laughed like that it was a slap across the face; as stinging and contemptuous and feminine and hard to take. He had to space his words and say them very slowly or they'd run together in a yell. He said: "We might as well be clear about this. Hugh was my best friend. He didn't leave a dime. June hasn't got a dime. And if there's any way I can arrange it so I'll get a chance to help her, any way and all I can, that's what I'll do."

"And if you do—"

She looked at him, tight-lipped and cold and furious. Greg said: "Oh, good lord, honey, cut it out. This whole thing's crazy. Think a minute, honey."

"If you do—"

"I'm going to," Greg said.

Rusty, at the door, said: "Cocktails, Mistah Greg."

"All right," Greg told him.

Rusty brought the mixer in and poured. He said: "Should I tell Delia dinner in about ten minutes, Miz Adams?"

Rita didn't answer and Greg said again: "All right."

THEY drank their cocktails and Greg poured the dividend. He felt like hell and there was nothing more that he could say. She didn't see it, that was all; she wouldn't see it. Maybe she just didn't want to see it; maybe that was it, and they were smashing, and he hadn't even known it. Was this the way it happened; little things and little differences and then an issue came up and the whole thing went to smash? You'd seen it coming to a smash with other people, friends; you'd seen it coming before they did and you'd talked about it, you and Rita, and were sorry. You would say: "They're both swell people, honey: what's the matter with them lately?" And she'd answer: "They won't last the year out. Everybody always sees it coming, before they do; before one of them, at least." Was this that sort of thing? Had people talked about it, seen it coming before they did?

They went down to dinner silently, and Rusty was just serving when the doorbell rang. He went to answer it and Greg heard Bill's voice in the hall, and then June's, and he looked at Rita. He could tell by looking at her it was going to be pretty bad. For them to come right now was fate or something and it would be bad, all right.

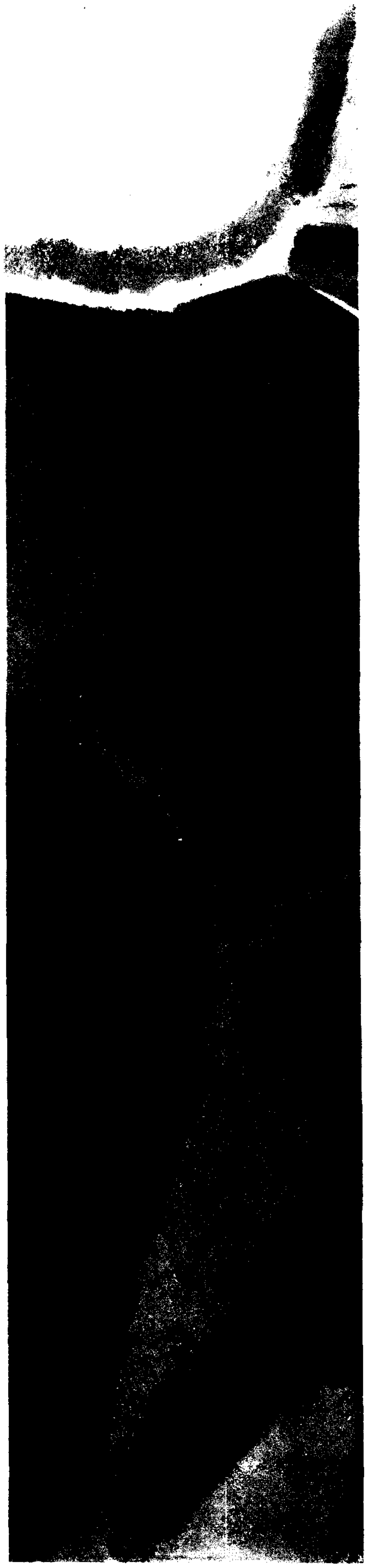
Greg called: "Come on out in the dining room; we're just at dinner."

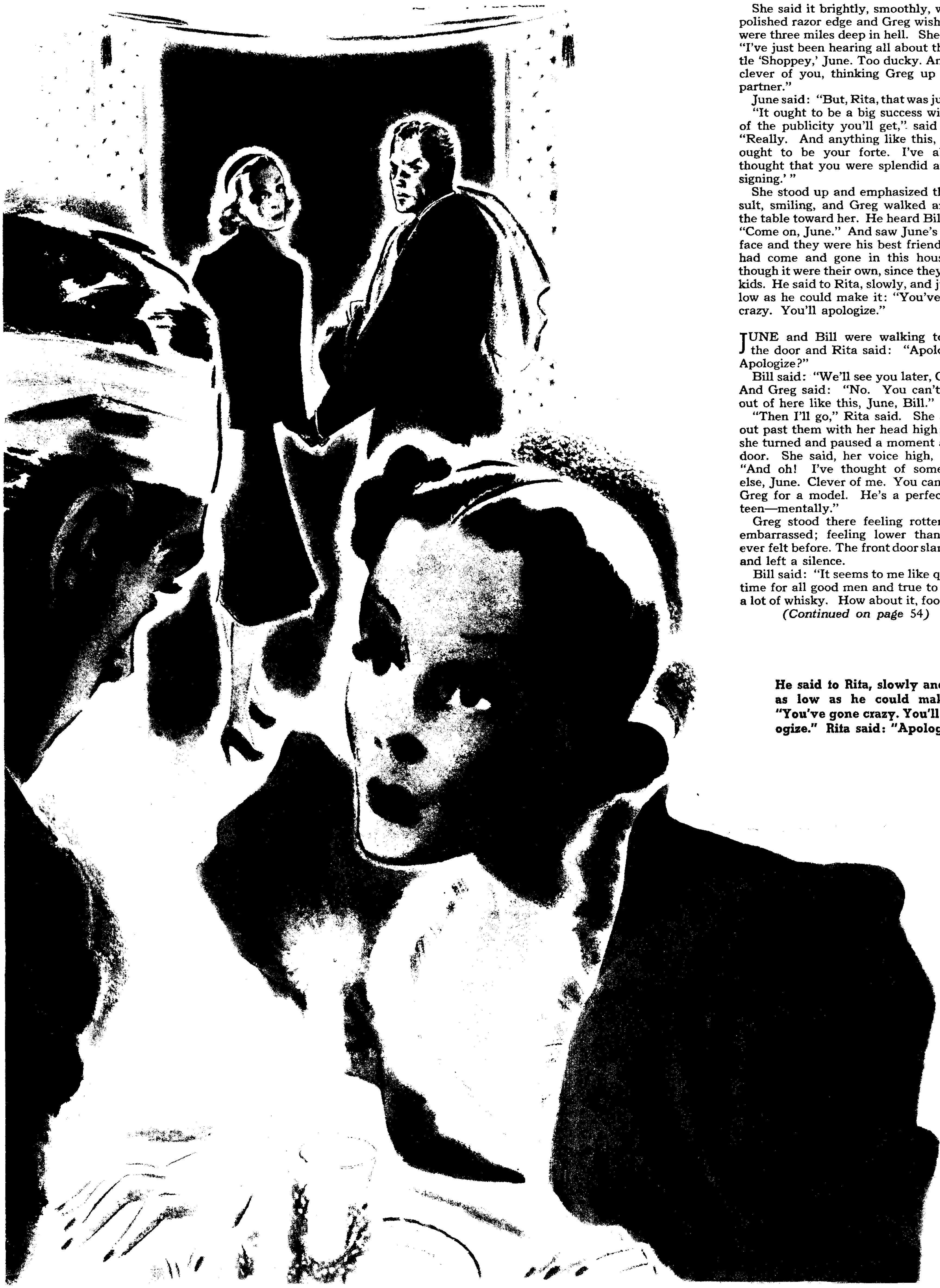
He could tell by Rita's face. He leaned across the table but she wouldn't look at him and then he stood up as they came in.

They said "Hi" and Rita didn't answer and Greg tried to give a big hello for both of them and knew it sounded false.

June said: "We just came in to—"

"A business conference," Rita said.





He said to Rita, slowly and just as low as he could make it: "You've gone crazy. You'll apologize." Rita said: "Apologize?"

She said it brightly, smoothly, with a polished razor edge and Greg wished he were three miles deep in hell. She said: "I've just been hearing all about the little 'Shoppey,' June. Too ducky. And too clever of you, thinking Greg up for a partner."

June said: "But, Rita, that was just—"

"It ought to be a big success with all of the publicity you'll get," said Rita. "Really. And anything like this, June, ought to be your forte. I've always thought that you were splendid at 'designing.' "

She stood up and emphasized the insult, smiling, and Greg walked around the table toward her. He heard Bill say: "Come on, June." And saw June's white face and they were his best friends and had come and gone in this house, as though it were their own, since they were kids. He said to Rita, slowly, and just as low as he could make it: "You've gone crazy. You'll apologize."

JUNE and Bill were walking toward the door and Rita said: "Apologize? Apologize?"

Bill said: "We'll see you later, Greg." And Greg said: "No. You can't walk out of here like this, June, Bill."

"Then I'll go," Rita said. She swept out past them with her head high; then she turned and paused a moment at the door. She said, her voice high, clear: "And oh! I've thought of something else, June. Clever of me. You can have Greg for a model. He's a perfect sixteen—mentally."

Greg stood there feeling rotten and embarrassed; feeling lower than he'd ever felt before. The front door slammed and left a silence.

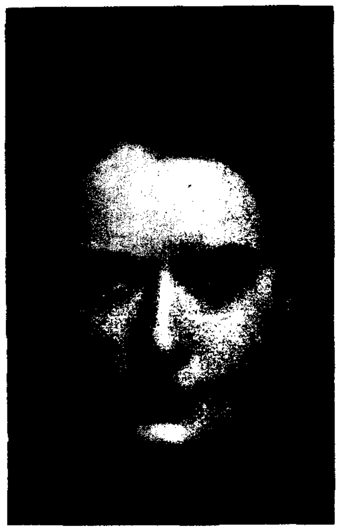
Bill said: "It seems to me like quite a time for all good men and true to drink a lot of whisky. How about it, fool?"

(Continued on page 54)

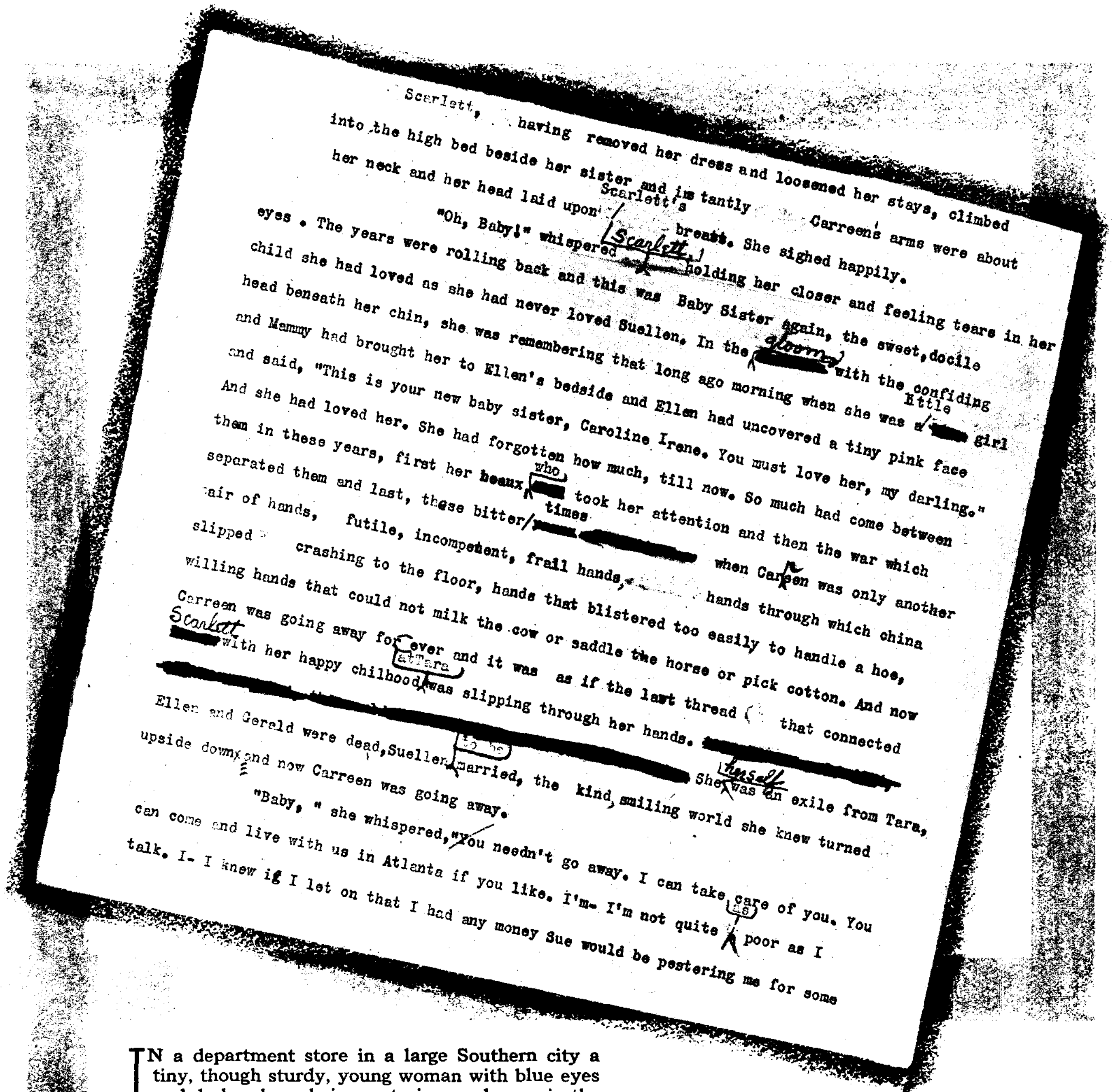
By Edwin Granberry

The Private Life of Margaret Mitchell

A young woman wrote a novel, and presently she found the world on her doorstep. This is the personal story of the author of Gone with the Wind



Margaret Mitchell



Scarlett, having removed her dress and loosened her stays, climbed into the high bed beside her sister and instantly Carreen's arms were about her neck and her head laid upon Scarlett's breast. She sighed happily.

"Oh, Baby!" whispered Scarlett [redacted] holding her closer and feeling tears in her eyes. The years were rolling back and this was Baby Sister again, the sweet, docile child she had loved as she had never loved Suellen. In the gloom [redacted] with the confiding head beneath her chin, she was remembering that long ago morning when she was a little [redacted] girl and Mammy had brought her to Ellen's bedside and Ellen had uncovered a tiny pink face and said, "This is your new baby sister, Caroline Irene. You must love her, my darling." And she had loved her. She had forgotten how much, till now. So much had come between them in these years, first her beaux who [redacted] took her attention and then the war which separated them and last, these bitter times [redacted] when Carreen was only another pair of hands, futile, incompetent, frail hands, hands through which china slipped crashing to the floor, hands that blistered too easily to handle a hoe, willing hands that could not milk the cow or saddle the horse or pick cotton. And now Carreen was going away forever and it was as if the last thread that connected Scarlett [redacted] with her happy childhood at Tara was slipping through her hands. [redacted] She herself ~~was an~~ exile from Tara, Ellen and Gerald were dead, Suellen to be married, the kind, smiling world she knew turned upside down and now Carreen was going away.

"Baby," she whispered, "You needn't go away. I can take care of you. You can come and live with us in Atlanta if you like. I'm- I'm not quite as poor as I talk. I- I knew ig I let on that I had any money Sue would be pestering me for some

A page of the original manuscript of Gone with the Wind, from a section omitted in the printed version. Corrections in Miss Mitchell's handwriting seem to indicate that her famed heroine was not originally named Scarlett

IN a department store in a large Southern city a tiny, though sturdy, young woman with blue eyes and dark auburn hair was trying on dresses in the privacy of a fitting booth. It was no longer a simple matter for her to buy a dress. In fact, it was not a simple matter for her to do anything unless she was willing to do it under the eyes of the world. She liked the world, this intensely active young woman. But she thought, nevertheless, that the fitting of a dress should be carried on with as little ado as possible, and for the moment, therefore, was happy in the seclusion offered by the fitting booth. Busily putting on and taking off, she was suddenly interrupted by the sound of women's voices in the aisle. Abruptly the curtains of the booth were drawn aside and there, peering at her, was an excited crowd. *"Isn't* she tiny!" exclaimed a woman. And a second voice: "*I* don't believe she wrote it—she's too little!"

Gazing back at them—with a look which was neither angry nor upset but full of amused understanding—were the wide blue eyes of Margaret Mitchell, author of Gone with the Wind.

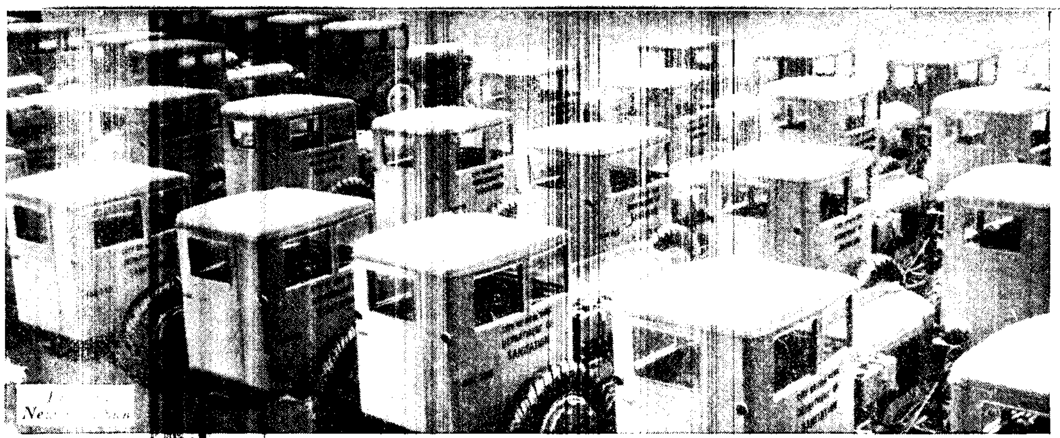
Do not judge these ladies too harshly. They but typify the pressure of public interest which at the moment beats so fiercely on Miss Mitchell. And they are but a few of the millions who have fallen under the seemingly overwhelming spell of her great story of the Civil War—the novel which is no longer just the record-breaking first novel in history but one which has become instead a phenomenon, a movement, a sort of rallying flag for the emotions of a whole people. As a result, Miss Mitchell stands at the moment in such a spotlight of public attention as no American, excepting the President, has known since Colonel Lindbergh flew the Atlantic.

Born in Atlanta, of parents and grandparents who also were born in or near Atlanta, she has lived there all her life. All of her people have lived in the South since they first came to America. When they were not cotton planters, they were lawyers, doctors and ministers. The tradition not only of education but of extensive reading is in them. Even those in past generations who lived on remote plantations, far from towns, had large libraries, made a habit of reading aloud at night to the assembled families, ordered the newest of the good books—frequently those printed abroad—and subscribed to French and English periodicals. Excellent memories were a family trait of the Mitchells and their kin and the practice of committing long poems to memory was encouraged—such as Lalla Rookh, Marmion, Horatius at the Bridge, The Lady of the Lake.

In the neighborhood where Margaret Mitchell was reared, there were many old folks who had lived through the war and reconstruction. Along about twilight on summer afternoons when the children were tired of playing, they'd sit down on the front steps or around the fire on winter evenings, and listen to the old folks as they sat rocking and talking and reminiscing. Old ladies and old gentlemen both loved to talk those days, "recalling (as Miss Mitchell expressed it in Gone with the Wind) the fierce heat of their midsummer in this forlorn sunset of their winter." She heard endless discussions about whether General Johnston was a better general than General Hood; how ambulances had no springs and a man with a broken bone—unless it was in his leg—was a sight better off walking fifty miles to a hospital than riding in an ambulance; how a man was as good as dead in some hospitals because of the wild-fire way erysipelas spread, how hard it was to march on an empty stomach, and how far you had to march on an empty stomach if you happened to be in Stonewall Jackson's outfit.

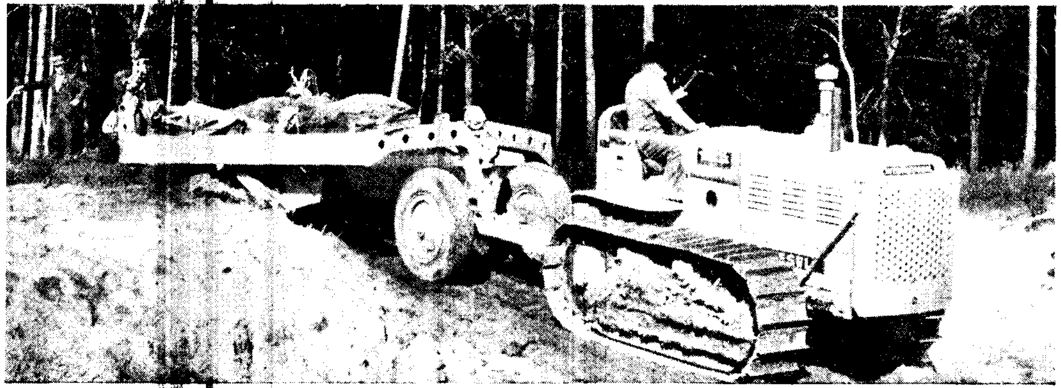
And the ladies talked of how they used gourd seeds dyed red for buttons during the blockade, and plaited hats of straw and trimmed them with corn shuck rosettes, and made shoes with soles whittled from wood and tops made of carpets and shawls and, finally, of homespun. All spoke of the war as though it had happened only the week before, and the deaths of friends who fell at Shiloh and Gettysburg were as fresh in their memories as though they had happened recently.

(Continued on page 24)



New York City added 300 International tractors to its snow-removal fleet this past winter. Since 1927 New York has put 600 Internationals into this service.

The smaller International wheel tractor, the I-12, a compact unit for fast service in cramped areas. Shown here hauling pulp paper from warehouse to shipside.



The powerful TD-40 TracTracTor, a Diesel crawler, delivering performance, efficiency, and economy on a construction project.

WHEN *Results* ARE NEEDED

Specify

INTERNATIONAL POWER

Under cover, behind the scenes, off the beaten path, or maybe right out in front of you—International Tractors and International-powered Equipment on the job! A heavy share of the world's heavy work is handled more rapidly *and more profitably* with International Harvester cooperation.

When you need mobile or stationary industrial power, call in the world's largest tractor builder. Call on our 35-year experience. See what our line of TracTracTors (crawlers), wheel tractors, and power units can do to fit your needs exactly. See what our great network of service has to offer. International industrial dealers and Company-owned branches are ready to advise you on any power problem.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Illinois**

INTERNATIONAL

At Left: The smaller TracTracTor, International T-20, on a logging operation. Exclusive International design makes the TracTracTors the most accessible, most easily serviced crawler tractors on the market.

The heart of this tractor servicing the Zephyr is one of the 12 International power units. Power unit sizes range to 110 max. h. p. Gasoline, Diesel; 4 and 6-cylinder. International power cuts cost on countless jobs.

Made by the Makers of INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

INTERNATIONAL Industrial Power

The old folks sang the war songs of their youth, Lorena and Maryland and many others, and if the children were extra good they recited poems such as "I'm a good old Rebel and that's just what I am."

"And then," Miss Mitchell tells us, "I used to go horseback riding with veterans before I was five years old. All were old cavalrymen and I heard about Forrest and Stuart and Joe Wheeler from them and how to use a saber, too . . . On the shelves of our bookcases at home were books about the war period and I read them by the time I was seven—Surrey of Eagles Nest and Mohum by John Esten Cooke, Mrs. M. L. Avary's Virginia Girl in the Civil War and Dixie After the War; Two Little Confederates, by Thomas Nelson Page, and Diddie, Dumps and Tot, by Louise-Clarke Pyrnelle.

"And sometimes on Sunday afternoons when I had been arrayed in my best and taken calling on elderly relatives, if I was very good and did not get my dress messy and sat quietly on a footstool and listened to the battle of Gettysburg and the Valley Campaign without interruption, I was richly rewarded by being permitted to put my two thumbs into the two dents in the skull of a veteran where a Minié ball had gone in and out."

Miss Mitchell has already told somewhere of the shock it gave her when at ten years of age she learned that General Lee had been defeated. At this time she was attending the Atlanta public schools, skipping a few grades. Thereafter came Washington Seminary, in Atlanta, and then one year at Smith College, from which she withdrew to return home on the death of her mother. From 1922 until 1926, Miss Mitchell was on the staff of the Magazine Section of the Atlanta Journal. A sprained ankle that would not get well caused her retirement from the Journal and not—as rumor has it—"an automobile accident which left her in a plaster cast for three years." This heroic nonsense about having written her book while flat on her back in plaster amuses Miss Mitchell, for she is unable to compose except on a typewriter and she has never heard of any way by which a typewriter can be operated by one so bedridden. The truth of the matter is that at this time, 1926, her normal activities were greatly restricted by her bad ankle; she had more spare time on her hands than was pleasant for one of her energetic disposition; therefore, chiefly for the diversion it provided, at this time she began writing the novel which ten years later was to electrify America and a good part of the entire world, as well as set a record as the fastest-selling novel in the annals of publishing.

She Can't Lift the Spell

A first novel does well if it sells five thousand copies in a lifetime. Gone with the Wind has run up such unprecedented sales as fifty thousand copies in a single day, a half-million in less than one hundred days, more than a million copies in six months. Anthony Adverse, its nearest rival in the history of publishing, amassed but 18,474 copies in its best week, less than four hundred thousand in eleven months. Copies of the first printing of Miss Mitchell's novel commanded fifty dollars at the last quoting. Its fame has spread throughout the civilized world, with requests for translation rights from practically every country where books are published.

Word of it has seeped into the farthest out-of-the-way hamlets and into strata of society where one would suppose there was little time for the reading of novels. Standing recently under the steel girders of a railroad shed, discussing Miss Mitchell's book with a friend while waiting for a midnight Pullman to start, I suddenly realized that standing near us in the dim light were two men, their faces blackened with coal smoke, tools swinging in their hands. They were trainmen of some sort, and they were listening to what we had to say. I asked of one of them if he had read the book. He grinned in the affirmative, adding: "And I hope she never gets him back." And whether Scarlett ever got Rhett back has become well-nigh a major issue with the American people.

A Problem of Volume

It is interest such as this in the characters of Gone with the Wind, coming from people in all walks of life, which has overwhelmed Miss Mitchell with such a pressure of notoriety. The millions who have lived its drama vicariously seem unable to shake off its grip. It "does something" to them and they turn instinctively to the one person who can lift the spell she has put on them—Margaret Mitchell herself.

As a result, Miss Mitchell is besieged in her Atlanta home. If she ventures out on a shopping expedition, she is surrounded by eager questioners and returns home hours later with the shopping still undone. The purchase of a dress, as we have seen, has become a problem, unless she wishes to try it on in public. Autograph hunters spring out from the most unexpected places. Yet to remain at home is to be overwhelmed by a barrage of letters, telegrams, calls by wire, calls in person, pouring in upon her from early morning until late at night. There is no secret about Miss Mitchell's address. Her telephone is listed. It is but part of her determination to continue to live her life as she has always lived it, and, as yet, she has not even considered "refugeeing" from Atlanta to some secret retreat. Atlanta is her home; it is where she belongs; it is where her husband lives and works; it is where her people have lived since before the city was born. It is where she has remained except for brief visits since *her* "siege of Atlanta" began, and it is where she intends to live always, unless the pressure of public attention should force her to seek a hideaway elsewhere.

"He's finished like this ever since the Olympic games" JOE EASLEY

In one of the dramatic passages in her novel, besieged Atlanta takes comfort from General Johnston's stout declaration, "I can hold Atlanta forever!" Margaret Mitchell, besieged, likewise takes comfort from her hope that she, too, can hold on to her Atlanta residence forever. It is a strange situation which confronts Miss Mitchell, one that few people are ever called upon to face and one she little dreamed would be her lot. She is doing whatever she can to meet a well-nigh insuperable problem.

This problem is simply one of volume—a volume of invitations to attend meetings and make speeches, so great that she could not accept them all even if she did nothing but attend meetings and make speeches; a volume of callers, and persons seeking to call, so great that she could not receive them all if she devoted twenty-four hours a day to this one phase of her activities alone; a volume of requests for autographs so great that she would be suffering from acute writer's cramp long before she could comply with even a small fraction of the requests; and a volume of mail so large that practically her entire time is taken up with answering the thousands of letters.

Until the printings of Gone with the Wind passed the half-million mark, she was as generous with her autograph as any author, but after that, she was forced to call a halt. The printing presses were turning out copies of the book faster than she could put her name in them, she explained. Now that more than a million copies have been printed, the requests for autographs have run into the hundreds of thousands. She knows that autographing so many books in so short a time is beyond her strength, beyond anybody's strength, and if she cannot autograph for the humblest, she will not do it for the highest.

Life and Letters

In one respect, however, she has not spared herself—the answering of the stream of letters that flood her apartment. Her mail has mounted to such a volume that when she returned home recently from a short trip, she found something over twelve hundred letters awaiting her. Does she read them, answer them all? To the last one of them she reads them and answers them herself. She has a secretary—sometimes two, one during the day and one at night—but every letter receives Miss Mitchell's personal attention. No form-letter replies are sent.

The majority of the letters are of a kind that could not be answered with stereotyped politeness, even if Miss Mitchell were inclined to handle them in that easy way. Many of them, written under the fervency of emotion aroused by the novel, have the tone of the confessional about them. Miss Mitchell knows as well as anybody that she could ignore them, but having unwittingly been the cause of the desperate note of some of them, she feels an obligation she cannot evade.

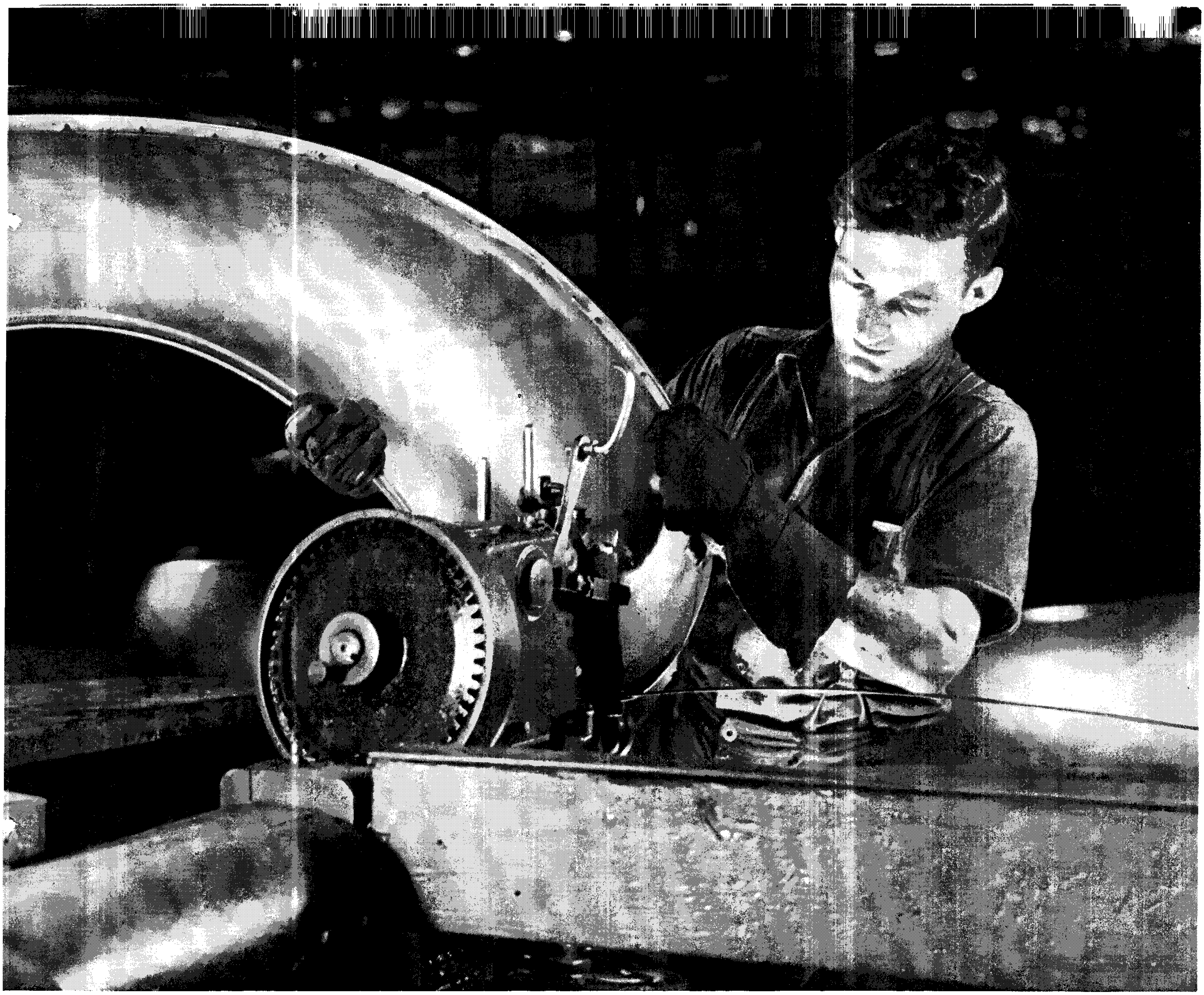
Wives write that the tragedy of Rhett and Scarlett has opened their eyes to similar tragedies under their own roofs and has moved them to correct estrangements from their husbands before it is too late. Husbands write that Rhett's separation from Scarlett after he has loved her so many years has kept them awake at night, fearful that they also might lose beloved wives. Letters come in, hardly legible, so shaky are the hands that wrote them, asking God's blessing on the young author for picturing so truthfully the war days through which the writers lived. Others, in the painfully precise handwriting of youth, thank Miss Mitchell for having given them their first real understanding of the Old South's gallantry and chivalry that is a part of the heritage of us all. Men broken by the depression—idealists who could not survive change and upheaval—pour out their hearts to Miss Mitchell in sympathy for Ashley, who also was broken by change and upheaval of war and reconstruction. Proud wives whose men have been thrown out of work write her letters filled with bitter compassion for Scarlett, for they have learned that no woman knows the degradation she will stoop to until she needs to defend her home and those she loves.

When Fame Comes High

Reaping their share of attention, also, are the scenes and characters of Gone with the Wind. Miss Mitchell has not drawn her characters from life. Believing it impossible to know completely another's mind, she filled the pages of her book with people of her own creation. Thousands, nonetheless, are identifying Scarlett, and the hunt for Rhett Butler proceeds at a frenzy. Tourists swarm through Atlanta looking for the house where Aunt Pittypat lived and through Clayton County looking for Tara. Neither Aunt Pittypat nor her house ever existed except in Miss Mitchell's imagination, and there is, alas! no Tara. Alas, indeed, for its halls and red fields have become as real to millions of people as their own firesides and lawns. To find there is not and never was a Tara is like the sadness for the vanished scenes of a dream. Not since Dickens have people so allied themselves with the joys and sorrows of fictional characters and the scenes where they played out their stories.

This clamor for the characters of Gone with the Wind and the impulse on the part of people to see and hear Miss Mitchell arises, it would seem, from a desire to prove to themselves that she *does* exist, to convince themselves that there *is* a person capable of producing singlehanded a novel of such breadth and emotional power, to satisfy themselves that she is, or is not, all that rumor has made her.

These rumors reach Miss Mitchell by every known channel of information—through the press, through the mails, over the wires, by word of mouth. Her impersonators are springing up all over the land. One appeared recently on a fur farm in the far, frozen North, willing to tell all, to sign autographs, to sell



He Hems Steel Skirts

AT FIRST GLANCE, you might not notice the beaded edge on a Plymouth's fenders. But this edge is mportant—in giving added strength and durabilty. And it is an example of something bigger—which no car buyer should ever forget.

As you see in the picture—this unusual edge is made by rolling the heavy metal around a thick wire of steel. Not every make of car does it.

This is how *Plymouth* is built...hundreds of details you ***never* see**...that make the car *stand up*.

Take this fender again...as an example. It's rust-proofed—though you can't see that in the new car. So is the whole, beautiful, all-steel body...***every*** sheet metal part...every exposed nut and bolt on the new Plymouth. That's unusual, too, but it explains why Plymouth cars *stay* beautiful—year after year.

But again it's typical. Everywhere in this carefully-built car, you find these evidences of finer engineering and construction...in the famed double-action hydraulic brakes...Floating Power engine mountings...Hypoid rear axle...steering that has no "wandering"...easy, quiet shifting...and in *every* great Plymouth feature!

You don't see them. But they show up...inevitably...in the brilliant way Plymouth performs...and looks and rides and handles...even after you've driven it for tens of thousands of miles.

And the longer you drive your Plymouth the more proof you find...the more surely you *know*: that it's built to stand up...from its great six-cylinder engine...to the beaded "hem" of its big steel fenders! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

EASY TO BUY

Today, you'll find Plymouth is priced with the lowest...and offers very convenient payment terms. You can buy a beautiful, big new Plymouth for as low as $25 a month. The Commercial Credit Company has made available—through Chrysler, De Soto and Dodge dealers—terms which you will find fit your budget...and make it exceptionally easy to purchase...and enjoy...a new Plymouth *today*.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

her confessions. It was too good to be true.

An alert newspaperman made a quick telephone call to Miss Mitchell's publishers in New York. They knew nothing of Miss Mitchell a-prowl so far in the North, certainly not on a fur ranch. More quick telephoning and Miss Mitchell was located asleep in her bed in faraway Atlanta, Georgia. And, again, this one, still more recent: A lady with two escorts appeared at a Florida airport and requested accommodations on a plane just leaving for Havana. The officials were sorry but the plane was full. Full, was it? stormed the temperamental lady. Did they know who she was? She was Margaret Mitchell and she would get accommodations, or know the reason why, for her bodyguard as well as for herself. At the very time when the impostor was storming about, advertising Miss Mitchell as a person with very bad manners, the real Margaret Mitchell was several hundred miles away on a short vacation trip, seeking rest from her notoriety and moving quietly among strangers who never suspected that the small person in unassuming dress was the author of the book they carried under their arms and discussed so avidly on hotel porches.

It is not to be wondered at that the author of Gone with the Wind thinks the price of fame comes high at times.

Much of the mystery which surrounds Miss Mitchell arises from her refusal to be lionized. Except for her many friends in Georgia who knew her before she was catapulted to such sudden, dizzy fame, few people have ever seen her, those in the literary capitals of the North not at all. And the fact that she has not come to New York to receive the acclaim the book world is so eager to give her has helped to create a feeling toward her almost of awe.

To Convince Herself

The most humorous bit of disbelief Miss Mitchell met with in her own state. Clayton County, as you may recall, is the county in which much of the action of Gone with the Wind takes place. Soon after the book was published, tourists began halting at Jonesboro, hunting for the landmarks of the novel instead of speeding southward from Atlanta. If that young woman back in Atlanta, thought some of the local citizenry, had written a story about a house called Tara, and if tourists wanted to see Tara, then the least they could do to show their hospitality to strangers was to find them a Tara.

And so Taras came into being, many Taras. There was no intention to deceive; the county folks were simply being accommodating to strangers within the gate, while standing by one of their own. Not knowing Miss Mitchell's passion for accuracy—she has the dress of her characters and the houses they live in correct to the last minute detail—how could they be sure that one of the houses they had picked wouldn't suit her for the house in her story?

Thinking to look into these rumors, which were gaining in circulation, Miss Mitchell put off alone one day in her car and traveled to Jonesboro. Stopping at a filling station, like any good tourist, she inquired of the attendant as to the whereabouts of Tara. Would he direct her to the former old house? He would, with pride! and did—in the polite and hospitable manner native to Georgians.

Being shown a road, Miss Mitchell followed it some five miles into the deep country and came upon a very nice piece of architecture, done in the noblest period of Victoria, obviously in the eighties, but not at all like the rambling, ante-bellum, whitewashed brick structure Gerald O'Hara had built and called Tara, with its avenue of cedars and its hilltop eminence one quarter of a mile from the river. Wending her way back to the filling station and its attendant, Miss Mitchell began to pick at his Tara, in deft phrases such as come to no tongue but Miss Mitchell's.

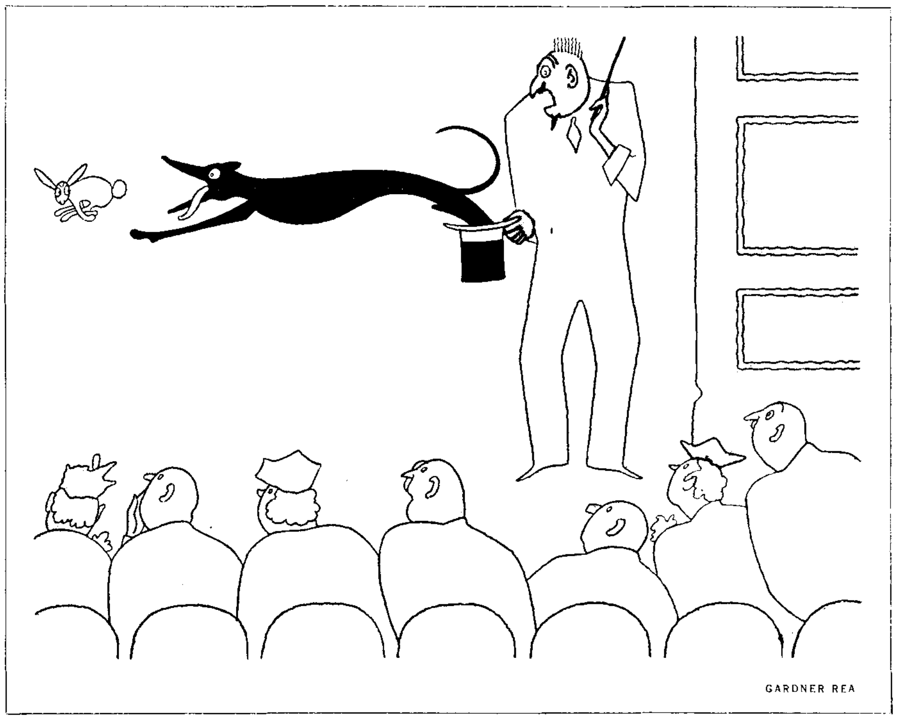
Feeling he should speak up for the county, and sure that here was a tourist who in her heart really *wanted* to believe, he began to strive with her to help her believe. But she was a strange miss—conversion came hard for her; the more he strove, the deeper grew her doubts.

The Person Most Puzzled

Miss Mitchell, meanwhile, was herself trying to show the young man that she felt sure the author of Gone with the Wind would rather that strangers not be told there was a Tara, since there wasn't and never had been.

Nothing would suffice, however, but that she play her last card—Miss Mitchell confessed her name, that she wrote the book, that she had herself made Tara and was sure she knew best what it would look like if there were one. Now what did he think of that?

What he thought made Miss Mitchell turn wan at the mouth and left her sunk in her seat—it was the old, old story. Even before he opened his mouth, she saw it written on his face: "Why, lady"—he was genial and polite to the end—"you're not big enough to write a book. That's a famous book—making a lot of money."



Reaching for the first thing that came to mind which would serve as identification, she was about to pass over to him an old savings account book which happened to be in her purse when, there on the first page, she saw accredited to her name the handsome balance of seven dollars. And he had said "a lot of money."

To this day Miss Mitchell would have been thought an impostor by one young defender of Tara had she not been able to produce somewhere from the car a copy of General Sherman's huge map of military operations in and around Jonesboro. Nobody would carry a map of its size but the author of Gone with the Wind.

She ran down four other such houses that day, underwent four similar experiences. After the fifth one, firmly letting in the clutch, Miss Mitchell fled the county of the Taras.

No one is more puzzled than Miss Mitchell that she should be made a mystery and the center of legends. For Margaret Mitchell is the most normal, balanced author you will likely ever see. She is not affected by stampedes. Awards, college degrees, recognition from distinguished societies throughout the nation are held out to her, but she has accepted none of them. Faced with the major temptations life has to offer—wealth, honors, international acclaim—she still retains her grip. The events of the past six months are like a tale from the Arabian Nights, but through it all she remains calmly at home, unflustered by the tide of public attention swirling at her from all sides. She likes to work without intrusion, play without interruption, to be herself and live casually in whatever manner she chooses. She is a trained psychologist and knows in a scientific way what alterations sometimes happen in the personalities of those who are caught in a violent upheaval of circumstances. She fears that the intense glare of the spotlight beating down upon her, month after month, may eventually drive her into complete seclusion, in the hope of salvaging some remnant of her private life; she fears that she will lose touch with the world she loves because of this seclusion; she fears that people may think her hard and unappreciative and unsociable because of her enforced necessity of refusing the public demands upon her; she fears to be set apart, to lose the easy friendships she cherishes, to be put on an eminence from which she will not be permitted to descend.

And thus it is that she and her husband, Mr. John R. Marsh, advertising manager of the Georgia Power Company, continue to live in their five-room apartment in Atlanta just as they have always lived—with the comfort, simplicity, and modest good taste which comes natural to people of supreme common sense. They wear the sort of clothes they have always worn, eat the same food. Instead of the limousine with the foreign name they are reported to have bought, they ride in a modest coach of a type used by millions of normal everyday Americans.

Both Feet on the Ground

Within the circle of her close friends, Miss Mitchell has long been known for the force of her conversation and for a type of humor which is wholly her own. It is utterly impossible to give the essence of this humor, which springs suddenly without the least hint of premeditation. There are no analogies to fall back on in describing it—there is nothing quite like it on the stage or in print, except the flashes of it in Gone with the Wind. And those who know her well will tell you that Margaret Mitchell herself is the principal key in answering the question heard on all sides: "What is the explanation of this book's power over readers and its record-breaking sale?" The force of her mind and the charge of her personal magnetism are so strong that they leap through the pages of her book to the reader, like the play of electricity between poles. The same excitement you get from those dialogues between Scarlett and Rhett Butler you will get from Miss Mitchell's private conversation. Her speech, however, is not excited, and is accompanied by none of the gestures of a nervous person.

Now all the foregoing, and a great deal more, is what has happened to Gone with the Wind and its author. To repeat, it "does something" to readers, and like the Ancient Mariner, they wander through the streets, through drawing rooms, places of business, ready to lay a hand on any who will listen. The time has come when, by the look of a man's eye, you can tell how recently this book has been at him.

All of which needs explaining, for in the furor for both book and its creator is the presence of something strange, something headlong and desperate which was missing in the rage for other books of recent times.

Could the answer be Gone with the Wind itself, and the exceptional force of Miss Mitchell's personality which like a galvanic charge electrifies the drama of the story?

Hard Labor and Sweating

Certainly no American novel has ever before compressed within its pages such a wide range of feelings. The four principal characters of the story—Scarlett, Rhett, Melanie, Ashley—run the whole scale of human emotions, birth, love, marriage, death, the four great elemental experiences of life. And between these major emotions, these four characters together at some point in the drama subject the reader to all the other physical and spiritual pangs which rack mankind—hunger, jealousy, hate, greed, joy, loneliness, and on through to the last note of the emotional scale.

Because of the leanness, apparently, of the modern novelist's imagination—perhaps because the over-refinements of modern civilization are sapping our vitality—readers have been taught to accept but one or two currents of feeling running through a story. Miss Mitchell overwhelms and sweeps the reader on in a multiplicity of emotional torrents unknown since the great days of novel writing.

And how does Miss Mitchell herself account for the phenomenal sale of Gone with the Wind? When asked the question, she parried it by asking us to answer it ourselves. We fell back on the word "genius," telling her there was no other way to explain the stupendous currents of thought and emotion which are driven under complete control through the book; no other way to explain its prescience, its intuition and the excitement it has imparted to an entire nation. We added that we thought she had been moved by impulses greater than she knew, and that like Joan of Arc—

But here Miss Mitchell stopped us with a smile. That incorruptible intelligence of hers will listen to no such stuff, for she does not feel at all that way about herself or her book. She regards Gone with the Wind as the product of hard labor and sweating, and its amazing success continues to be so mystifying to her that, in the words of Gerald O'Hara, she can attribute it only "to the mysterious kindness of God."

NOT WEALTHY..
JUST WISE

They've found the way to be Smart and keep Thrifty...by "Graduating" to this big De Soto!

FUNNY THING ABOUT SMARTNESS. Some men can make an inexpensive suit look like a fashion-plate.

Some women can pick up a bargain bonnet and turn every head in town.

Lucky thing—that smartness CAN'T be measured in money! Otherwise, a De Soto would cost you a fortune ...instead of just a fraction more than America's lowest-priced cars.

Look it over...the full 16½ feet of its custom beauty. It's the most distinguished excuse for economy that ever rolled out of Detroit!

First...a new low price. And you get amazing fuel savings with a new "Economy Engine."

You get solid comfort with your luxury, too. Vibration —road-shocks—never touch you, as you ride in the safety of an all-steel body, cradled between the axles —on four new "aero" hydraulic shock-absorbers like those on big transport planes.

You get more room...complete sound-proofing... and the safety of genuine hydraulic brakes (the safest kind ever made for a car).

Are you interested in mechanics? De Soto has 87 revolutionary new things for you to see.

Picture it all...in the most brilliantly beautiful car of the year...at De Soto's new low price!

Stop in at your dealer's today . . . and put a new De Soto through its paces. We promise that if you drive five miles you will never want to give it back!

Easy terms. Ask your dealer about the Official Commercial Credit Company Finance Plan. DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

AMERICA'S SMARTEST LOW-PRICED CAR

DE SOTO

Now Priced just above the Lowest

Family Affair

By Henri Duvernois

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED
BY IRVING NURICK

ROSINE ESOCIEN strolled languorously in the arms of Xavier Bordereau to the strains of a Brazilian tango.

"Don't talk to me about your modern dances," she cried, laughing up at him. "My favorite is still the waltz. With any encouragement I would go back to the minuet by way of the mazurka, the redowa, the polka and the lancers. I don't like anything in my house but antique furniture, eighteenth-century paintings and old tapestries; and I want dances to have an air of age, too, so that everything will be in keeping."

"But you're there," Xavier pointed out, "to lend them enchantment, youth at its most dazzling, you magician!"

"You're making a mistake."

"You mean you're not a magician?"

"I mean you made a mistake in leaving out the pause after the glide."

"A thousand pardons. It's because I'm in love with you."

"Watch out! The music has stopped. Try not to look so pale; you'll compromise me."

"But there's no one here."

"My uncle is."

Which was true. Monsieur Egoff, who did not dance, was hunched over the player piano. This occupation had been especially devised for him and he performed it with enthusiasm, provided he was rewarded with enough compliments. Rosine did her part.

"You played like an angel, Uncle," she told him.

"Oh, very well," sighed Monsieur Egoff. "I'll play you one more."

Young Bordereau, swaying to the music, opened his arms to Rosine. With a happy smile, she slipped into them and nestled her perfumed head against his shoulder. They danced gaily out of the drawing room while Monsieur Egoff went on pedaling furiously.

"When are you coming to my house for a cocktail?" Xavier murmured.

"How sinister!"

"It's not sinister at all; my place is very nice, Rosine."

"It's wrong of me to listen to you. You've even stopped calling me Mademoiselle."

"FIRST names are a part of friendship. Rosine, does it mean nothing to you that our steps move together so exactly? Don't you feel a presentiment that we advance from one figure to another so smoothly because we are destined to a tenderer friendship? I live in a small private house which is discreetly inconspicuous."

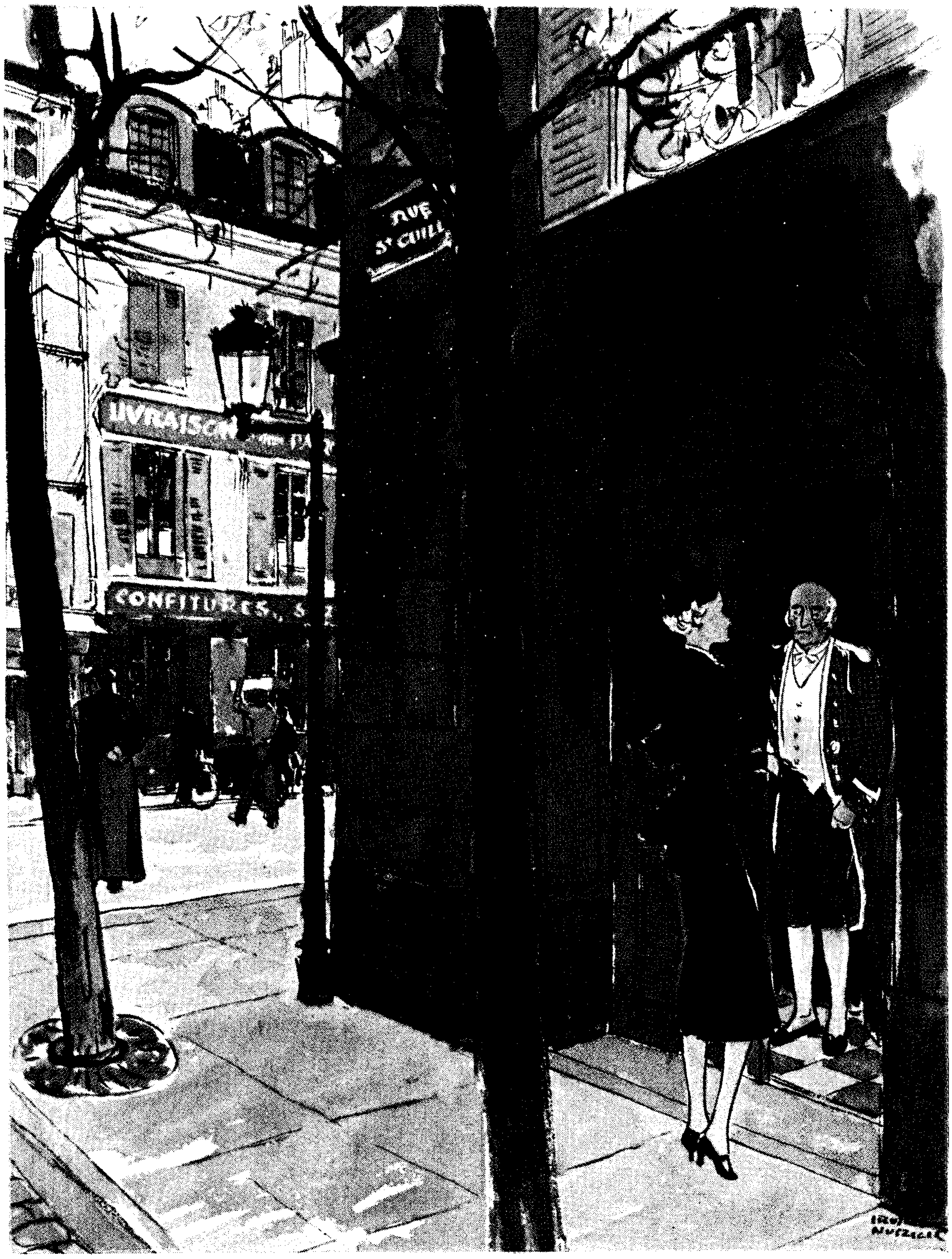
"In the first place I never know in the morning whether I am going to be free in the afternoon."

"Come at any time. I shall be waiting. My man is entirely trustworthy: he saw my birth, at least into the world of society."

"Stop! The very thought of your man makes me shiver."

"I don't hear the music any more."

"Uncle is using the soft pedal. This is the place where he puts in sentiment. Wait a minute. There, it's getting louder again. My friend, you're insane. Suppose I agree. I arrive at your house and ring the bell. Your servant opens the door and says: 'Whom shall I announce?' "



Rosine rang the bell of Xavier's residence and was confronted by the faithful servitor

"I'll tell him not to ask your name."

"That's just the way to make him curious. What a bother it is!"

"Why don't you say, 'Mademoiselle Rosine'?"

"He'll take me for some baggage that hasn't any last name."

"Things like that don't really matter. Limonard isn't curious. I'll say to him: 'Limonard, in case Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle—should come—' "

"Mademoiselle what? Come, my poor fellow, I see I shall have to help you. Very well. I have an entertaining notion. I shall be Mademoiselle Limonard. The fact that I have the same name will make him like me. Don't smile. I consider it important for Limonard to like me."

Xavier pressed Rosine even closer, making her lose her breath and thus putting an end to the conversation. A few moments later Monsieur Egoff stopped playing and drew out his watch in indication that it was past time for his niece's partner to leave.

NEXT day Rosine rang the bell of Xavier's residence and was confronted by the faithful servitor, tightly encased in a red uniform with gold buttons, clean shaven, with graying temples, and agreeing in every particular with the stage version of a family retainer. He ushered Rosine into a drawing room.

"Whom shall I announce?" he inquired.

Rosine replied: "Mademoiselle Limonard."

The man started as though he had been struck, recovered himself and withdrew, only to reappear a moment later.

"Mademoiselle," he murmured in an anxious whisper, "will you be so very kind, will you excuse me, but is it Limonard with one *n?*"

"Yes. I am a little pressed for time. Will you please tell Monsieur?"

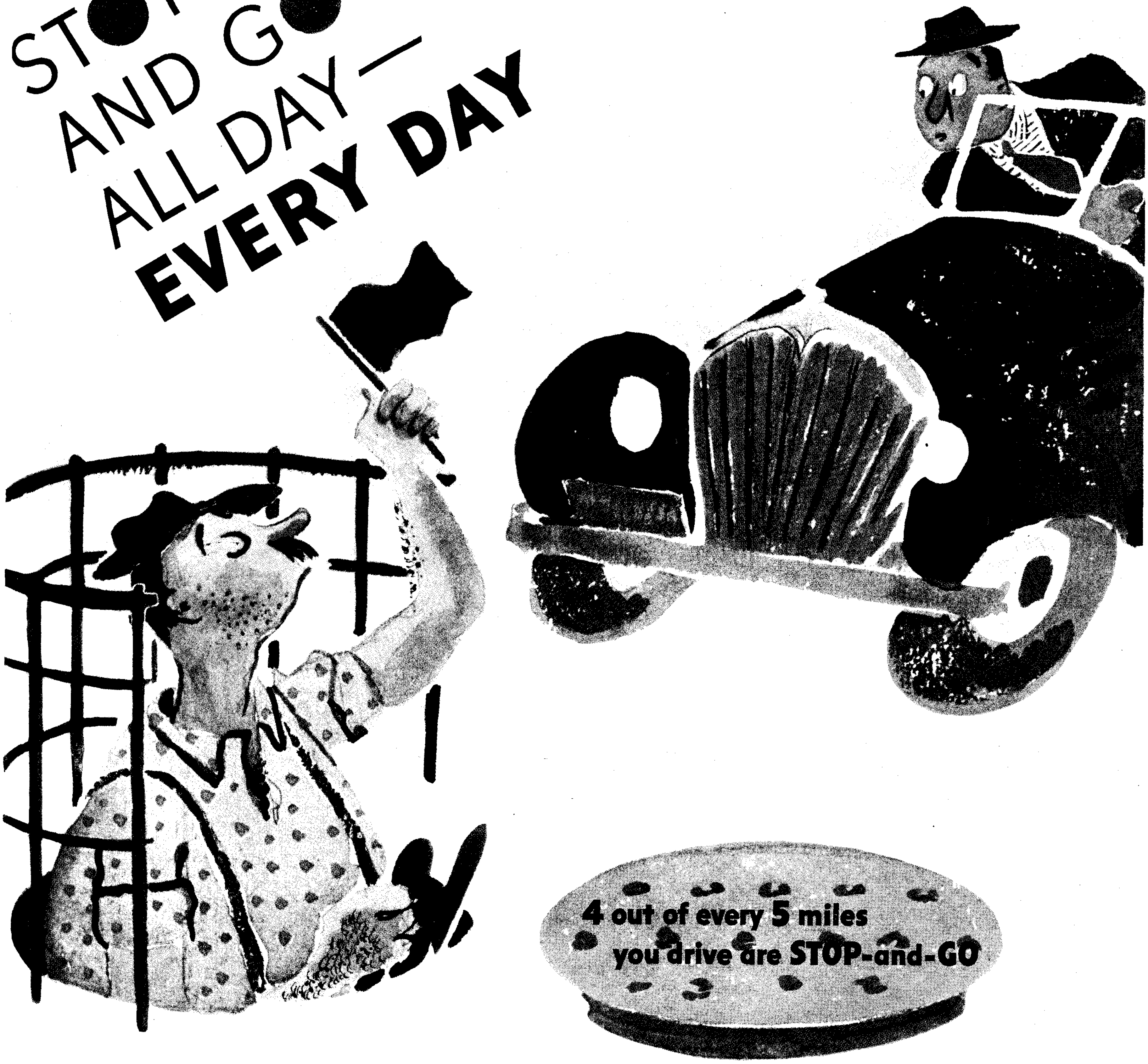
Limonard hesitated, bowed, disappeared and came back again dressed in a gray suit.

"Does Mademoiselle come from the region of Bourges?"

"She does!" cried Rosine, thoroughly exasperated. "Now are you through with your examination?"

"You are no longer speaking to a servant. Limonard. Bourges. And then all these preparations! No, I will take no part in an affair that might injure a cousin of mine, no matter how distant! You may shake my hand, unhappy girl. I am rescuing you from a great danger. Oh, for others I am willing to arrange flowers, light the fire and put port in the decanters; I neither see nor know them. But to one who is named Limonard with a single *n,* I cry: 'Go no farther!' I beseech you to withdraw—I command you to go away. Perhaps we shall meet again in other circumstances; but, while I am alive, you shall not see Monsieur Bordereau; you will get past only over my dead body!"

STOP AND GO ALL DAY— EVERY DAY



STOP-AND-GO—it's the costliest kind of driving you do! Your 30 daily stops and starts can waste enough gasoline to drive 10 miles!

To cut this waste, Shell engineers have developed a way to balance gasoline. By rearranging its chemical structure, this "balancing" process makes Super-Shell "digestible" for your motor, just as cooking makes food digestible for you.

"Motor-digestible" is the best way to describe this gasoline.

Your motor at all times gets the *full* benefit of Super-Shell's *high energy content* . . . you get the savings!

On sale from coast to coast. There's a Shell station in your neighborhood.

SUPER-SHELL

SHELL

DISTILLERS
SINCE 1857
BY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA
Seagram's
90 PROOF
"V.O."
Rare Old Canadian Whisky
DISTILLED AGED & BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
6 Years Old
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED WATERLOO ONTARIO CANADA
"Time Works Wonders"

Seagram-Distillers Corp.—Executive Offices: New York

A Fine Imported Whiskey as Enjoyed in the Home of MR. MORGAN BELMONT

Suffer, Little Children, Suffer

Continued from page 13

were "wage-earners" or "breadwinners." That is to say, their school days were over and, as far as industry and commerce were concerned, their social status was that of adults. There was no way of knowing how many more were engaged in Home Industry, in part-time (after school, Saturday and Sunday) wage-earning, in street trades such as newspaper and magazine-hawking, shoe-shining and so forth. After all, such statistics would serve only to support a fact which isn't questioned. The more important thing to consider is what we're going to do about it—if anything.

Neither is it necessary to spend much time wondering how many children were added to the pay rolls during the depression, doing the work of adults at wages their parents scorned. We are assured by eager and perhaps too enthusiastic social workers that thousands of these parents were not above sending their children to work for as little as two dollars a week that the family income from public relief funds might be augmented thereby. And we've seen sworn records wherein it is shown that boys and girls are receiving twenty-five cents for ten hours' work.

But whatever the precise number of employed children may be at the moment we may accept it as fairly accurate that somewhere between seventy-five and eighty-five per cent are non-industrial workers. They are employed at various wages, the vast majority of which would not be considered tip-size by any industrious waiter, in commercial houses and in domestic service—errand boys, pages, nursemaids, dishwashers, kitchen helpers, office boys, package wrappers and "helpers" of a thousand and one varieties. We mention these conditions for no better purpose than to assure you that the problem of child labor is still demanding solution.

The Massachusetts law has it that until he has reached the mature age of fourteen no child may be employed at any time in any job except agriculture and domestic service. Let's assume, perhaps without warrant, that this phase of the law is being observed. It is necessary that any child between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, inclusive, must be certificated by local school officials before becoming a breadwinner. Gaining such assent from the school officials is not demoralizingly difficult.

The Massachusetts law stipulates an eight-hour day and a six-day week for such juvenile laborers if the child is less than sixteen. If more than sixteen he is permitted to work eight and ten hours a day, six days a week. Until a child is sixteen years old he may not work in any employment except agriculture and domestic service between six in the evening and half past six in the morning. This, we were given to understand, caused the youngsters to rejoice almost as much as the ruling that a child under fourteen might not work at all at night. (This in spite of the law which has it that fourteen is the minimum age at which a child may go to work at all.)

"To Grow Up in Idleness"

The question of ratification of the amendment was dragged before the Massachusetts legislature last year—not because there was any possible hope of winning the legislature's approval but merely because it had become a habit. Virtually everybody except the children themselves was listened to. Unless you had read the amendment you were, if present, likely to get the impression that it stated specifically that the Constitution was about to be abolished and all future display of the Stars and Stripes forbidden by law. The amendment reads thus:

Section 1 . . . The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age.

Section 2 . . . The power of the several States is unimpaired by this article except that the operation of State laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by the Congress.

Urging ratification came union labor and a wide variety of social agencies. Their arguments were brief and so obvious as to lack the element of entertainment visible in the opposition's. In support nobody so notable as Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, president emeritus of Harvard, appeared. Unlike his predecessor at Harvard, Dr. Charles William Eliot, Dr. Lowell is stanchly against the amendment. Naturally his opinions must have weight. Dr. Lowell did not say that the amendment was the acme of futility; nevertheless he compared it with the Eighteenth Amendment—whatever that was.

"One of the things we objected to," said Dr. Lowell, "is giving the control of all children (to Congress) and saying they can't work at all, not only in factories but for instance that the child cannot work on a farm up to the age of eighteen. . . . Abroad they make children of that age (eighteen) go through military training. It has happened to me to have a good deal to do with boys under eighteen. What we have been weeping about in colleges was the fact that the fellows couldn't get the means of supporting themselves by their work—that is, the boys under eighteen. . . . There is nothing that gives them more dignity in life than to feel they have earned their own education."

Dr. Lowell was followed by an equally respected educator, the Reverend Jones Irwin Joseph Corrigan, S. J., professor of Philosophy and Ethics at Boston College. Father Corrigan spoke not only for himself but officially for Cardinal O'Connell. In May, 1933, the Cardinal wrote to the Massachusetts State Federation of Labor that he regretted that he was unwilling to enter directly into the "question of the legislation referred to other than to say he is not opposed to it." However this time Father Corrigan read a letter from the Cardinal written for this particular hearing. This time His Eminence wrote: "I am personally, as always, against it. I read not only the superficial meaning of the measure but the spirit of it, and I feel that this spirit would tend in the future to weaken the rights of the states and, what is worse, the rights of the parents over their children."

In his own behalf, Father Corrigan called the amendment a "youth control bill." Said he: "It is that age limit (18) which shows it is not a Child Labor amendment. Today, between sixteen and eighteen they are actually at the head of organized crime and they are not children. If they had limited the age to the real child labor age it would have been a very different proposition. . . . This measure with that limit would put something like 45,000,000 children under congressional control. . . . It

DARLING, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BOUGHT ME THOSE BARGAIN BLADES. MY FACE IS SO SORE I CAN'T ENJOY THE SHOW
I'M SORRY, DEAR—FROM NOW ON I'LL BUY ONLY GILLETTE BLADES FOR YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR

A FEW NIGHTS LATER...

HE CAN THANK US FOR THAT. NOW HE KNOWS YOU AND I WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
THE BOSS CERTAINLY DOESN'T COMPLAIN ABOUT SHAVING ANY MORE
GILLETTE RAZOR
GILLETTE BLADE

Here's a New High in Shaving Comfort

—use a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor

SAY goodbye to shaving troubles—to shaves that scuff your skin, or leave patches of stubble behind. Now you can enjoy the shaving comfort you've always wanted—by shaving The Gillette Way.

Just slip a Gillette Blade into your Gillette Razor the next time you shave. Note the ease with which this blade whisks off stubborn bristles. *Feel* how cool and refreshed it leaves your skin.

The Gillette Razor and the Gillette Blade are made for each other. Designed to function *as a unit*, they assure you the perfect teamwork that means perfect shaves.

Buy a package of Gillette Blades. Slip one into your Gillette Razor tomorrow morning and enjoy a new thrill in shaving!

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Sunday nights—10 P. M., E. S. T.

Gillette BLUE BLADES

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

means the power to regulate the educational activities of all persons under eighteen. . . . Nothing redder ever came out of Red Russia. This measure would nationalize American children. . . . Exploited child labor is better prevented under state control. The state legislature is interested in its own local children, knows its own local conditions and can control them better than a bureau in Washington. . . . This amendment is a challenge to the parents of America. It interferes with their freedom of action over their adolescent children. Creative work for an adolescent is a great advantage. To deprive him of the opportunity is to do him a great injury and wrong."

The Reverend George O. Lillegard of Boston, a Lutheran clergyman, echoed Father Corrigan, saying: "We hold it as a religious and moral principle that the child belongs to the parents until it arrives at the age when it can shift for itself. This amendment would open the way for national legislation on educational matters. . . . We want no Bolshevist educational program. . . . The parents of this country do not want their children to be handed over to the state to be educated with a hatred of God and of man. We protest that it should be a move against the youth of our land to force them to grow up in idleness. . . ."

A legislator—Representative John B. Wenzler of South Boston—protested that "to standardize the children would mean the destruction of the country." The Reverend Edward J. Gorman, representing Bishop Cassidy of Fall River, Massachusetts, said: "The proposed amendment opens the way for a complete control of education, both public and private, by a central bureau with autocratic powers." And Mrs. James Cunningham Gray, a wealthy socialite of Beacon Hill, informed the startled legislators that even President Roosevelt's family was not united in favor of the amendment.

Evils, Local and General

In his political gyrations in Massachusetts, Mr. James Roosevelt, the President's son, now a member of his father's secretariat, found it convenient to speak in opposition to the amendment. Mrs. Gray, a member of numerous cultural and patriotic organizations, had congratulated Mr. James Roosevelt for his anti-ratification attitude. And Mr. James Roosevelt had replied that the only reason he had not worked publicly against the amendment was because of the division within his own family on the subject.

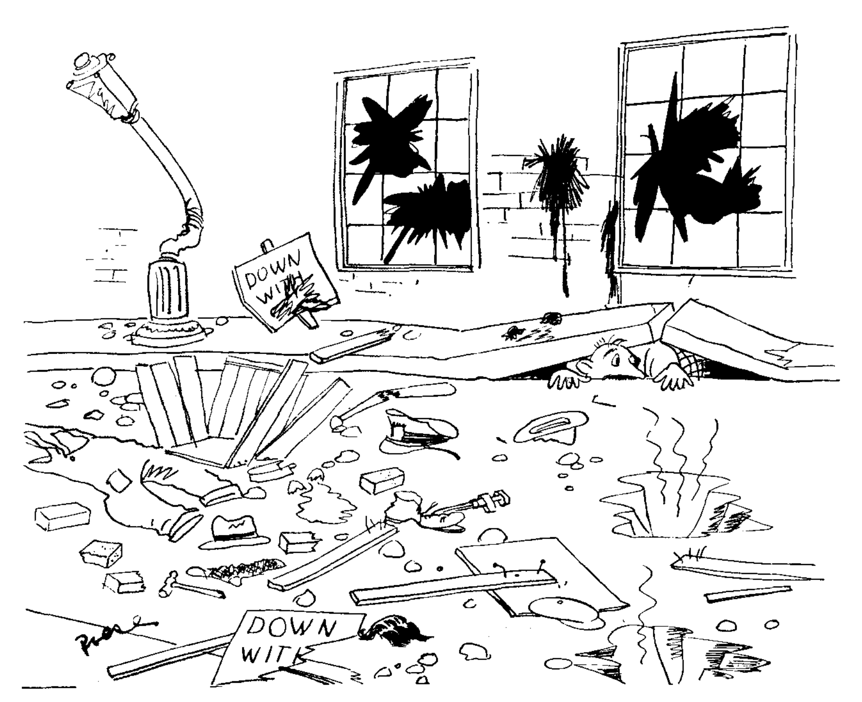
Speakers for the Catholic Daughters of America, the Women's Constitutional League, the League of Catholic Women, the Cambridge Women's Al Smith Club, the Massachusetts Civic Alliance, Sentinels of the Republic, the Citizens Committee to Protect Our Homes and Children and so on elaborated upon the evils, local and general, which would be the penalty of adoption of the amendment. And Mrs. David I. Johnson, of Beacon Hill, a much traveled lady, outlined the insupportable situation which would prevail in the South if the amendment were adopted. The committee listened most attentively to Mrs. Johnson's rather dreadful report of some hitherto unknown facts about the South.

"Life," said she, "in the North may begin at forty but in the South it begins very much earlier. They are full-grown, hulking men at fourteen. They are married and have children at eighteen—even in Florida, which is more Northernized than the other Southern states. Who are the wage-earners down there? They never see any real money. The money earned down there is left by the northerners to the telegraph boys, bell boys in the hotels and the caddies on the golf links. This amendment would deprive them of their jobs, a chance to support their families, their parents."

Several ladies and gentlemen pleaded with the legislative committee, now thoroughly frightened, to have mercy on the more prosperous classes, which would, of course, include The Boss in Sink Street. Taxes were already confiscatory, they reported. If children were not permitted to go to work at less than eighteen, if the work age were to be boosted above fourteen, what would happen? Clearly these idle children would be cluttering up schoolrooms already overcrowded. And this would mean the building of more schools—more taxes from an already broken-backed taxpaying class.

The Roots of Opposition

Others denounced the amendment with considerable rhetorical flourish, defining it as "Russia's red poison" which would turn out to be "the crowning burden upon the poor" and a "dastardly attack upon the innocent child who sells newspapers in the streets for his living," and nothing more nor less than "an effort" to make us believe that children should be educated in schools against their will.



"Come on out, Joe. It's all over!"

HERBERT ROESE

No one knows better than we that we cannot go on like this. The committee reported to the legislature which, bursting with patriotism kept at fever heat by speeches about Bunker Hill, the Boston Tea Party, Sam Adams (of all people), Paul Revere, the Declaration of Independence and Calvin Coolidge (who, alas, had advocated the amendment's adoption) refused vociferously to ratify.

Now it is not our part to quarrel with the right of any of the ladies and gentlemen at the hearing to say anything they had on their minds. But it is more than mildly debatable that the states can manage the problem of child labor. Or if they can, it is too bad that they don't. It is doubtless true that there are manufacturers who give their moral and financial support to the fight against ratification of the amendment but they are not considering it advisable to make public demonstration. Moreover, the habitual and articulate objectors, as our citations from the record of the Massachusetts hearing should make clear, are representative of religious and political powers rather than of industry.

Those churches supporting parochial school systems—the Lutheran and the Catholic—are frankly apprehensive lest a federal Child Labor law challenge and even interfere in their authority over the children of their churches. It is regrettably natural that where these objectors represent large voting power legislators will give preference to their arguments.

Too, the more powerful local political machines (Tammany Hall for example) will be found unsympathetic to the amendment. You will find such political rackets unenthusiastic toward any and all changes in the social status of the underprivileged—tenement clearance, minimum wage laws, social security legislation, higher school attendance age, child labor restriction, and so on. Such innovations, tending to scatter the frequently ignorant loyalties of the tenement vote they depend upon to maintain themselves in power, are certainly not welcomed. And yet the religious objectors have a right to be assured that no by-product of the amendment will interfere with their schools. And they are justified in demanding that such assurances be substantial and clearly stated.

Less entertainingly, perhaps, the protests we have quoted from Massachusetts are now being orated or rehearsed in a score of states, only nine of which need to ratify to add this amendment to our long-tailed Constitution. Twenty-seven states have already ratified. The amendment would merely give Congress the power to pass child labor regulations. And it would be to such legislation that the sincere defender of private and parochial schools should look for safeguards.

As Loose as a Baby's Tooth

The fight has been in Congress since 1907 when one day the late Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana arose, cleared his throat, threw away his notes and made a three-day speech imploring Congress to protect child workers. In that far-away day young ones of seven years were working at the mines—breaker boys. Girls, eight and nine years old, were working in cordage factories twisting coils of wet hemp. Small boys worked in glass factories and textile mills around which were barbed-wire stockades to make it as difficult as possible for the miserable little ingrates to escape at night.

That doesn't happen today. Due to governmental interference with our liberties our children are not groping their way through the darkness at four o'clock in the morning to the mill doors.

Yet it was not until 1916 that Congress passed our first federal Child Labor law. This law prohibited the shipment in interstate commerce of goods produced by children in mines or quarries, mills, canneries or factories. The law went into effect in September, 1917. The Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional eight months later. In 1919 Congress tried again. This second law imposed a tax upon the profits of employers of children. The Supreme Court ruled this one out, too. And it then dawned upon Congress that an amendment to the Constitution was necessary if any of its child labor regulations were to stick. As far as we've been able to learn, the protests of the dissidents were very much the same then, a Pennsylvania legislator announcing, amid ringing applause, that he was prepared to "shoulder a rifle to defend the right of my constituents to stand loyally by the employers of their children."

A Crazy Quilt of Laws

The Child Labor laws of the several states are all the proof needed to establish the fact that state control is as loose as a baby's first tooth. We haven't the space to set down examples of their inefficacy. And we shan't go farther than to assure you that they are so unrelated as to make it simple for a sweatshop magnate in, say New York, to overcome any local difficulty by merely moving to Connecticut or Massachusetts. Furthermore, the state laws are of no avail when town and city authorities, seeking new industries, pledge themselves to say nothing and do nothing if these immigrant sweatshop keepers should employ a few squads of infants. These conditions obtain. Just take our word for it.

Eight states have a sixteen-year age limit, one of these applying to factory work only. Four states have a fifteen-year age limit, two of them having exemptions permitting work at an earlier age. Thirty-five states and the District of Columbia have a fourteen-year age limit, eight of them having exemptions permitting younger kids to work at will. For the benefit of youngsters less than sixteen, seven of our states permit them to be worked eleven hours a day, sixty hours a week. Alaska lets you work children of any age as long as you want, except in the mines. A child to work in the mines must be sixteen—or say he is at any rate. And Wyoming, the chief habitat of the dude ranch, has no minimum-age provision at all. However, Wyoming's law insists that full-time school attendance be required of all children between the ages of seven and seventeen except children who have completed the eighth grade, children physically or mentally incapacitated, children excused because the compulsory school law might visit hardship on the parents, and children excluded from school for "legal reasons."

We were speaking to one of Massachusetts' most vigorous opponents of the amendment. Our topic was the crazy quilt of state laws which he contends is all the protection the kids need—even the young Masuopolises in Sink Street.

"You must remember," said he, "that those Western and Southern states are pretty backward. As far as we are concerned we're with Calvin Coolidge and have faith in Massachusetts."

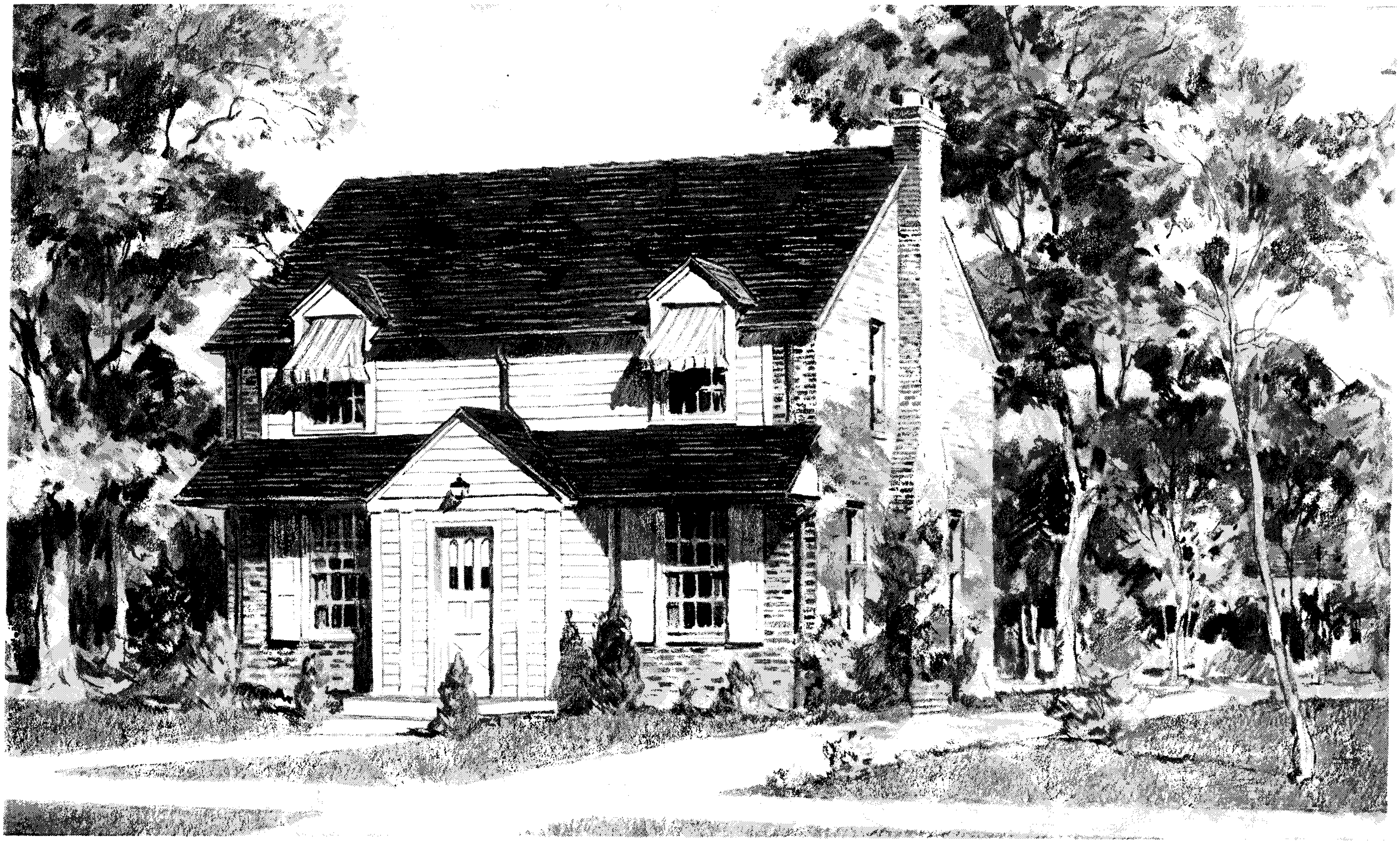
"But Mr. Coolidge was for the amendment," we reminded him.

"He was probably misquoted," said our anti. "Please remember, Mr. Coolidge has passed away."

"And Mr. Hoover advocates the adoption of the amendment," we said.

"Hoover was always a radical at heart," he replied. "He spent a lot of time in Red Russia."

A NEW WAY OF LIVING BEGINS
— in Kelvin Home



TODAY such luxuries as only the wealthy man has hoped for—and not one in a thousand enjoys—are made available to families of modest incomes—to millions of people.

Imagine an attractive—a beautiful six-room house, designed and constructed by your own architect and builder, completely air conditioned, cooled in summer, heated in winter—automatically, with constant circulation of purified, filtered, and properly humidified air the whole year 'round!

A home with automatic water-heating, modern washer and ironer, electric or gas range—with the plus-powered Kelvinator refrigerator—complete for less than $7,500.

Yes, it is true. Kelvin Homes have actually been built in many sections of the country. Fortunate families are living in them today at a cost no greater than that of living in an ordinary house.

Kelvin Home was created to prove that for every family of average income an era of better living is here—that luxury has become economy—and through the practical application of the discoveries of modern science and industry, Kelvinator has made this vision of better living a reality.

The appliances and equipment that have made Kelvin Home possible are illustrated on the following pages. Each plays its important part in the picture of tomorrow's living.

A FREE booklet completely describing Kelvin Home, showing exteriors, floor plans, and equipment, may be secured without cost at the Kelvinator Department of leading department stores, furniture stores, utility companies, specialty dealers—wherever Kelvinator products are sold.

Kelvinator CUTS THE COST OF BETTER LIVING

A Place in the Sun

Continued from page 11

light polo coats and roaring off in cars. He began walking up the road to the distant Polo Club.

A small bright car shot by him, stopped and waited. Of the two heads, the girl's turned to look at him directly out of blue eyes in a small brown face. Her voice was light and cool. She said, "Get in."

She must have made some mistake. A little thing, like a boy, in her plain shirt and linen jodhpurs. Her pale hair was yanked back into a bun at the neck. A cross, unrouged, small mouth. The sulky man with her, who did not turn his head, played No. 1 position on Farrell's team. Ringrose, that was his name.

"Thanks," Lee said, "I'll walk."

"Stupid," she snapped at him. Her glance prickled like a blue splinter. "Ride in the rumble seat, will you, George?" she said. "I want to talk to Lee about his horse. Well," she cried suddenly, scowling from one to the other, "move, can't you? How much do you want for her?" she said over her shoulder, as the car took a corner.

"Not for sale," he said happily.

She widened those blue eyes at him. "You're crazy," she said. The car stopped. "Now hurry up, both of you. I promise you I won't wait more than five minutes."

"Not for me," Lee said, grinning down at her from the step. "Thanks. But I have to see Mr. Farrell."

"But of course," she said furiously. "Naturally. Five minutes."

LEE took his time dressing. When he came out the only thing waiting on the pink gravel of the drive, between blue flowering hedges, was a limousine and a chauffeur.

"Mr. Malden?" the chauffeur said, opening the door and fixing Lee with a cold eye. "Miss Farrell couldn't wait."

Lee was still grinning when he strode through a high carved Spanish doorway, into a great room floored with pale tile. Men in riding clothes nodded to him. Women in white furs and chiffons trailed their glances over him. He couldn't see the girl anywhere.

"Glad you got here, Lee," Farrell said over a tall glass. "Drink? Think you can keep up that hitting?"

"Thanks. I certainly hope so, Mr. Farrell," Lee said.

Then a group about the fire shifted and he saw her. She was staring down the room with her eyes wide and her cross little mug all softened and unruly. He moved to see what she was staring at. Ringrose, on a couch, leaning over a woman.

A shock spread from his chest to his heels and the skin on his scalp, in the same jerk. It was his mother.

Her white hat tilted over her exquisite nose. Her hair curled in fine black feathers around her creamy face. Her eyes were extraordinary dark jade—he knew that, as he knew the lazy, lovely look she had for Ringrose, with her lips half-parted, tender and imperious, all at once.

She turned suddenly and saw him and for a moment her face was still as rosy marble. Then her eyes widened and turned gleeful, and she reached a hand to him. "Well, there, Lee, I wondered if you wouldn't be here somewhere. But how thin and brown you are." Her hand was warmly affectionate but the glint in her eye said, "Danger."

He said, grimly, "You're looking marvelous, Laura," and kissed her hand. Ringrose and two other men stared at him. He had that much satisfaction.

She talked on lightly, her smile for him. But her eyes, more and more as he watched, went back to Ringrose.

She caught his hand as he started to edge away. "I must see something of you, while I'm here," she said. "I have Emily Norcross' villa for a month. I think I'll take you with me now and we can talk until dinner. You can come for me at eight, George. Lee and I have so much to talk about. We're such old, old friends."

SHE was drawing him after her in her progress down the room, gathering all the attention. Suddenly across the room the Farrell girl's eyes met his with an actual impact. He walked over to her with a deep, free breath. "I haven't thanked you for sending the car," he said. "I should have hurried."

"That was all right," she said. She was little, but her glance was straight. No artfulness. "I was mad about something. I forget what."

They laughed. "Look," he said, "I didn't mean to be rude about the pony. Come around in the morning and you can ride her, if you like."

HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Best costume, nothin'! Whose car is that parked in front of the hydrant?"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Oh, great. Half past seven by the stables. I'll be there."

A scrubbed young man hurried up. "I say, Malden," he said. "Mrs. Worthington's waiting. Sorry, Cathy, I—"

She lifted her smooth little chin and said, "I didn't know you knew Mrs. Worthington. I think she's one of the most beautiful women I ever saw in my life."

"I've always thought so," Lee said absently. Funny little face. "Tomorrow morning then," and strode out.

His mother faced him in the long mirrored living room, full of white rugs, white furniture. "I do hope you don't mind my being so stiff with you, darling," she said, with her arms around him. "I was so perfectly astonished. Give your bad old Mummy a good hug." Her shoulder felt and smelled delicious, as it always had when he was little. For a moment out of sheer bafflement he could have cried on it. Instead, he stiffened and looked around. "Where's Worthington?"

She started, with a little scream. "You mean you don't know—but baby, I'm sure I wrote you. You were so right about him. He turned simply impossible about money. I divorced him—goodness—it was more than a year ago. Before I went to Salzburg and the Greek islands. A really nice run of luck at Monte Carlo afterward. Don't look so shocked. You know, half the time that wretched Hal Worthington never sends me a cent of alimony."

"So what are you after here?" he asked levelly. "Big game?"

"My darling!" she said, sinking to her knees by his chair. "What a dreadful woman you think I am. Old solemn face. But, sweetie, I must tell you the most wonderful thing. I'm in love."

He stared at her. "You mean you're going to marry somebody—not for money?"

"Well, of course, he has money. But it isn't just that. He's marvelous. A year or two younger. Really nothing. That's why, my dear cross, solemn child, I simply couldn't let you call me mother. I—I'll have to let him know—gradually."

He said, in horror, "Look, it's not—you don't mean—it's that George Ringrose?"

HER face was flushed divinely. "Now, Lee," she said coldly, "I tell you, I won't have it. After all these years of worry—with you acting like a mule—and now without a cent and this happiness almost within my grasp—"

"You mean," he said, "you're broke now?"

"Why, darling," she said suavely, "of course I have hardly a cent."

"And I suppose you've been dropping a little at baccarat, too," he said bitterly. "You never could play baccarat."

"It costs such heaps to live here, darling," she said plaintively. "If I had just a little, a few thousands, I could put off marrying again, but—"

There it was. There was the fine steel hook. He grew cold, seeing it so clearly. He said slowly, "If I get you some money will you promise not to marry Ringrose for at least a few months? Or not to gamble with it?"

"But, dear boy, how could I take your poor little pennies? It's so expensive here. How much?"

"A thousand?" he said doubtfully.

"Darling, imagine—a thousand. I couldn't possibly do with less than five."

"That's impossible," he said. "I might manage—three. But you'd have to promise—absolutely."

Her voice came, crooning and silky. "I can't think how I'll manage. But—to please you."

He felt exhausted and old the next morning as he stood watching Aigrette being groomed.

Then Cathy Farrell's small car hustled along the stable path, and things were better.

They walked their horses toward the field, she on Aigrette, he on the black from Farrell's string, not saying much. She rode light and close-clinging, flashing a smile back at him as she let Aigrette out into her smooth, drumming gallop. He thought he had never seen anything in his life as pretty as those two, the slight girl in her whites and the spectacular, eager yellow mare.

"She's the fastest thing in the world," Cathy shouted at him, drawing up. "She's marvelous. What's her breeding?"

"Part cow horse and part circus pony, I think," he said. "She took to polo like a bird to air."

"But where'd you find her?"

SUN was hot on their backs as they strolled to the stables with the tug of bridles on their arms. "To tell the horrid truth," he said, "I won her in a poker game from a circus outfit. Some of us had gone down near the border looking for horses for your father, and there was this stranded one-ring circus outside a little town, one elephant, one moth-eaten lion, two gamblers, six circus men and five horses. We got into a game and darned if I didn't win her. We could have had the elephant, too, their luck was that bad."

"You mean," Cathy laughed, "you cleaned up the gamblers? Weren't they crooks?"

"Well," he said, "we were pretty good ourselves."

"You like the life here?" she asked, watching his face.

"Here? It's swell," he said heartily.

"I'll give you fifteen hundred for her," she said abruptly.

His head jerked as if she had slapped him. "But I wouldn't sell her—" Then he stopped. Not for sale? His face stung. "I don't mean I wouldn't sell her," he said stiffly. "But—I've got to get a lot more than that."

"Got to?" she said. "But what do you want to sell her for? And—how could you bear to let her go?"

He spoke, angrily, before he thought, "I couldn't. But I've got to have the money."

Her own eyes flashed. "Doesn't my father pay you enough? Oh, it's none of my business, of course. But it makes me so mad. Young men like you come here interested in doing something they like, that takes skill and hardness and ability, polo or tennis or something. Then this place begins to get them, the smell of money, the sense that money is the most important thing in the world. They think they must make a show—gamble, keep up with rich women—" Her

THE WONDER WORKERS

of Kelvin Home

KELVINATOR AIR CONDITIONING **. . . This year 'round air conditioning system operates on the same automatic principles as Kelvinator air conditioning equipment for business buildings.**

KELVINATOR OIL BURNER **. . . The Kelvinator Oil Burner makes any heating plant automatic. Burns cheaper grades of fuel oil efficiently. Requires no attention.**

KELVINATOR BOILER-BURNER UNIT **. . . Economical winter heating and all-year hot water service are combined in this automatically operated Kelvinator Boiler-Burner Unit.**

KELVINATOR WATER HEATER **. . . Plenty of hot water whenever you need it with Kelvinator's Electric Water Heater. 24-hour capacity . . . in a variety of sizes.**

KELVINATOR IRONER **. . . The new electric Ironer. Irons 2,736 *square inches per minute.* Time-saving, convenient and easy to operate.**

KELVINATOR WASHER **. . . Today's most distinctively styled Washer with the exclusive new FIN-FLEX agitator and the PRESSURE-ATOR . . . the greatest advance in wringer design.**

PLUS-POWERED KELVINATOR REFRIGERATOR **. . . A triumph in design . . . plus-powered for better refrigeration. Equipped with all convenience features, including the Built-In Thermometer.**

KELVINATOR COAL STOKER **. . . Automatic heating with cheap *grades of coal is dependable* and economical when your furnace or boiler is fired by a Kelvinator Automatic Coal Stoker.**

KELVINATOR ELECTRIC RANGE **. . . The cleanliness, convenience and speed of modern electric cookery brought to perfection by the new Kelvinator Electric Range.**

THESE new appliances created by Kelvinator have made Kelvin Home a symbol of a new and better way of living. Each offers a service far beyond the standards of the past.

Kelvinator appliances may be purchased separately. The savings they will effect make them a true economy in every home.

Additional important facts about the plus-powered Kelvinator are offered on the following page.

Kelvinator CUTS THE COST OF BETTER LIVING chill glance did not falter. "I hate it."

"Don't be funny," he snapped. "You haven't any idea what it is to need money."

"I know this," she said. "It's more fun to do things than to have things."

He said, queerly, "What does thinking get you?"

"Nothing whatever," she said. And smiled at him suddenly. "Thanks for the grand ride. Now I've got to go swimming."

He stood watching her car diminish down the drive. For the first time in his life he wanted to go on talking to a girl. But he couldn't tell her about his mother.

He set his jaw and took another horse and practiced hitting. He wasn't used to this smooth turf yet. But on the ground, he thought about Cathy. He didn't like to remember the way she had looked at Ringrose.

Cathy was smiling at Ringrose when she came up with him for the afternoon game. Lee watched him flashing his even teeth at her. But not with the look he had turned on Laura Worthington. It made Lee so furious that he played like a demon. In the last chukker, on Aigrette, he shot his fifth goal and rode back to the gate with two men talking about her.

Farrell waited for him as he dismounted. "I'm using you on the first team tomorrow, Lee," he said abruptly. "I'm moving Ringrose to No. 4. Watch your passing, now. I want to tighten up our team play. Oh—and by the way—" he shoved a hand into Lee's fist. "You may need some extra expense money. I don't want you to feel cramped."

Lee said, startled, "Thanks—thanks a whole lot, Mr. Farrell." It was three hundred dollars. The man was a prince. Later he drove around to his mother's.

"This will seem like chicken feed," he said, giving her the bills, "but you'll have to make it do. And no gambling and not half so much Ringrose. You promised."

HER mood was very airy, very nonchalant. Such a queer sum. Too much for tips and not enough for bills.

"Look, Mother," he said impulsively. "Suppose I said I was wrong about Hal? Suppose I said I wanted you to make up with him? He was crazy about you. He'd come, if you sent for him. He's really the man for you. I didn't understand then. I—I guess I was jealous."

"I shall never forgive Hal, never," she said violently. Her eyes were black and outraged. "He actually wanted me to live as if I were—an old woman. Don't you dare to speak of him again, Lee. You don't—you never could imagine what love was like."

He looked at her with new eyes. She could really think that? He kissed her, and got out.

He played on the first team for three days, watching his team-play carefully and scoring. Except for the presence of Ringrose on the first team, it would have been an increasingly well-integrated group. Then Farrell asked him to dinner. *The family, he said, would be out.*

After steak and ale, apple pie and coffee on the little table by the fire in Farrell's study, he began to talk. "If it turns out as I think it will, the team will be good enough to take to England this summer and play them at Hurlingham. I've been pleased with your work. You have a way with horses, an unholy knack at hitting a ball, and your team-play is getting to be excellent. I don't know much about your background but you've never seemed to me to have the accent or manner of the complete cow hand. How'd you like to play regularly on my team and come to England with us this summer?"

Lee held his breath as long as he could. When he let it out he said, "That's the surprise of my life. I'd—Lord. I'd swim to get there. I'm—more grateful than I can tell you. But what about Rule 10? They won't let a professional play over there."

"I know," Farrell said. "We'll have to see that you have enough money, somewhere. That's a good mount you have. Suppose I gave you a couple of thousand for her. You'd ride her just the same."

LEE remembered, staring unhappily, just how he would have to use that money, if he got it. "I—I'm not exactly in the clear now. I'll have to think about it." *Then he remembered something* else. "I'll be frank with you, Mr. Farrell. I can't say I'm anxious to play on the same team with George Ringrose. We don't—get along well, at all."

"I've noticed that," Farrell said dryly. "But I hope you can both see your way to forgetting it. George is very keen to go to England. When he wants to, he *turns in a very good game. And I must* tell you—quite in confidence—that I'm in rather a spot about George. I've known his father and his older brother for years. There seems to be, in fact, a sort of understanding between him and my daughter Catherine. They were engaged once before and she broke it. Now, he tells me—"

"How many are there in the family? Any young children?"

JAY IRVING

Lee stood absolutely rigid, the blood beating in his ears. "No," he said abruptly, "I don't believe it. I mean—" he pulled himself up. "Don't think I'm not grateful for everything you've done for me, Mr. Farrell," he said slowly. "But you'd better not count on me for the first team, then. I can't—in fact, I won't play on the same team with him. But you can depend on me for a lot of stiff opposition on the pickup." He held out his hand, smiling ruefully.

Farrell eyed him without speaking. "Suppose we leave it for a while. I shall still want you on the first team, often. And now what do you say we run over and join Mrs. Farrell and the girls? They're having some kind of party at the Caribbean Club."

Lee wouldn't have gone, except, suddenly, he had to see Cathy. All this agitation in him was about her. He was tingling with it. He couldn't wait to see her, to argue with her, to explain—he wasn't quite sure what.

He sat silent at a long table, feeling the pulse still hammering in his throat, watching Cathy Farrell dancing on a dark glass floor with George Ringrose.

She looked so little out there. In the shadows her eyes met his. Presently, when the music stopped, she came up to him, stood, half smiling.

"Let's get out," he said.

There was a long terrace over the dark sea. "Look here," he said, lighting her cigarette, "what's this tale about you and George Ringrose?"

Her head jerked up: "Why should you ask?"

He stared. He knew, suddenly, but there were no words for it.

"There's a lady, isn't there," she was going on icily, "in whom you're interested? It's none of my business, of course. But she's very beautiful."

He laughed in rueful exasperation, at the way he was caught. "If you could explain this talk about you and Ringrose as easily as I can this other—gossip," *he said lightly, "I wish you'd do it."*

"I've known George almost all my life," she said, getting up abruptly. "I've known you only a few weeks. You make me simply furious. Why should I let you question me? I'm going in."

"Spitfire," he remarked to the lock over her ear. "If I thought you loved him I'd take him out and twist the thick head off his fat neck. But you don't. You're not such an idiot."

She threw him one furious, startled glance and fled to the first man who claimed her. Lee turned from the dance floor and walked blindly until a velvet curtain brushed his face and he pushed it away and blinked in a flood of clear and quiet light.

THIS, of course, was the gambling room. The curtain behind him muted the sounds of the music and the thick gray velvet carpet silenced his footsteps.

The players did not interest him until, across the room, he saw George Ringrose moving toward the velvet curtain with one of the suave attendants murmuring at his elbow. He was bowed out with elegant deference. But one glimpse of Ringrose's face was enough, the purple, angry congestion. It was the bum's rush, velvet gloved, low voiced, viciously obsequious, or Lee had hitchhiked through nine states in vain.

Lee looked around, half grinning, to see if anyone else had noticed. His mother was the silver-cloaked figure by the farthest roulette wheel. As he watched she gathered in three piles of chips from the "Double O." He was as certain that she had begun all this with exactly two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of chips as if he had seen them counted.

He turned to get out, any way he could, blind with anger and dismay. He'd been licked when he started. But now he knew it.

Someone behind him, halfway down a corridor, said mildly, "Mr. Malden, isn't it?"

It was another of those dealers, cold-eyed, a gleam of gold tooth. When he stared, the man said, "You don't remember me."

"I'm sorry," Lee said.

"Possibly if I reminded you of the Titus B. Altschuler Mammoth Imperial Circus, the most stupendous spectacle among one-ring aggregations? The deuces, if I remember correctly, were wild."

"As I live and breathe," Lee said, "Eddie the Lip, but it was deuces and eights wild. Well, you old—"

They sat in the most sheltered corner of the bar behind the necessary bottles and glasses.

"And so," Lee said, setting down his glass and grinning, "you and the boys bore no hard feelings?"

"LISTEN, pal," Eddie the Lip said seriously. "It was the happiest day of my life. No sooner are you and your pals below the horizon than everything changes for the best. The sheriff attaches and removes the elephant that was breaking our hearts by starving to death on us; the lion gets loose and is shot by the Home Guard and we collect damages; the calliope is bought for the State Hay Fever Convention, and my wife's brother starts this joint here and I get the job. So all I got to say to you, Mr. Malden, sir and brother, is, if there's anything in the wide and shining world that your heart desires, it's yours already."

"Thanks," Lee said reflectively. An idea—a glimmer of an idea, was pushing its way through his thoughts. "What I need is inside stuff. Does the name of Ringrose mean anything to you?"

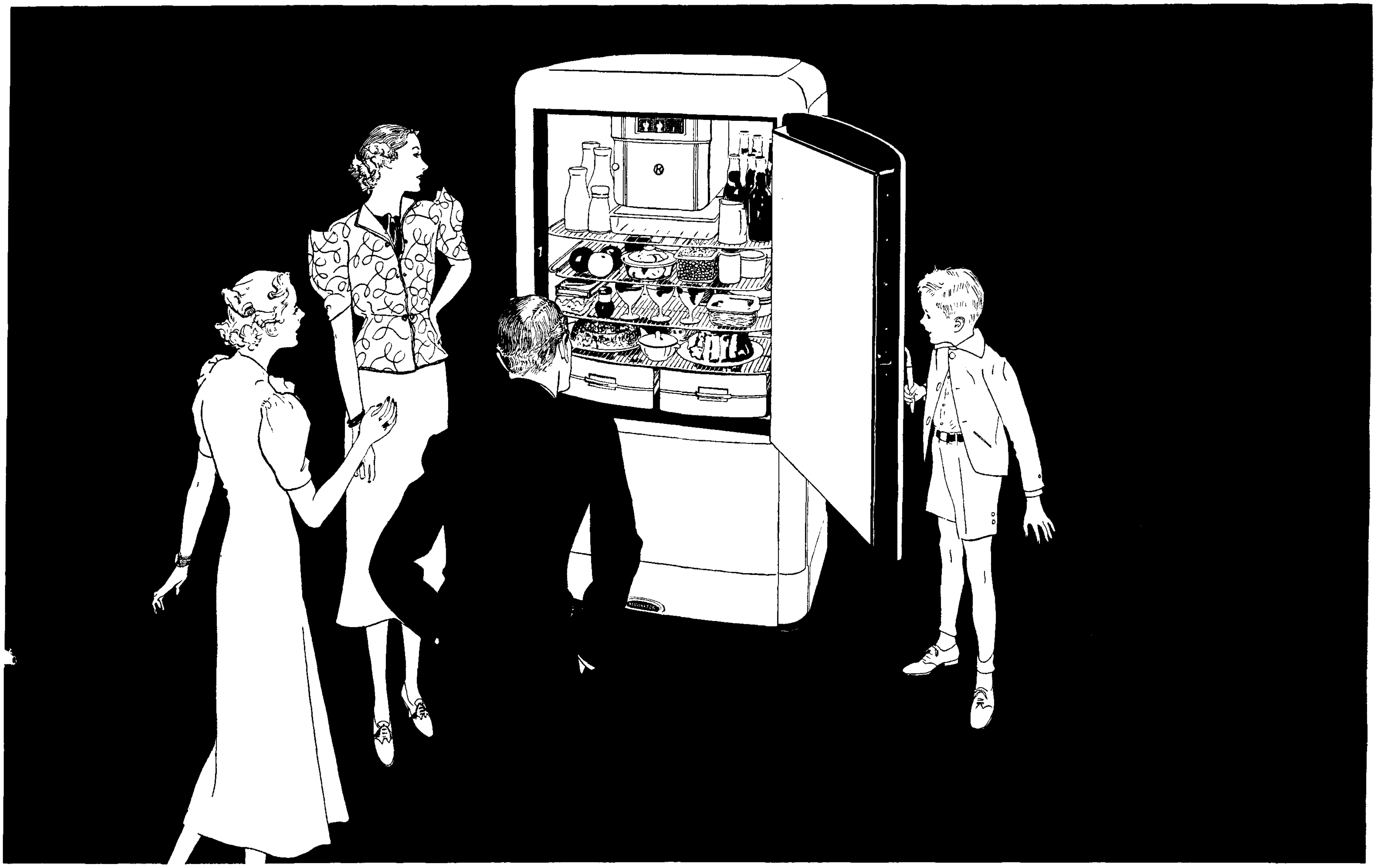
"George Bretherton Ringrose; age, thirty-two; complexion, brunette; temper, bad. Plays polo. Financial rating, lousy. What do you want on him?"

"What there is," Lee said. "I hope it's terrible."

"Like I said," Eddie the Lip remarked, "name it and take it. This Ringrose is supported by a rich brother, see, so everybody thinks he's a millionaire himself. But he's got it only when brother feels big-hearted. This one plays the Aiken-Southhampton-Palm Beach polo and dowager circuit with brother putting up for horses, ham sandwiches and Bond Street neckties but very little of the coin. However, the social rating is tops. He was even engaged to the young Farrell girl once. But this year, see, he gets all enamored up over as handsome a widow as you ever gammed and I guess she thinks he's the one with the millions. Then his brother gets one of his brain storms and says he's got to take up with the Farrell girl again or else. So George tries to play around with both and last week the poor fool gives a rubber check to my wife's brother, who is the gentlemanly type in there with the jaw like a cash register that you may have seen ushering little George to the door a while ago. The check is now being mailed to brother. That, up to twenty minutes ago, is all I got."

"It ought," Lee said, smiling broadly, "to be enough. But why do you think the brother objected to George's paying

out of the vision of Kelvin Home has come a New Kelvinator



OF ALL the luxuries of Kelvin Home, one of the greatest contributions to better living, for people everywhere, is the new plus-powered Kelvinator refrigerator.

For in its design, in its mechanical construction, we have recognized the need for more refrigeration, for better refrigeration, for lower temperatures, for greater quantities of ice, for dependable cold storage, and for the utmost economy in the use of current.

Today two facts are leading thousands of owners of automatic refrigerators to replace them with the new Kelvinator.

FACT 1—The new Kelvinator is plus-powered. It has as much as double the cooling capacity of other well-known refrigerators of equal size.

FACT 2—The new Kelvinator runs only half as many minutes per day—during the rest of the time it maintains low temperatures using no current at all.

The new Kelvinator costs more to build, but it costs no more to buy than a less powerful, less economical refrigerator. It can be bought on your dealer's special time payment plan—or for as little as 90¢ a week on the Kelvinator ReDisCo Plan.

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, KELVINATOR DIVISION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN. FACTORIES ALSO IN LONDON, ONTARIO, AND LONDON, ENGLAND

PLUS-POWERED Kelvinator CUTS THE COST OF BETTER LIVING

"I wouldn't drive a block without insurance...

especially when I earn a saving by driving carefully"

"I don't expect to have an accident—neither do you—but I don't like to gamble for high stakes. Legal fees alone, even in a minor accident, might amount to more than the cost of my insurance for several years."

"Damage claims for a bad smash-up might take my home, my savings, everything I have. I can't afford to take this chance, especially since my careful driving entitles me to Liberty Mutual's low cost car insurance."

• • •

"Liberty Mutual's resources and experience, their skilled investigators and attorneys, are at my service—whenever or wherever I may need their help—to keep me out of court and out of trouble."

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

Mail coupon today for this interesting booklet which explains how 140,000 careful drivers are saving money on Car Insurance. Find out if you can qualify for this preferred protection and saving. With your copy we will send an estimate of the savings you may make if you are eligible. No obligation.

AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE at LOWER COST ...for Careful Drivers

C-3-13

LIBERTY MUTUAL
INSURANCE CO.
31 St. James Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Without obligation, please send me free booklet which shows exactly how much careful drivers can save on car insurance; also facts about your convenient Deferred Payment Plan for responsible car owners.

*Name*________
*Business Address*________
____
Town where car is kept________
Make of car________No. of Cyls.________
Body Type____Model No.____Year____

court to Mrs. Worth— I mean, the lady you mentioned?"

"I get the idea vaguely that the rich brother is a friend of the lady's latest ex-husband."

Lee started. "Hal—I mean, him? What's he got to do with it?"

"There, pal," said Eddie the Lip, "you got me. But she isn't a lady that, looking at her once, you'd forget easy, now is she?"

Again in the night, there was a new look to things. Then Hal Worthington was still thinking about her? That was marvelous. He had not seemed like a man who would give up easily. In the morning, feeling as old as his mother's grandfather, he sent a long telegram, man to man, to his latest ex-stepfather. After all, perhaps he couldn't do this all by himself.

He was surprised, coming back to the stables after a gallop, to find George Ringrose waiting for him in his car. "Get in here, will you, Malden? I want to talk to you," he said.

He began abruptly. "I understand Farrell has asked you to play No. 3 in England. I can't imagine what he's thinking of." Lee waited.

Ringrose went on, "This afternoon Farrell's playing me on the first team and you're on the pickups again. I want you to throw that game to me this afternoon. And from now on, I want him to know you aren't going to England. Understand? I'll—I'll pay you a thousand."

Lee stared. "Where on earth would you get a thousand, this morning?"

RINGROSE looked at him with eyes yellow and a little congested. "There," he said.

The hand that came out of his pocket held a wad of bills, fifties and hundreds. They were not rolled or folded, but crumpled, crisp new bills jammed together as only women mistreat money. And nobody but his mother gave them that unmistakable, spiral twist. Lee looked at them soberly, began picking them up, smoothing and folding them. It was the end, for her, of George Ringrose. He knew how to take care of that now.

He put them in his pocket. "I'm not taking your silly bribe," he said. "Have you any possible way of proving that you did not get this money, last night, from Mrs. Worthington? Maybe she cashed a check for you. Don't bluster, you fool. I could tell Farrell, but that isn't my sort of game. I'll take the money back to her, and you needn't call on her again. She's my mother."

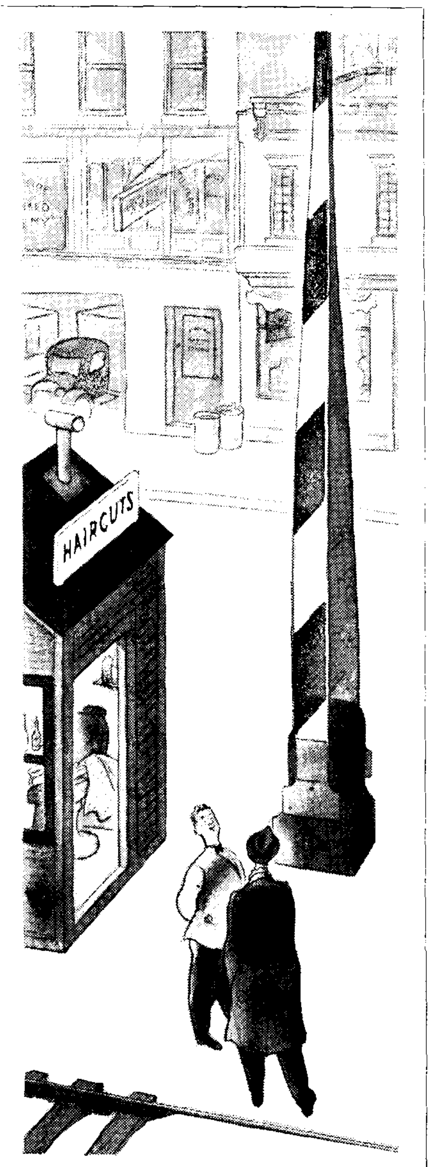
He had never enjoyed anything so much as the look on Ringrose's face. He got out of the car. "And in the matter of playing polo," he said, "I'll play you that game this afternoon, win or lose, for the English trip. I'd rather go, I'd rather lick you, than anything else in the world. But if you can win this afternoon, all right. But if you try any of your dirty tricks"—all Lee's anger rose suddenly—"I'll break your neck."

It was extraordinary that his rage did not quiet after that first release. It was not cooled by a wire from Mr. Worthington's New York secretary. Mr. Worthington was already in Florida, and did not reply. Then he was here somewhere and had done nothing. Perhaps the divorce was final with him, too. So, now it was entirely up to Lee, himself, again. The sense of his responsibility, his alone, made his anger into a sort of blind paralysis. His head pounded even when he mounted his horse for the first chukker that afternoon. He and young Hotchkiss and Bert Moore and a new man named Raikes rode out behind Farrell and Hugh Drummond and Burton. He tried not to look at Ringrose, burly in his worn maroon. Tried only to think of winning. But for the first time in his life, as the horses milled for the throw-in, he could find nothing of his old exhilaration.

He tried to ride harder, drive more recklessly. But he only overrode the ball. Once, he came perilously close to a foul. The new man, Raikes, was badly mounted.

It was too much to expect that Farrell's team could not immediately sense the pickups' trouble. Ringrose and Burton had always played an excellent close game. Now Ringrose surpassed himself. Their goals mounted. Their team play, in the face of Lee's angry clumsiness, was spectacular. But they scored so often that it was as if they played almost without opposition.

IN THE fourth chukker, suddenly, Hugh Drummond fouled. The whistle squealed its astonished protest. The ball flashed in to complete the penalty and Lee shot it between the goal posts. The red flag waved. The people in automobiles, grown listless, waked to honk. The pickups stared in pleased surprise at their only advantage. Their glances warmed. Suddenly, Lee was calm; and, as suddenly, his team came to life. In the fifth, Moore got out in front with the ball. Lee got eighty yards. Raikes' long shot followed it. They were getting distance, anyway, improving their passing, making their opponents gallop and gallop and turn and gallop for every inch of advantage. They met, again and again, in milling scrimmages before the goal posts. Stagnation had been swept away. There was conflict here, electric and savage, and the crowd at the side boards sensed it, shouting.



"I couldn't afford a barber pole, so I made a deal with the railroad"

NED HILTON

Before the sixth, young Hotchkiss said through his teeth, "We've got them worried, anyway. I want Raikes to ride that black of mine. He'll get nowhere with his tired mount."

Lee watched Raikes swing up on the fresh powerful black, grinning a little. Raikes was all right. And here was Aigrette, that he'd saved for the end, tossing her pale lock, rolling her wise eye, for him. No silly emotion now, for Aigrette. This was polo.

Then sense of clash sparked like an electric current through the field. Drummond went down in a heap, Raikes over him. Ponies thrashed, were pulled up, remounted and, at the whistle, hurled with a shock into tight scrimmages, or strung out like racers. The pickups were just holding them. Lee yelled once, getting a beautiful shot from the near side, saw only Ringrose's face opposing him, went by him, lifting the ball to the goal. But it was no goal. Someone caught and sent it back, a plunging white speck between the confusion of hoofs. That was Ringrose racing him again, the turf thundering past.

Ringrose was alongside. His horse was pulled suddenly toward Aigrette. The forefeet of both ponies were off the ground. As they came down, there was a crack of a hoof on flesh. Aigrette stumbled, plunged, nearly went down as Lee jumped. She stood with her head drooped, shivering. Her leg hung, useless. Ringrose's mount had come down, square, on the pastern joint.

It seemed to Lee, standing there, that the world had come to an end. He felt no more fury, even against Ringrose.

THEY left him alone, at her drooping head, as the groom put wraps on her and avoided Lee's eye. He'd have to shoot her. She moved her nose into his hand and let it stay there. He stood, the sweat trickling down his face.

It was Cathy Farrell at his shoulder, with her face all wet with tears. She said, "What are you going to do?"

"Shoot her," he said harshly.

She had his arm snug in her own. "No," she said. "You aren't going to do any such thing. I've sent them for the vet and the dray. You need her too much. But she'll be all right."

"She's done for," he said. "I can't afford it—and she'll be no good—"

"By the time you come back from England—"

"I'm not going to England. There's no use—"

His look altered suddenly as he glanced down at her. She was grinning up at him, and her hands were warm and tight around his clenched fist. "Then you've got some sense at last," she said. "How'd you like to marry me and go live on the Texas ranch and take care of Aigrette so she'll be the mother of a long brilliant line of yellow polo ponies? Or don't you approve of gals proposing when their guys haven't sense enough to say 'I love you'?"

"Love you?" he said stupidly. But his arm was around her shoulders. It was his head that was confused.

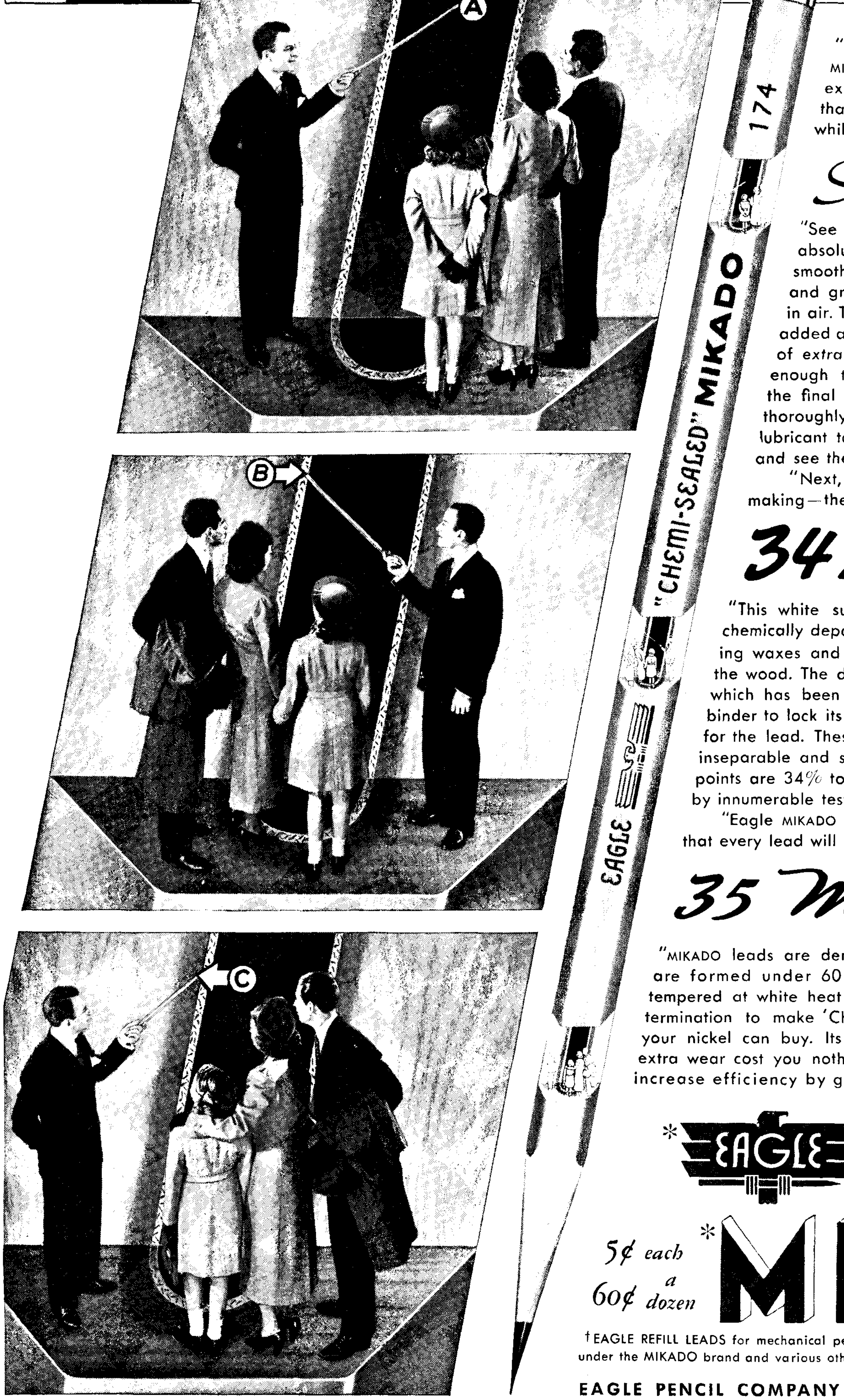
"Lee," his mother said behind them, "I don't want to interrupt, dear, but we have to catch our train and your stepfather wanted to speak to you before we get married again. He'd like you to approve this time, he says."

Hal Worthington, tall and ruddy and elderly, was grinning at him over his outstretched hand. Good Lord, Lee thought vaguely, he's perfect for her. He's swell.

"Cathy says she's marrying me, Mother," he said and glanced down at Cathy's astonished face. That would hold her for a while. "And thanks for the thousand. It'll be swell for a wedding present. George gave it to me this morning."

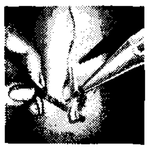
And that will hold her, too, he thought triumphantly, turning back to Aigrette, with the veterinary bustling through the crowd.

The inside story of the MIKADO PENCIL



"HERE WE ARE, right at the heart of a 'Chemi-Sealed' MIKADO pencil, where you can see for yourselves the exclusive, patented structure and other hidden refinements that so distinguish *it in* service. First, look at the lead (A) while I tell you the secret of its

Super-Smoothness



"See the infinitely fine texture of this lead—absolutely free from grit. To achieve its satin smoothness, selected graphites were refined and ground until the particles actually floated in air. Then imported clay of equal fineness was added and the mixture was blended by 108 hours of *extra* grinding, until it would pass through a silk screen fine enough to hold water. After the lead was formed and fired, the final touch of smoothness was added by impregnating it so thoroughly with rare waxes that each tiny particle has a film of lubricant to glide on. Hold a match to MIKADO's point sometime and see the shiny film of wax which exudes.†

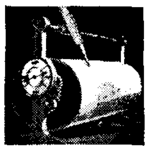
"Next, comes the greatest improvement in generations of pencil making—the patented process that gives MIKADO its

34% Stronger Points

"This white substance (B) is an impervious coating, chemically deposited on the lead to *seal in* its lubricating waxes and give it a surface which glues solidly to the wood. The darker area (C) shows the core of wood which has been specially impregnated with a resinous binder to lock its fibres into a rigid, non-splitting sheath for the lead. These exclusive, added features make the lead and wood inseparable and so combine their strength against breakage that MIKADO points are 34% to 47% stronger and safer in use. This has been proved by innumerable tests on an accurate Point Pressure Machine.

"Eagle MIKADO lasts longer, too. The Mileage Test proves conclusively that every lead will make over

35 Miles of Line



"MIKADO leads are denser and longer-wearing because they are formed under 60 tons pressure in diamond dies and tempered at white heat—more proof of Eagle's skill and determination to make 'Chemi-Sealed' MIKADO the finest pencil your nickel can buy. Its extra smoothness, extra strength and extra wear cost you nothing extra, while they do save time and increase efficiency by giving you smoother, quicker, uninterrupted writing"

*EAGLE *"Chemi-Sealed"
LEAD AND WOOD INSEPARABLY BONDED
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

5¢ each
60¢ a dozen

*MIKADO

†EAGLE REFILL LEADS for mechanical pencils are of this same superb quality. Available in black and colors under the MIKADO brand and various other brands bearing the Eagle trade-mark.

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY • NEW YORK, LONDON, TORONTO

AT LAST!..A *Kitchen-p*

RI

NEW 1937 WESTI
SCIENTIFIC TESTS I

NOW, thanks to certified tests, conducted in 89 Home Proving Kitchens throughout the United States and foreign countries, you can be sure of getting a refrigerator that will do more things better and at less cost. Not laboratory performance! Not showroom performance! But positive, provable advantages in your kitchen, under your conditions of daily use!

LOW COST OPERATION WINS U. S. PUBLIC WORKS ADMINISTRATION HOUSING DIVISION ORDER FOR 16,697 REFRIGERATORS!

Westinghouse 10-year economy wins the largest single refrigerator order ever placed! To meet rigid economy requirements of 34 slum clearance and low-rent housing developments in 26 cities, the Housing Division of the Public Works Administration on October 15th, 1936, declared Westinghouse the successful bidder against leading refrigerator manufacturers. Bids included *initial cost plus cost of electricity* for 10 years. Although four other manufacturers underbid on price, the lower current consumption of Westinghouse brought the total ten-year cost below all others..."It's ten-year economy that counts."

W
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Every house

oved

RIGERATOR!

MODELS BACKED BY WORLD-WIDE KITCHEN PROOF! 623 CERTIFIED
ME PROVING KITCHENS CONFIRM SPECTACULAR LABORATORY RECORDS!

ETTER FOOD PROTECTION

Kitchen-proved

ecial tests on milk, meat and
ftovers, in 89 proving kitchens,
nvinced the most skeptical that
estinghouse protects food for days
yond the average requirements.
e exclusive "Built-in Watchman"
ves added protection against
cidental power line disturbances.

REATER CONVENIENCE

Kitchen-proved

ery Westinghouse convenience
ature has been proved to save
me, trouble and money. The Eject-
Cube Ice Trays, Triple Food Saver
t, Triple Storage Compartment,
d Adjusto-shelf are just a few of
e features that have thus earned
place in the 1937 Westinghouse
efrigerator.

FULL POWER

Kitchen-proved

Hour-meter tests in Proving Kitchens showed that the Westinghouse Economizer Unit operates less than 15 minutes out of every hour . . . a real money-saving feature. Even in the tropics, with door openings as frequent as 113 times a day, reserve power quickly cooled heavy loads of warm foods and bottles to Safety Zone temperatures.

FASTER FREEZING

Kitchen-proved

Ice cubes frozen in 70 minutes under kitchen conditions! Certified tests prove you get more ice faster from the oversize Westinghouse Froster . . . made of Sanalloy, an exclusive Westinghouse metal. Will freeze up to 50% more ice in 24 hours.

nd finally.. GREATER ECONOMY.. *Kitchen-proved*

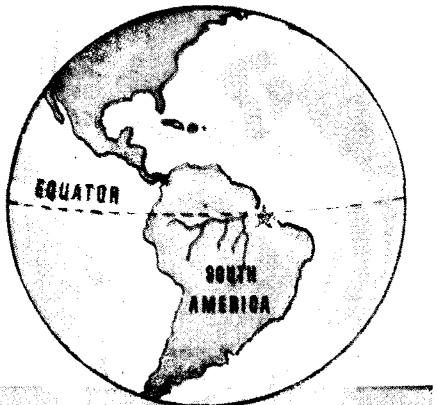
ck-bottom costs for perfect refrig-
ation . . . based on actual home
nditions with heavy food loads.
ientific meter readings prove that
ectricity for the 1937 Westinghouse
sts only slightly more than a post-
e stamp, even on the hottest days.
Your nearest Westinghouse dealer
now displaying a complete line
these beautiful new KITCHEN-

PROVED refrigerators. Be sure to have him demonstrate them. See the hermetically-sealed, full-powered Economizer Unit . . . oiled for a lifetime and protected by the Westinghouse Five-Year Warranty. Look for your dealer's name in your classified telephone directory under "Refrigerators, Electric," and visit his showroom today.

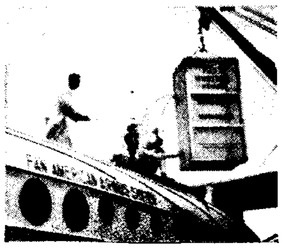
ESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO. • MANSFIELD, O.

DOWN ON THE EQUATOR . . .
IN STEAMING TROPICS

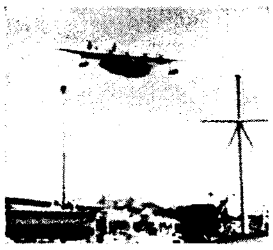
. . . we gave it the toughest Kitchen Test a refrigerator ever had!



Westinghouse Kitchen-proving started in August, 1936, with the establishment of Proving Kitchen No. 1 in Belem (Para), Brazil. This city, located only 100 miles from the equator, on the mouth of the Amazon River is famous for its hot, humid climate. The first 1937 model Westinghouse Refrigerator, already a veteran of many spectacular tests in the famous Westinghouse laboratories . . .

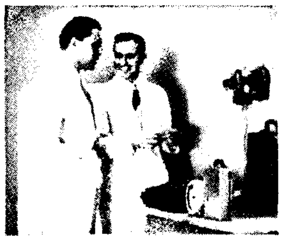


. . . was loaded aboard a Pan-American Airlines "Clipper" at Miami and started on a flight to this "tough-spot for refrigeration," over "Green Hell" . . . "Devils Island" . . . and the 200-mile Amazon delta to . . .



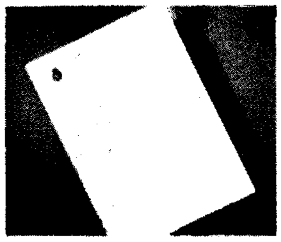
. . . a safe landing in Belem with its accompanying Westinghouse technicians, who brought with them a complete laboratory set of meters and delicate recording instruments. The refrigerator and test equipment . . .

. . . were installed in the kitchen of this attractive Brazilian home. Days of carefully supervised testing followed, under the most trying conditions, of heat, humidity, daily household use, and uncertain electric supply.



Meter readings, temperatures food loading data, and ice-freezing reports were carefully recorded. Few refrigerators in American kitchens would ever be faced with the conditions encountered here, and yet . . .

. . . results showed exceedingly low current consumption . . . and only 41% mechanism running time. Safety Zone foodkeeping temperatures averaged 43°. Ice was plentiful. And bacteriological tests on milk and meat . . .



. . . certified perfect refrigeration, as attested by the Para State Health Department. This remarkable kitchen test, now duplicated throughout America and the world by Westinghouse, challenges all comparison.

eds Westinghouse

..IT'S TIME YOU TRIED THEM!

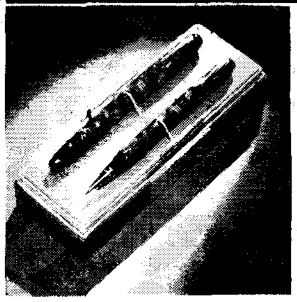
You've only one throat to last you a lifetime. And there's only one cigarette with a touch of "mild menthol" to keep it cool and easy. You and KOOLS ought to get together. First, because it's a magnificent blend, judged on tobacco quality alone. Second, because without spoiling that fine tobacco flavor, the mild menthol makes each puff as stimulating as a breath of fresh air in a stuffy room. Finally—the coupon on each pack! Save 'em for a wide choice of stunning, useful gifts. (Offer good U. S. A. only). And there are *extra* coupons with every carton!

March. A good month to quit smokes that parch. It's time for KOOLS. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

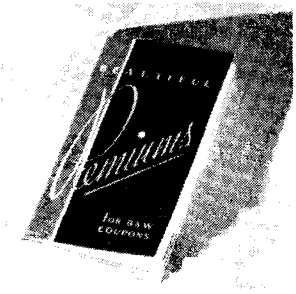
TUNE IN JACK PEARL (Baron Munchausen) NBC Blue Network, Mondays 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.

KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
15¢
20¢ in Canada

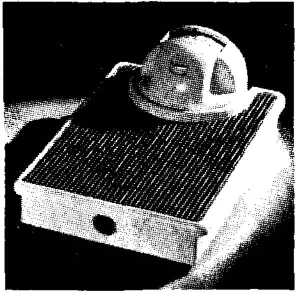
SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



Parker Pen and Pencil Set—Colors; gray, green or burgundy. 250 coupons



FREE. Write for illustrated 28-page B & W premium booklet, No. 13



Detecto Scale—White, bathroom-type. Rotary dial. Guaranteed. 375 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Man in the Sky

Continued from page 19

margin of safety would diminish until there was no safety. Only by virtue of his strength and skill could a man go upward. Courage, cold and absolute, would be necessary, not once, but again and again; not in an appointed place but without warning; not in comfort but in pain and fatigue. He wanted that trial badly. If he played his part in it and a little more, he would grant himself absolution.

The awaited chance had come and he had been found—not fit. There was to be no release—the legacy of his father's death would last his life. Disappointment crumpled the diffident defences he had built around his hurt and this time there was no thought of building anew. He would never climb again.

Never climb again. He thought of the camps above the timber, the scent of wood smoke as the stars paled, the darkness liquefying to a thin, timeless light which set them on their way. Of the moment when with cautious eagerness you pulled yourself together for the first difficult bit. Of the abyss at your feet, filled with a distant sparkle and twinkle.

And the peaks, of course. It was curious that the peaks had so little importance when you looked back. It was the climb which mattered. The thought stirred his long body. It was the climb, not the end of it, which mattered. And so—his affairs were in order, a long holiday arranged. He would have one more climb and he knew where he would go. He wondered now that he had not gone long ago. At his decision, he felt a lifting of the inner veils—as if he had set his feet upon a foreordained course.

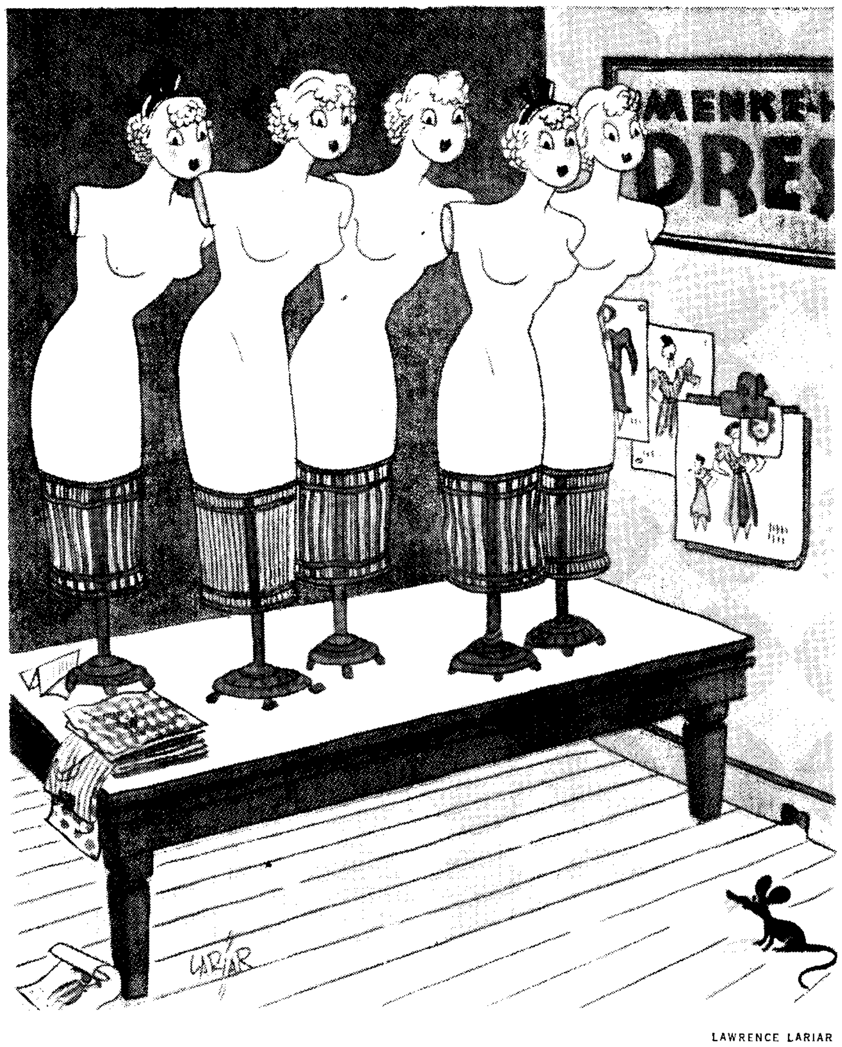
Anton, his guide, was waiting for him at a station in the Yellowhead Pass. He heard for the first time their destination and his face fell.

"The Topaze! It iss not a goot place, Mr. Golden. Always the mountain iss moving. The warden tells me he hears it always. None has climbed there since the Big Rockfall."

"We do not go on the peaks, Anton. We will climb around the valley and take things easy this summer."

For five days they went slowly through the pine forest, the pack horses stringing out in a long line. They forded the milky, glacial streams and made their way along an old faint trail. Trees had fallen across it, the train must stop until axes had cleared the way. Golden had found content. This was the way his father had come, his last trail. At an old camping place he found a little leather-covered book that had belonged to him. He treasured it because his father's hand had touched it here. The pack train debouched upon the Topaze meadows. They made their base camp here and the horse wranglers turned back.

FOR a week they climbed leisurely about the neighboring mountains. Wherever they went, Mount Topaze dominated the landscape. It took its name from a curious amber tint to be seen in its rock in certain lights. Its great bulk, more massive and higher to the north, lifted a peak at either end. By a freak of winds, White Topaze, the southerly, lower peak, was always snow-covered. From it, a knife-edge crest climbed to the foot of the bare black precipices which banded Topaze, the great forbidding spire to the north. There was no record of an attempt upon Topaze but it was thought that the other, White Topaze, had been climbed twice—once by Dr. Golden and his companions and



LAWRENCE LARIAR

"CHRYSLERS ARE A HABIT WITH ME!" –ALMA ARCHER

ROYAL FOUR-DOOR TOURING SEDAN

"... AND THIS GRAND NEW ROYAL GIVES ME UP TO 24 MILES PER GALLON!"

Alma Archer is one of the world's great authorities on style and smartness.

"Chryslers are a habit with me," she says. "This new Royal is my sixth, and what a love!

"Really, some plastic surgeon must have been at work on the instrument board, because there's nothing left for knee-bumping or face-breaking in case you're that kind of a driver.

"Of course, I constantly marvel at the way you whisk into the stratosphere by using the Overdrive, but the real super-colossal thrill in connection with the scientific weight distribution is the introduction of bombing-plane shock absorbers! Imagine it!

"Furthermore, you don't have to carry a check book in your teeth or be a relative of a multi-millionaire to own a Royal! The car apparently is just one jump from a camel—practically never needs an oasis—delivers 18 to 24 miles on a gallon without batting an eyelash. And this in spite of the fact that the car is as roomy and comfortable as many cars of twice its price."

* * * * *

Miss Archer's comments typify the enthusiasm of thousands of owners of the new Chrysler Royal.

They talk about the amazing economy of the new Gold Seal engine . . . the delightful room and comfort of the beautifully-styled bodies . . . the lasting reliability and low upkeep . . . the quality and value of Chrysler's newest masterpiece with which Chrysler has invaded the low-priced field.

If you haven't seen and driven the Chrysler Royal, visit your Chrysler dealer today. He will also show you the luxurious Imperial and the beautiful new Airflow.

Every Chrysler dealer also displays the brilliant 1937 Plymouth.

CHRYSLER TOPS 'EM ALL!

NEW LOW DELIVERED PRICES. Time payments to fit your purse on the official Commercial Credit Company plan.

- ☆ **CHRYSLER ROYAL** . . . Ten body types.
- ☆ **CHRYSLER IMPERIAL** . . . Six body types.
- ☆ **CHRYSLER CUSTOM IMPERIAL** . . . Sedan and Sedan-Limousine.
- ☆ **CHRYSLER AIRFLOW** . . . Two body types.

COPYRIGHT 1937, CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Half & Half Makes ONE Swell Smoke!

LUCKY STRIKE
HALF AND HALF
BUCKINGHAM
CUT PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO
No Bite!
No Bite!
Still no Bite!

Half & Half leaves a clean fresh taste. Cool as a traffic-cop stopping your car. Smooth as his words: "Are you going my way?" Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Copyright 1937, The American Tobacco Company

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

HALF AND HALF

The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

once, by Herculean efforts, by the party seeking them. This was immediately after the Big Rockfall which had opened a jagged, straited cleft in the massif.

That had been four years ago. Dr. Golden and his friend Abercrombie had come in June, in advance of a larger party, to scout the valley, and if possible, to make the first attempt on White Topaze. At the last moment, they were joined by Hallern, who had done some climbing in his youth but who had grown soft with years of easy living.

Only Hallern was ever seen again. The main party, while still a day's travel from the valley, heard the noise of the rockfall. When they reached the Meadows they saw that a corner of White Topaze had split off and a great crack had appeared in the arête which led up to the higher peak. The slopes were choked with debris and rock continued to fall. Hoping against hope, they pushed on hurriedly to the base camp and found it deserted. Immediately they ringed the mountain with search parties. They found Hallern high up in the rocks near the base of the cleft, hurt and unconscious. His first thick utterance after he revived struck the group about him to stone:

"He cut the rope. Golden cut the rope."

Hallern was dying; his ribs had pierced a lung. The shock of his fall had affected his memory and his speech was incoherent. All that could be learned from him was that they had tried for the White Peak and on or near the summit had been caught by the avalanche. Where Golden and Abercrombie were, he did not know. Six men made a desperate attempt on the south slope and three of them reached the peak. It was deep in unmarked, new-fallen snow. If there had been a cairn, it had been carried away. There was no trace of the missing climbers, nothing to show that they had ever been there. But the great slab broken off the peak directly above the route of ascent left no doubt as to their end. They lay somewhere below in the valley, their bodies hidden under tons of rock.

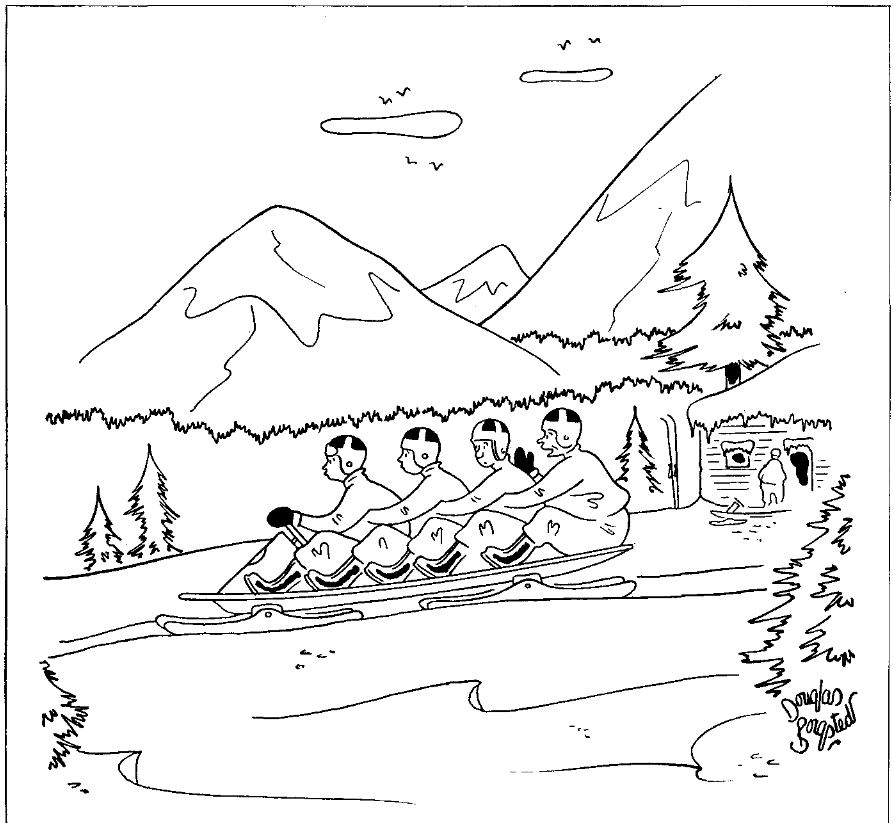
But before death intervened, it was evident that a dim, sorry tragedy had taken place. Pieced together from Hallern's disordered words, it appeared that the first avalanche had obliterated Abercrombie and left Golden and Hallern, still roped, hanging on the edge of a precipice. There they clung, until Golden, either mortally hurt or despairing of being able to lift his companion, had cut the rope. Shortly afterward, another fall must have swept him over the same precipice. The rope with its severed end was still fast to Hallern when he was found and there was the brutal evidence of his delirium. Before pneumonia killed him, his voice rose again and again in frenzy. "Help me, Golden, I'm hurt!" The voice became a scream. "Don't cut! For God's sake, Golden, don't cut!"

It was not a thing to think about, the great Dr. Golden shrunk to a pitiful wretch, hurt and giving up, shrugging off a friend's life in order to preserve his own a little longer. It was not a thing to talk about either, and the name of Dr. Golden disappeared from the good talk that is heard about the campfire at the end of day. Only in the hearts of certain quiet men was he remembered. And by his son.

A WEEK in the valley had acclimatized the younger Golden. Always hard, he was in perfect condition. Anton's forebodings had become halfhearted—he was too full of the zeal of his craft to believe them and it was only the White Peak he feared. They transferred their explorations to the flanks of the great Topaze. They eliminated the unlikely routes first. Then boldly they made the direct attack, straight up the main wall of rock. The mountain rose in precipitous terraces with slopes of scree between them. They outflanked the first escarpment by means of a *couloir;* the second, steeper and shorter, they traversed, finding fingerholds in the cracks. The third defied them for some time. They explored east and west until they found a chimney. It was a stem chimney, only to be done with back and feet, without handholds, and very difficult for the first man up. With the aid of the rope, Golden went up more quickly. At four o'clock they had worked their way to a ledge on the sheer face of the mountain.

Anton drove his ice-ax into a crack and sat down. "We can go no farther, I think."

To the west arose a hundred-foot cliff, almost perpendicular. There was no way there. To the east, a tongue of ice ran up to embrace a huge bulge of rock. Far below it was the bergschrund and the glacier floor. Golden judged that they were up about eight thousand feet.



"My God! I just counted five pairs of legs!"

DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

"Before the rockfall, it could have been climbed by the ridge from White Topaze," said Anton. "Now it can only be climbed from here."

"How about over the ice yonder?"

"No!" said Anton emphatically. "Not in July. The ice will not hold on such a slope. You cut vun step, you cut ten—perhaps you cut a hondred. On one step, it comes away. What a *schuss!* You would not be pretty on the glacier down there."

No, you would not be pretty. For a moment, Golden felt a coldness in his stomach.

"To get up," said Anton, "is one thing but I tell you that getting down is worse. For I bet you that we spend tonight on the rocks."

He won his bet. Darkness halted them and they bivouacked in a cold hollow in the scree, foodless and fireless, with their boots for a pillow. The morning light let them down again.

Golden looked back at the peak. He felt the stirring of a deep excitement. This was to be his battleground.

"So much for the Topaze," he said. "If we go out now, we will have time to go down to Alberta and see how the boys are getting along."

"That is where we should be—such climbers as we are," said Anton.

It was arranged that he should walk to the ranger's cabin and telephone for the packers. Golden would rest and await his return. Together they went to the head of the meadows and Golden watched him down the trail. Not until the trees had swallowed him finally did he turn away.

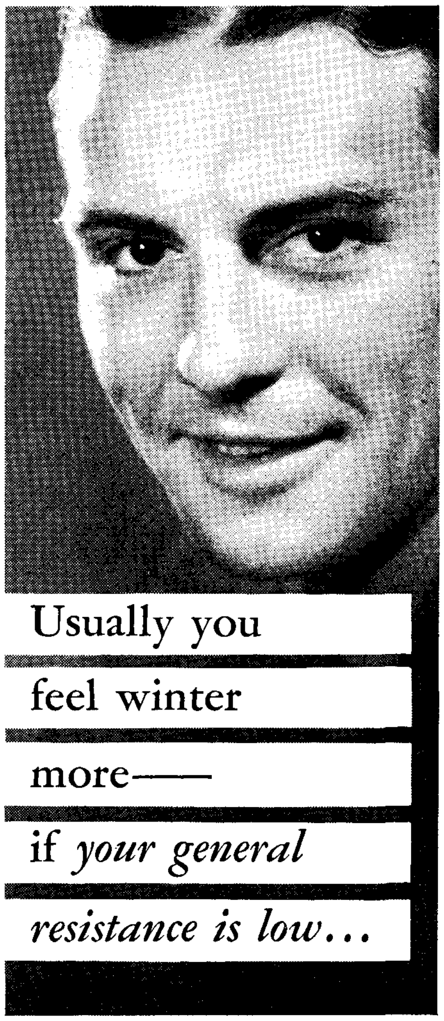
All afternoon, he lay relaxed and happy in the sun. His thoughts were clear and long. He watched once more the play of joy over the face of a girl he had loved. He visited around the world the places and peaks that had delighted him. He heard his favorite music played for him in his head. Airs he had forgotten came back to him, distinct in every swell and phrasing. It amused him to hear them over and over again, listening now to one group of instruments, now to another. Last afternoon of a Golden, he thought contentedly.

He wrote two letters, one for Anton, and left them in his tent. Then he made his pack and sat down to wait for the moon.

WAITING, he was not sure what the end would be. He found life good; he wanted to live his out. He had no intention of forcing himself over a cliff because he was not completely brave, but he could not continue to walk around with this feeling that something was broken inside. He wanted to know how far he was worthy of his own trust. Here was a climb, arduous and sustained enough to uncover weakness. If he fell it would be a public failure—one more victim of his own foolhardiness. But if he won, he hoped to gain a private salvation. "Let me be sure this time," he said to himself; "no more thinking. Let it be one thing or the other."

Darkness had come to the valley. Beyond the range, a glow appeared. The shadow of the mountain grew distinct and crept back to it. A silver current flowed along the sky line, crept higher and higher until it poured its gleam upon the snows of the summit. The moon was up and the valley swam in light. It worked an old spell on Golden, this threefold magic of rock and snow and moonlight.

Up the slope of scree he went with the slow rhythm of the climber. He followed the route they had taken before, at-



Usually you feel winter more—— if *your general resistance is low...*

Somehow, we can't seem to get used to winter. Instead of minding it less as the season wears on, we seem to feel it *more!*

One reason is by the time we've gone through several strenuous months, our general *resistance* is low. Too much indoor living, too little exercise, fresh air, and sunshine combine to deplete our physical forces. As a result, it may be much more difficult to keep well.

Sensible people, however, are trying not to fall into that old routine this year. Instead of waiting until common winter discomforts bother them, they're preparing *in advance.* Why not do likewise?

Adex offers you an effective means. It supplies you with Vitamin A, the factor which has a greater effect upon resistance-building *than any other vitamin.*

And besides giving you plenty of the Vitamin A you need, Adex furnishes "sunshine" Vitamin D. Both factors come from *natural* sources like good cod and halibut liver oil.

Start with Adex today and keep it up regularly. Have it on the breakfast table every morning. *Daily* use is important.

Either Adex tablets or capsules may now be obtained at any reliable drug store. But be sure to insist on *Adex!* Made exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D

● =

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

tended by the tinkle and blatter of falling stones. Always he watched upward lest one brush him off. It is not wise to linger over holds on rotten rock. He made the first station in much better time than he and Anton had done. But he had no time to lose. As he surmounted the second wall, the moon was sinking to the clouds above the horizon.

He roped his rucksack and started up the bad chimney. He had gone a dozen feet when he fell, striking the little ledge and nearly sliding off into the depths. "You will have your little joke," he grunted and crawled dizzily back. This time he was more careful: he could not hope to stick twice on that ledge. With the last milky light of the setting moon he climbed out of the chimney to the stance above it and sank his ice-ax into a crack. He roped himself to it and prepared to eat and, if possible, sleep. He was pleased with himself, he had climbed according to schedule.

He awoke in the gray of the dawn and saw that it was cloudy. A snowstorm on the heights would finish him. The wind sprang up and blew away the wrack. He greeted the cold, clear day as a happy augury.

He faced the slope above the bergschrund which Anton said could not be crossed. Far below, the glacier floor looked soft and white. He cut deep steps in the ice which was still firm with frost. Ten steps . . . thirty . . . forty. But it was slow work and he had to cross before the sun loosened the whole mass. He reached the bulge in the center. Beyond it, the ice, thawed and frozen again innumerable times, was honeycombed. Already trickling with the morning warmth, it felt like cheese under his ax. He drove in a *piton* and threaded his rope through the eye. When he reached its doubled end, he drove in another *piton*. He was rounding a shoulder, cutting with the ax in his left hand and holding with his right when the ice tore itself away. As he fell, he knew that the iron at the end of the extended rope would not hold him, but before the jerk came, his ax saved him. He clung for a moment, pressed against the ice, his whole body wet with sweat. "One to me," he said.

HE REACHED the farther edge of the ice. He had crossed where his guide said he could not cross, but at a cost. It had taken longer than he wished and it had blunted the edge of his strength. He looked at what lay ahead with dismay.

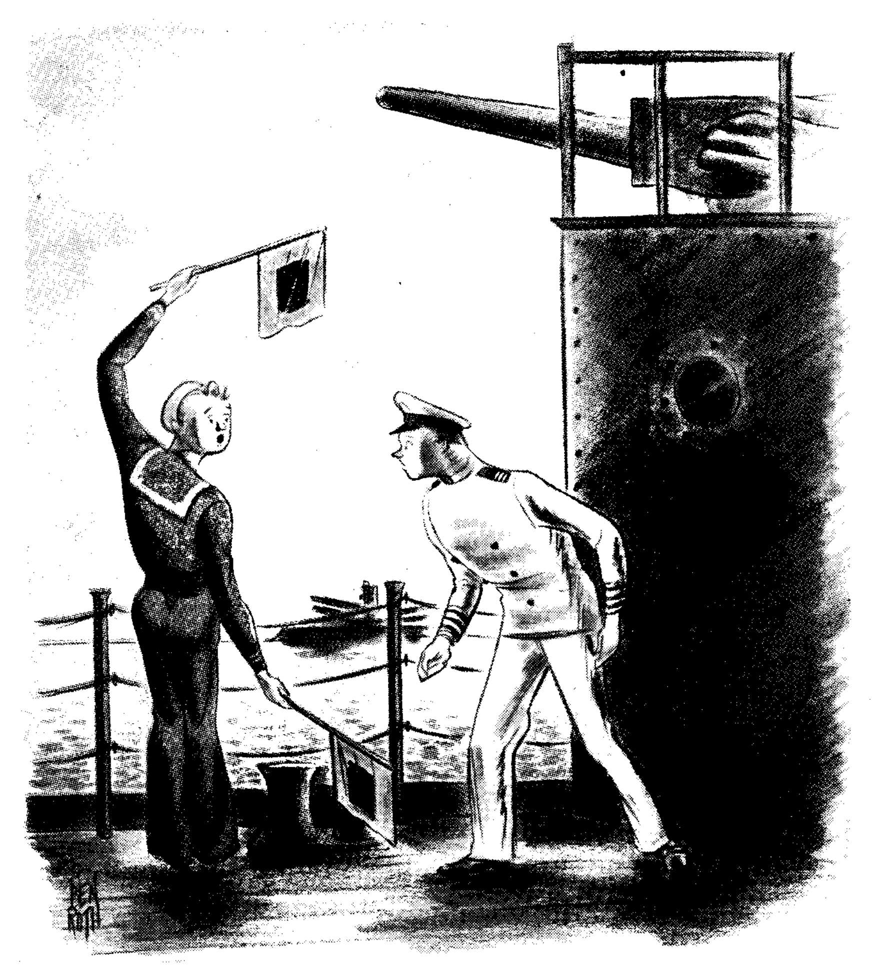
Anton's instinct had been right. Before him was a nightmare of shale knife-edges, crevasses of rotten ice and beetling mounds of debris, ready to fall at a touch. It looked impassable.

The first bit first, he encouraged himself. Thus were impassable places passed. Six hours later he looked back and could scarcely believe he had gone where he must have gone. But he was in bad condition. His hands were bleeding, the muscles of his legs ached and when they were relaxed, shook uncontrollably. His whole body felt racked, the result of endless lifting by a shallow toehold while holding by the finger tips. Most punishing of all was the nervous tension of repeated hairbreadth escapes. Once a huge slab stirred under him and as he quitted it, thundered off into the abyss. Again and again, his movements had set small avalanches in motion around him. He was no longer the spirited climber of the morning—he was a dulled lump of flesh which continued to move, living from minute to minute. Fatigue and despair made him uncertain; he felt that a fall was inevitable. But still a small, unyielding part of him calculated his fumbling progress.

Because there was no other way, he wormed over a buttress and along a broken ledge. A falling boulder broke off a yard of it behind him. The ledge flattened into an overhang. There was no way up nor down. For him, there was no retreat, his strength was not sufficient to take him out of danger before night and the paralyzing cold came. The mountain had trapped him.

He lay down along the ledge. He was cool enough—just very tired. Apart from its recklessness, it had been a good climb. He had added one trifle to the sum of Alpine knowledge. The Topaze could not be climbed by this route. Only one man he knew might have succeeded on this face and that man was his father.

The thought was like a door opening in his mind, letting in a freshness. The impression of his father's nearness was so vivid that he raised his head almost expecting to see his figure moving tenaciously upward. If he were here, together they would have found a way. But he was here! His father lived in him—he was the residuary legatee of his blood, his bone—and the courage which had been doubted. Fail this heritage—never! His last climb was his own no longer; his father climbed with him. He was not proving himself, he was proving the legend of his father's steadfastness.



"They don't answer, sir; they simply wave back with their hankies"

BEN ROTH

He set himself to take the face of the overhang. It went not badly. When one hold crumbled under his fingers, there was another one to be found. He squeezed himself around the curve and was faced with a slab of rock as smooth as slate. Patiently he explored for a hold. There was none.

THERE was only one way. A snow-filled gully angled down from the highest face and ended almost below him. A long leap might reach it but the impact of his body would probably start an avalanche. As he calculated his slight chance, a faint thought went knocking about in his head —this is the crucial moment, the moment you feared. He paid no attention. He could not be bothered with it. He had found within his shell of courage another rind of courage. For a moment he held himself, savoring the sublimate of life, its strength, its awareness, its passion for living, and then he leaped.

He struck the snow. It was deep and hard. It slid with him and stopped, and on hands and knees, he stared in astonishment at something it had thrown up. It was the haft of an ice-ax. He drew it from the snow and read the name burned into the wood. "Abercrombie."

But that couldn't be. Abercrombie had fallen from the White Peak. Significance exploded in his mind. Abercrombie must have lived through the rockfall. And upon that fact, the accepted version of the four-year-old disaster fell into pieces. They had all been wrong. But he was too tired to think. He knew only that he must go on.

WITH the two ice-axes as crutches, he forced himself up the snow of the gully. Nearly at the end of his strength, he saw that he was nearly at the end of his climb. Where the gully ended, a narrow ramp of rock and snow branched off. Slowly and more slowly, he went, dragging each aching leg up and putting it down again in pain. His steps grew shorter and shorter. One more step. He stood upon the summit.

It was but a narrow plaque of black and white. On the westerly side it was windswept to the rock; the easterly flank was drifted deep in snow. He started—he stared in stupefaction—he felt his flesh crawl. A human hand projected from the snow.

For a moment, too shocked to move, he stood confronting that rigid, yellowed hand. Then he stumbled forward. The cold snow was like white sand. He dusted it off carefully and revealed an arm, a graying beard that crisped a little in the wind and the features, blanched and blind. The face was smooth and serene with the ineffable dignity of death. It was Abercrombie. There could be no doubt. For four years, his body had been encased in ice and now the unusually warm weather of this summer had loosened his winding sheet.

Shakily, Golden looked around him. Would he find his father's body beside his friend? There was a hummock in the snow. Carefully, with his bloody hands, he uncovered it. But it was a stone cairn, pitifully small, and in its heart there was a tobacco tin. With numbed, fumbling fingers he opened it. Inside were a man's signet ring and penciled pages torn from a pocketbook. Sinking down in the snow, he read:

To you who come after—for I know someone will come—I, Louis Abercrombie, address this account of today's disaster. We were three, Dr. Golden, H. A. Hallern and myself. We climbed White Topaze by the south face and stood upon the peak at two o'clock. Though the weather was threatening, Golden and I determined to try for the higher Topaze by way of the central ridge. Leaving Hallern on the peak, we set out, Golden leading. We had not gone far when Hallern came scrambling after us. After some argument, I took him on our second rope. He climbed badly, for he was very tired. We reached the eastern precipice below the summit of Topaze and began a traverse to the north. Here disaster overwhelmed us. There was a terrible noise, a great avalanche of rock and snow poured down upon us. The mountain seemed to be splitting. Below us a great crack appeared and between the crashes of rock I could hear Hallern crying for help. He was hanging on the rope in the crack.

I was pinned under the fallen rock. Then I saw Golden. He had cast off his rope which was buried and immovable and he came limping over the sliding stones. I cried to him to take cover, that he would be swept over the cliff—but with invincible courage he made his way to the edge of the crack. I heard him calling to Hallern not to struggle. I saw him lie down on the edge and reach down. Then there was a great cry from Hallern and a thud and I knew that the rope had parted. The tons of rock which had fallen on it had cut it nearly through.

Another avalanche started, sweeping over the edge. Golden stood erect and waved his hand to me. A smile transfigured his bloody face and he was gone. I did not hear him strike—he must have fallen far down to the snow.

So perished a brave man. He alone might have saved himself.

The second avalanche having loosened the rocks about me, I was able to release myself. My right thigh was broken. I could not descend. I succeeded at last in crawling to the summit. From here I saw that part of the lower peak, where we had left a cairn, had fallen too.

I have built another small one here and in it I will put this account. My fingers will no longer hold the pencil. It is beginning to snow and night is at hand. I shall not survive it; I follow Golden. I rejoice that I have completed this record so that his friends may know of the manner of his death. L. ABERCROMBIE.

THE last words were barely decipherable. Unmoving, Golden held the speaking testament. He was thinking of the anguish of that final climb, how, crushed and broken, Abercrombie had endured to do a last service. He had completed the record and written there imperishably not only the gallantry of another, but his own, too. He would never know how great was that last service he had rendered for his friend.

Gently he covered the serene face and made smooth the snow above it. At the head, he drove deep his ice-ax for a cross. He would rest well on the heights which he had loved.

Golden looked out over the sea of mountains, glorious in the level lances of the sun. He raised his eyes and spoke to the upper air: "I will go down now, Father. I can go down now."

LINE
HAWAII

. . . in exchange for sugar

JUST a pile of freight! Boxes, bales and barrels. The creak of cranes and rumble of trucks—the lively music of men at work . . . a song of jobs reaching back to the workers of mine and farm and factory—of drill and plow and lathe.

Cargo representing millions in freight revenue to American carriers . . . cargo for the Territory of Hawaii, U. S. A. Every pound going in American ships! Going in exchange for cash!

Coming back . . . cargo from the Territory of Hawaii, U. S. A.—mostly cane sugar . . . a million tons annually . . . every pound coming in American bottoms. Millions of dollars more in freight revenue for American ships every year! The kind of dollars that are life blood to America's merchant marine!

Sugar representing *new business*—dollars from the soil. Money circulating through every artery of commerce—helping to provide steady employment to American workers—because the Territory of Hawaii compresses the Pacific to the width of a counter—across which she buys the products of the nation's industries.

Millions of dollars yearly for the products of American farms and factories. Just a pile of freight. Yet it forms a link in the endless chain which binds every branch of American business, *people and jobs together.*

HAWAIIAN SUGAR PLANTERS' ASSOCIATION

HONOLULU, TERRITORY OF HAWAII, U. S. A.

A voluntary association of plantations, providing year-round employment for 50,000 people in the production of cane sugar, paying the highest farm wages in the American sugar industry.

DO YOU KNOW

★ That 16,000 people . . . 11,000 of them residents of the Territory of Hawaii, U. S. A. . . . own stock in the Territory of Hawaii's sugar plantations. Thus one out of every 35 residents has a direct stake in this vital American industry.

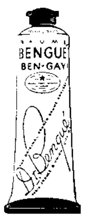
WHEW!
HOW MY BACK ACHES

Ease Throbbing Pain Quickly With Baume "Ben-Gay"

● When a dull, persistent backache set your nerves on edge and makes you feel generally out-of-sorts, turn for relief to Baume "Ben-Gay"—that quick-acting remedy that countless millions rely on. Almost instantly you can feel its penetrating warmth soothing pain away. For your own sake, be sure to get the original scientific formula of Dr. Jules Bengué that gives quick relief. Ask for "Ben-Gay" and keep it always handy in the medicine cabinet.

BACKACHE
RHEUMATIC PAINS
NEURALGIA
HEADACHE
STIFF, SORE MUSCLES
COLDS

RUB PAIN AWAY WITH
BAUME "BEN-GAY"



THAT BIRD DOESN'T KNOW SANI-FLUSH CLEANS OUT ANTI-FREEZE

NOW'S THE TIME TO CLEAN OUT YOUR RADIATOR

A WHOLE WINTER'S accumulation of rust and sludge is choking the cooling system of your car. Clean it out! You can do it in a few minutes—for 10 cents—with Sani-Flush.

Don't take a chance on an overheated motor. It's dangerous and expensive. Just pour in Sani-Flush. (Follow directions on the can.) Run the motor. Drain and flush once. Refill with clean water. Sani-Flush cannot injure aluminum cylinder heads or motor fittings. You find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN
Safe NOT CAUSTIC

Woman at Bay

Continued from page 15

—a decent, civilized household, an intelligent compromise. This, she had come to realize, was just what Harry desired. He rubbed his hands over it.

But she possessed, too, like any really intelligent person, a strong sense of justice. She loathed double dealing.

Sometimes, nowadays, you heard old Jack McGrady's name mentioned but they spoke of him as though he had died many years ago when in fact it was little more than three. Of course, he had been out of the running for almost ten—drink and women and a mad way of living—but it was three years ago, at the age of fifty-five, that he died. Frozen to death, in Chicago. Drunk. In a way, Vivian could never forgive Harry for that. Harry might have been the means of saving that man. As it was, Jack McGrady had served as one of the two greatest steppingstones in Harry's career. She knew, definitely, that she was the other. And she was wondering, with fear and dread in her heart, about the third.

How close, when Carrolton went north, had Tom Dennison come to being put in command of District 3! But Harry had squashed that in the high-ceiled board room in Philadelphia one gloomy November day. Reasonably. Eloquently. "It's too big a project for a man so young. If he fails, it may undermine his self-confidence and even his career. I will go down, gladly, provided he remains as my assistant." They all remembered how he had come through with flying colors on Project 92. . . . His ultimate goal was a directorship of the company.

She thought, "Project 92." And then, "Jack McGrady." And then after a long minute, with her hands interlocked beneath her chin, "Tom Dennison. . . ."

Tom was going into District 3 again today.

Pallen came home with the first stealthy rush of dusk.

"Hello, Vivian!" he called out gaily as he came onto the veranda. He bent over and brushed a kiss against her cheek and then stood up and said briskly, "Well, Tom's off again." He sat down beside her and frowned with what seemed a deep concern. But a minute passed before he said, "Vivian, I wonder if I'm doing right."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, in giving Tom his head."

"You mean you're beginning to doubt Tom's ability?"

He said earnestly: "He may be cracking up, you know. He's been at the problem so long. When you are at a problem too long, you lose perspective. He said today he would solve it if it killed him."

Her heart was pounding in her breast but she made her voice sound lazy and good-humored: "Oh, Harry, you're probably just too conscientious."

A WEEK passed. Two. Three. On Wednesday of the fourth, Vivian, arranging flowers in a vase, saw Harry coming briskly toward the veranda. It was an unusual time of day for him to be away from the office.

When he reached the veranda he said, "I'll be away overnight, Vivian. I'm going into the camp with Tom."

"Tom?"

"He's in town. Just got in and he insists I go back with him. He thinks he's got something. I'll want my net and things. I hope. I hope—" He suddenly shook his head, sighed, and went into his room.

Vivian felt herself drawn irresistibly to the doorway and she stood there with a strange quivering sensation in her knees.

"What's the matter?" she said.

"Oh, nothing. Nothing, I hope." He was packing his things.

"What do you mean, you hope?"

He said gravely, "I hope Tom isn't cracking up."

"But, goodness, Harry, if you think he's cracking up, why don't you—"

"The thing is," he said, "I may be wrong. You see, Vivian, I have a lot of faith in his ability. So much, really, that I'd even risk, I think, doubting my own judgment. I'm sorry, dearest. I have to hurry. Tom is eager to get started. And, oh—he wished to be remembered to you."

He was bland; he smiled gently, affectionately, and there was a quiet brave glow in his blue eyes.

Vivian felt as though her heart were closing up like a fist and clenching itself desperately in her breast. Inside her a harried voice cried, "What are you up to, Harry? What are you up to now? No one can tell! No one can ever tell!" She said in an offhand voice, "I'll go to the dock with you. I was going downtown anyway."

Dennison was already there.

Vivian put out her hand. "Good luck," she said, her smile slow and lingering and in her eyes a warm liquid look.

He said, "I think it is—this time."

Pallen rubbed him on the arm. "Good old Tom!" Then he turned to Vivian. "Well, goodby, dearest."

"Be careful, Harry."

She stood on the pier, idly revolving her parasol, while they got into the motorboat. Then she went home and because she could not forget how gaunt and worn Tom looked, she cried.

PALLEN came back at noon next day.

"Well?" Vivian asked.

"Eh?"

"Any luck?"

His forehead clouded with concern and he shook his head slowly.

"No," he said, his lips clipping the word quietly.

Her voice thickened, it was so deep in her throat. "That's too bad."

"Yes. Yes, it is." He looked a little hurt. "I had quite a set-to with Tom. It upset me. He rather went off the handle. I was sorry, but—" he shook his head—"I couldn't accept his calculations. I'm afraid he was on the wrong track. . . . Well, I must shave and bathe."

When he had left the room she stood motionless, her arms hanging limply at her sides, her shoulders drooping. Tom had worked for months toward this angle and she didn't see how, with its failure, he could stand up any longer. It was enough to kill a man.

SHE was roused from her morose reverie by the faint sound of Harry's whistling. She went to an inner door, where she might hear it more plainly. It was very bright, very cheerful whistling. A strange chill coiled round her heart and she shuddered.

That afternoon she was surprised to see Mrs. Beverly standing at the veranda door and she went toward it, saying in a pleasant but uncertain voice, "Why, Mrs. Beverly—hello!"

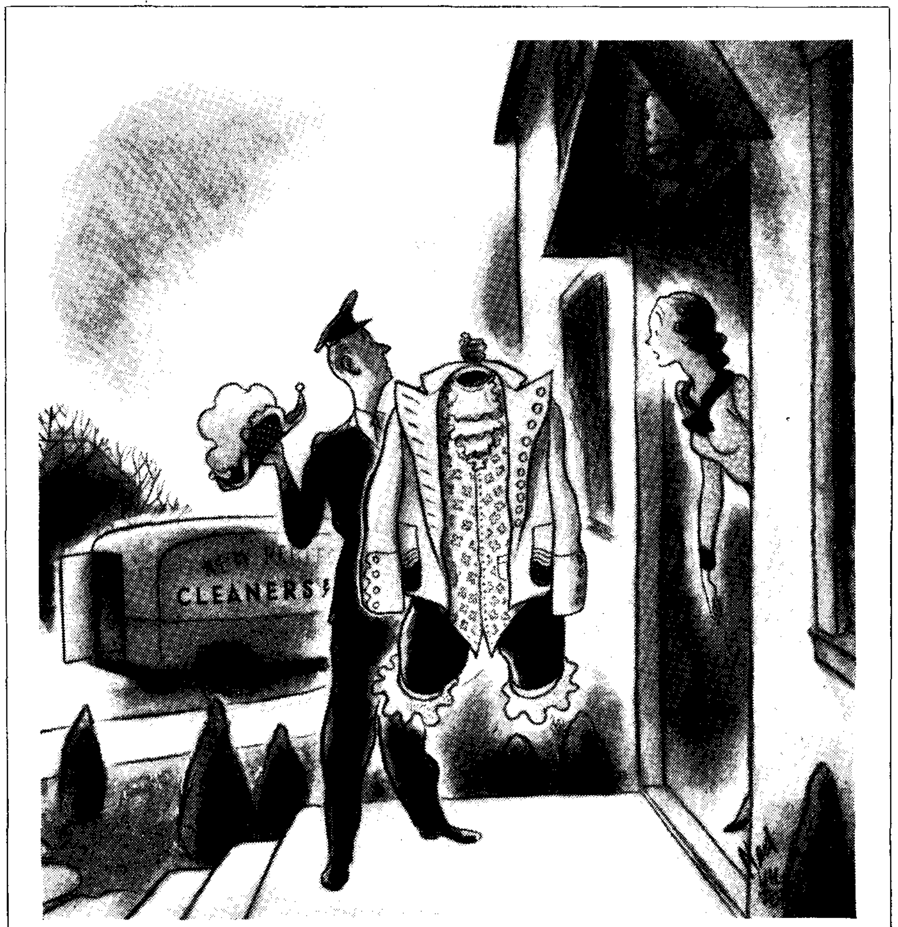
"Good afternoon—well, well!" Mrs. Beverly replied, fighting off a sense of embarrassment. "Nice weather we're having. It gets nice this time of year. I—I did want to come round and say goodby."

"Goodby?"

"Yes. Oh, yes." Mrs. Beverly gave a little giggle and twitched her plump shoulders. "I'm leaving, you know. On the Colimar. Tomorrow."

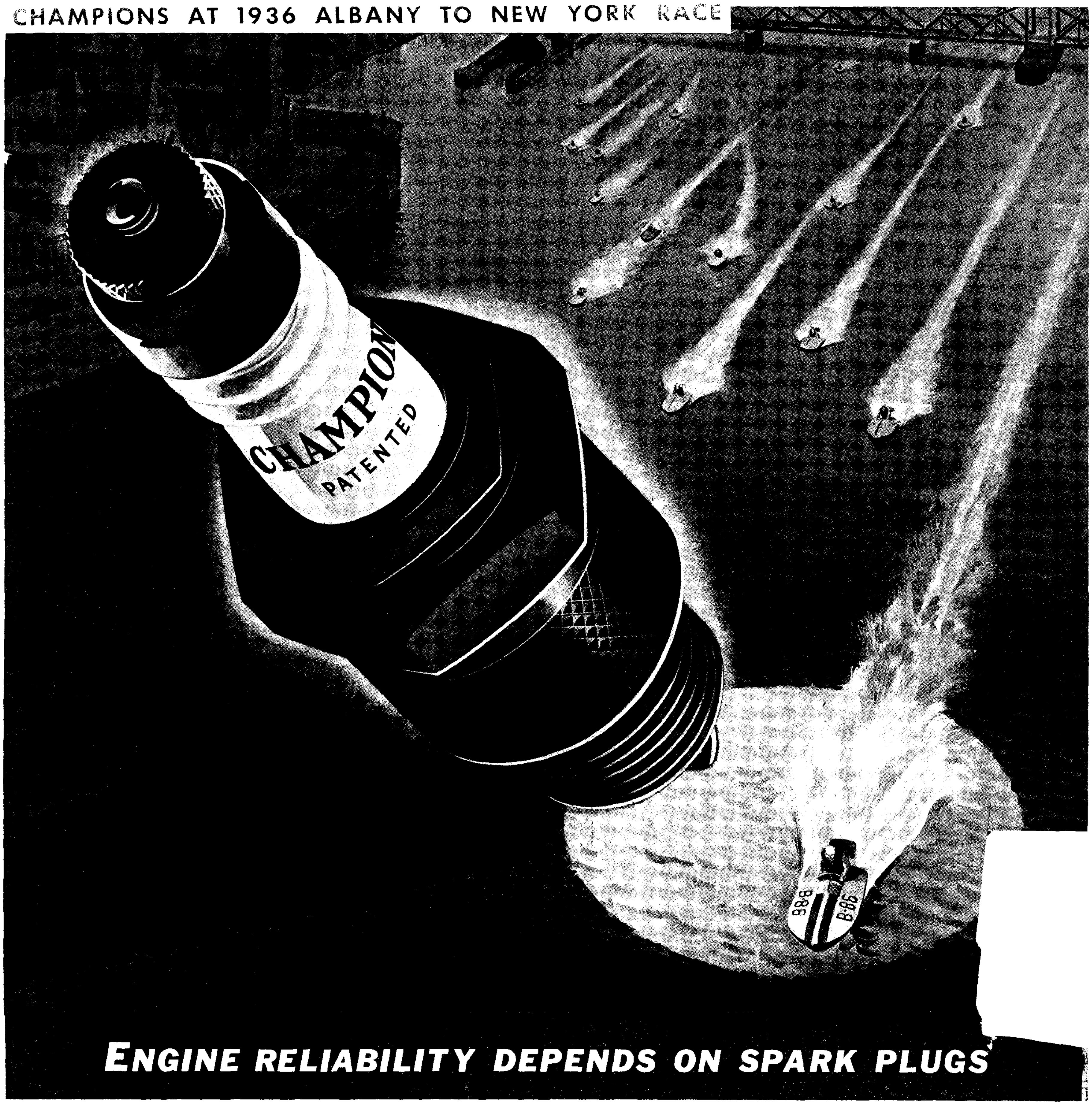
"You're not really going away for good!"

Mrs. Beverly sighed. "Yes, I'm afraid so. I've a sister, you know, in Chicago. Hortense." She dropped her eyes and her lips quivered a little, unhappily. "I did want to say goodby to you, and—it's



"We sent just a dinner jacket with a small wine stain" NED HILTON

CHAMPIONS AT 1936 ALBANY TO NEW YORK RACE



ENGINE RELIABILITY DEPENDS ON SPARK PLUGS

● Spark plugs come much closer to determining the state of health of your engine than you may possibly realize. Their manufacture is a highly specialized art; their condition may spell the difference between youth and old age in per-

YOU CAN DEPEND ON CHAMPIONS

qualled endorsement
more engineers, anc

THE SPARK PLUG CHAMPIONS USE

THE ACHE JUST SEEMS TO DISAPPEAR
THAT'S JUST LIKE ALKA-SELTZER, - DEAR
HEADACHE
ALKA-SELTZER! DOWN IT GOES!
EXIT, AFTER-DINNER WOES!
SOUR STOMACH
BOY! YOU SURE KEEP COLDS AWAY
I ALKALIZE, MOST EVERY DAY
COLDS
FRENCH

Be Wise··Alkalize!

Alka-Seltzer

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant-tasting, alkalizing solution which contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it does two important things. First, because of the analgesic, it brings quick, welcome relief from your discomfort—and then because it is also alkalizing in its nature Alka-Seltzer helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS
30¢ 60¢
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

TUNE IN
THE NATIONAL
BARN DANCE
SATURDAY NIGHT
NBC · NETWORK

00.00 CASH
OR DOG OWNERS
33 Monthly Prizes

: an easy letter-writing con-
t for dog owners. 33 cash
ach month for letters about
Dog Foods. Get rules and
ons from your dog food
r write us for FREE sam-
EE Dog Book, and com-
formation.
Dog Food
6 State St.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

"BATTLE CREEK HEALTH FOODS for DOGS"

MILLER'S
BIO-TESTED DOG FOODS

IS THAT PLUNGER STUCK AGAIN?

been on my mind a long time—I wanted to apologize, too."

Vivian was confused. "For what, my dear?"

"You must know. They must have told you. Harry must have told you. The night at the club I—I said a most *contemptible thing." She drew in her* breath. She blinked, as if she were about to cry. "I—I said there was something between you and Tom Dennison. Harry came in and heard me. He dressed me down properly. Oh, I deserved it! I've been miserable ever since!"

"But when—when?"

"More than two months ago. About two weeks before you—you gave that party." She burst into tears. She gripped Vivian's hand, pressed it, cried, "Forgive me, my dear!" and fled from the veranda.

Vivian sat down. She was pale, and she shook, because now, all at once, she saw things very clearly indeed.

PALLEN came home at five, and the grave and preoccupied expression his face wore conveyed clearly to Vivian *that something of great moment was in* the wind. But it was not until they sat at table over dinner that he said, with a regretful pursing of his lips:

"Vivian, there's nothing for me to do but—" he grimaced—"take Tom off the job. Nothing. I must send him home. I'm dreadfully sorry." When she made no comment, he continued: "He's become panicky, I'm afraid. Made an ass of himself in front of the men today at the camp. I'm asking the home office to send young Prebble down."

Vivian gazed at her plate. "Do you think you'll be able to lick District 3?"

"Oh, yes. Definitely."

She thought of Jack McGrady. She thought of Mrs. Beverly. And she said, "On whose figures?"

"I beg pardon? My own, of course."

"You're sure they won't be Tom's?"

Pallen regarded his wife with wide-open, expressionless eyes. He said, "I'm afraid I misunderstood what you said, Vivian. Will you repeat it?"

"You're sure they won't be Tom's figures? You're sure that maybe three or six months from now you won't suddenly cable home that you've solved the problem of District 3? You don't think that quite possibly Tom's already solved it?"

He kept staring at her. "I hope," he said, "you realize what you're saying."

"Quite. I happen to know that the man who solved Project 92 for you was Jack McGrady. He was a bum. But he'd been a great man in his line. When I was a little girl, he used to send me a Christmas card each year. I found his sheets in a trunk of yours in the attic about three years ago. I knew his handwriting. You didn't ruin him, of course—but you might have saved him. *Instead, you took full credit for Project* 92. And it made you: it and I made you, Harry. But Tom Dennison," she cried hoarsely, "is a young man! You won't use him—*you won't!*"

"I see. You love Dennison."

"You knew that months ago but you were afraid to bring it out for fear Tom would pack up and clear out and leave you with Dictrict 3 in your lap. And you knew you couldn't solve it. You waited—you bartered me—until he solved it! You never loved me. You couldn't ever love anybody except yourself. You married me to get a favored niche in the company—and you got it! But you'll lose it, Harry—I promise you—if you double-cross Tom Dennison!"

She threw down her napkin and stood up. Pallen rose also. She went to her room but he followed her, closed the *door and said in a voice still dispassionate*:

"I've already cabled the home office that Tom is of no further use on the job. In six months I'll have licked District 3. Anything you do, any move you make, will only put you, and him, in a ridiculous light. I am now going to the club. Good night, Vivian."

She felt desolate, for she knew, her common sense told her, that what Harry said was true. . . .

When Tom sailed, a lot of people came down to the ship to see him off.

Pallen addressed them: "No one can say Tom didn't stick it out." He gripped Dennison's arm affectionately. "We shall miss him—Vivian and I. Good old Tom! Well, Tom, you had a worthy enemy in District 3. I shall try my best to carry on."

Everybody smiled compassionately.

But Dennison's fingers dug into his palms, his lips jerked, he cried out, "But I tell you—I tell you—I solved it! I—I—got it. I figured it out. I—I—"

"There, there," Pallen said, caressing his shoulder.

"Damn it, Harry, don't!" he rasped. "I know I got it! I can't be wrong! Months—months—months—I can't be wrong! I tell you you're a blasted idiot! You're—" He stopped and raised his hand to his forehead, then moved it across his eyes. He staggered. He was a very sick man, feverish. He turned suddenly and lunged away, his feet clubbing the deck, and disappeared inside.

Pallen spread his palms. "Poor fellow, he's done in, all right," he said to the group assembled on deck.

The group broke up and one by one, or in pairs, descended to the pier. Vivian and Pallen remained and after a minute Pallen said, "Well, I'll go in and say goodby to him."

"No," said Vivian, giving him a flat, white look. "I'll go."

Pallen smiled and dipped his head. "Forgive me."

She found Dennison sprawled in his bunk, staring upward with harassed eyes. She bent over, picked up his hand and pressed it to her cheek.

"Goodby, Tom."

"Goodby, Vivian."

Without looking at her he stroked her cheek several times, then let his hand fall, heavily.

She went to the door, turned, and gave him a last terrified glance. Her lips said soundlessly, "Goodby, God bless you, darling!" Then she ran from the door.

SHE stuck by Harry Pallen because that was the way she was built. He had checkmated her but she knew how to take defeat.

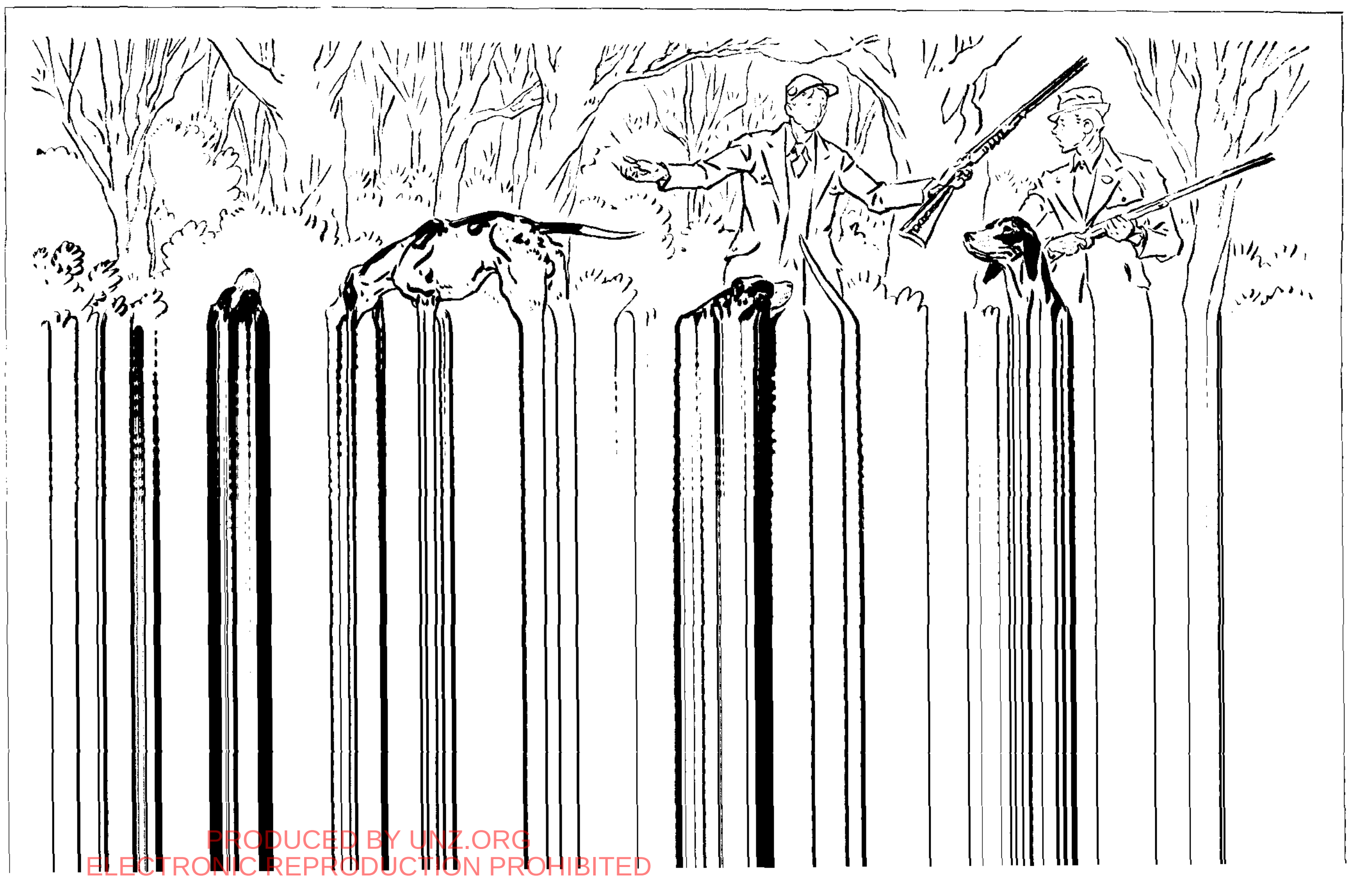
She did not gloat when she observed, as one month swung into another, that Harry was beginning to crack. Although he continued to emanate charm and self-assurance in public, he spent many hours in his room at night pacing the floor.

Four months went by. Five. He grew thinner. Then he came down with the fever. Vivian nursed him, sat with him day and night. Sometimes she wept, she did not know why. And it was on the third day that she received, finally, a card from Tom Dennison. He wrote:

"I am, I hope, well again. At least, they tell me I am, and I know I feel much better. Up and around. I've had time to go over my calculations and I must certainly have been a sick and rattled fool when I thought I'd solved District 3. My error was perhaps very small but it was vital to the whole. Harry must have seen it—"

She shook her head and murmured in a choked voice, "No, my darling, he didn't see it."

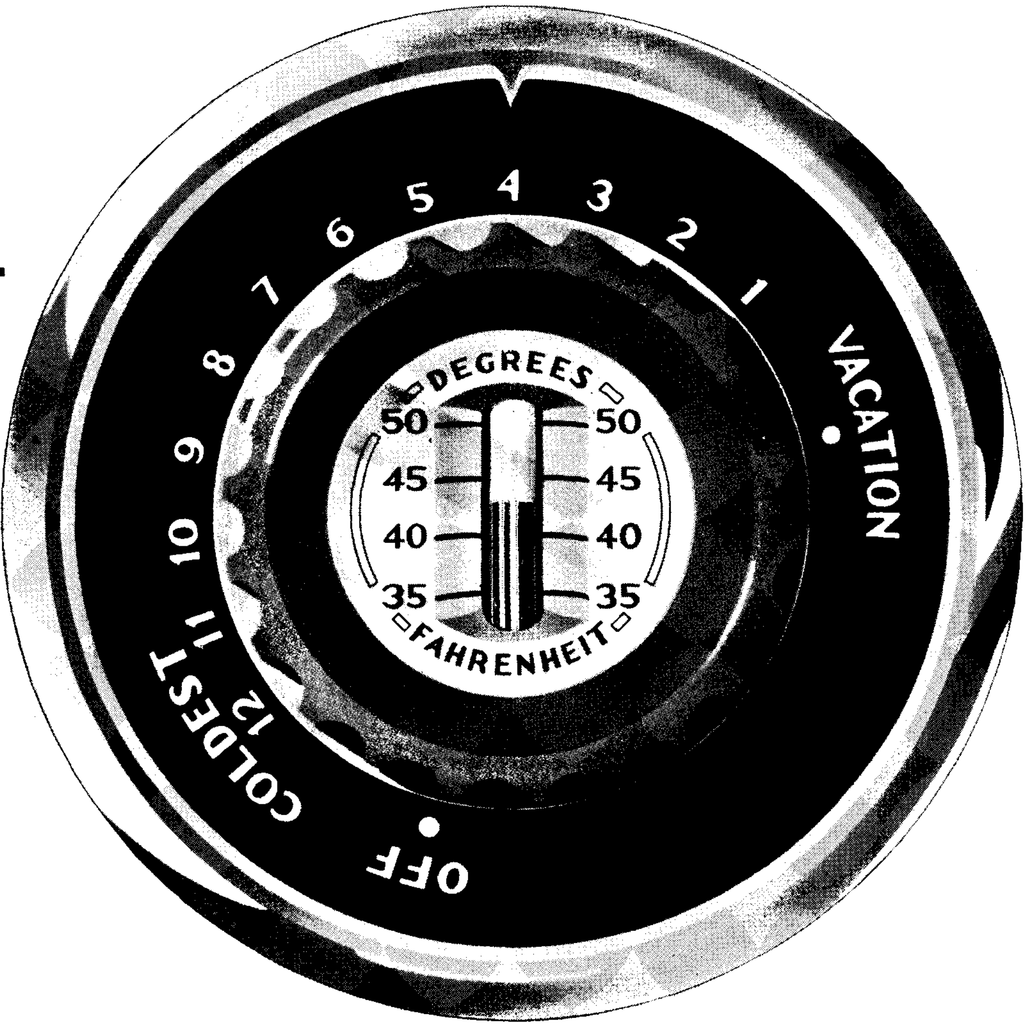
She sat with Pallen for three more days and nights and during his last delirium he murmured, "His figures were—after all—wrong." When he died the people wept and shook their heads and said that hard work and District 3 had killed him. Vivian knew this was not true, but she wept also.



"TUNE IN" ON THE MOST ADVANCED REFRIGERATOR EVER BUILT ... LEONARD WITH THE

Master Dial

That lets you control the operation
of your Leonard to secure the
Lowest Operating Cost



A great refrigerator, says everybody who bought last year's Leonard Electric. Unmatched in features. A model of economy in use of current. No other was packed with so many extra values.

Now, everything Leonard had in 1936 is in the Leonard Electric for 1937... and more! Leonard carries still further its 56-year-old policy of giving America more for its money.

Added this year is today's most important development in refrigeration—the Leonard Master Dial. The Master Dial gives you better refrigeration service—and at less cost. It is the one thing in refrigeration you can't afford to miss seeing.

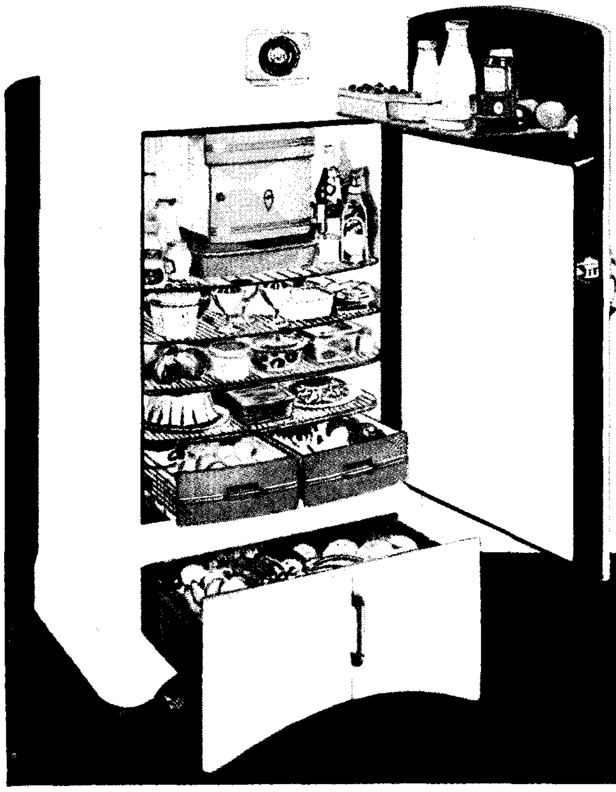
Only Leonard has the Master Dial. And only Leonard gives you the Len-A-Dor Pedal that opens the door at a touch of your foot.

Only Leonard gives you the handy service shelf inside the door.

It is Leonard that gives you the thermometer to assure you that foods are always safe . . . ALL the features that make a refrigerator modern . . . vegetable crisper, rubber grids in ice trays, sliding shelf, automatic interior light, utility basket.

Once more, Leonard's dominating objective is to give you more for your money. See the new Leonard Electric with the Master Dial . . . the most advanced refrigerator ever built. Learn what a modern refrigerator *can* be . . . what it can do for you! Go to your nearest Leonard dealer today.

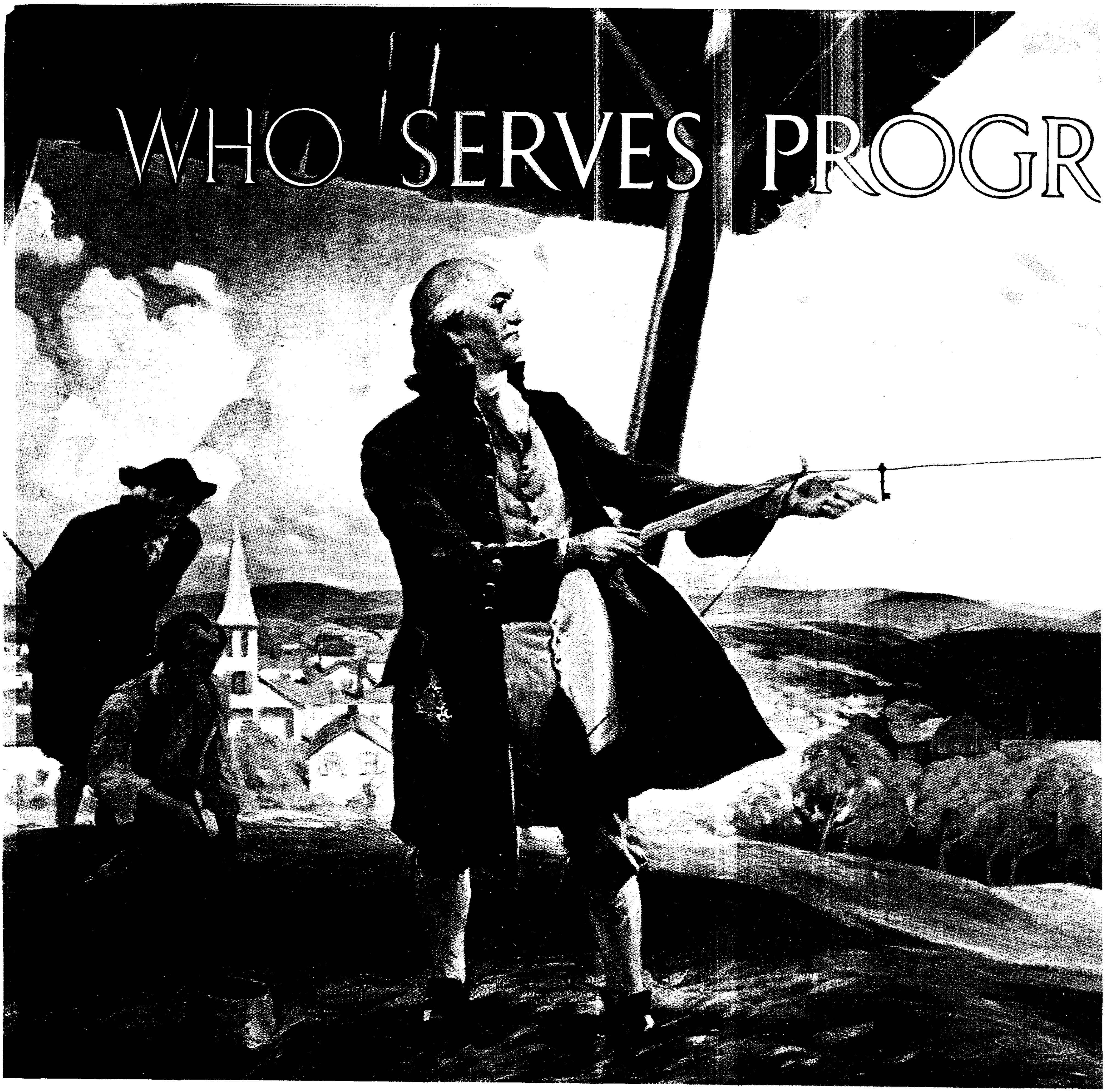
LEONARD REFRIGERATOR
Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Mich.



Leonard Electric

WITH THE MASTER DIAL

A LEONARD ELECTRIC CAN BE BOUGHT FOR AS LITTLE AS **90¢** A WEEK ON THE LEONARD REDISCO PLAN



The True Sources of Abundance

In the United States one hour's wages will buy more food — and fewer hours of work will buy an automobile, a radio, a package of cigarettes or an electrical refrigerator — than in any country in the world. How does this come about? Certainly not by any limitation of output or elevation of prices. It comes about by working steadily for greater output at lower prices, with wages maintained at high levels by the efficient use of machines. The comforts and luxuries the average American enjoys today are

YOUR MONEY GOES FARTHER IN A

CHEVROLET PONTIAC OLDSMOBILE BUICK

SS SERVES AMERICA !

The average *cost of an electrical refrigerator for the home has dropped from $400 ten years ago to $160 today.*

It was more than scientific curiosity which led to Benjamin Franklin's investigation of electricity. He, like the modern scientist, worked for practical results—for discoveries which would combine commercial possibilities with genuine benefit to mankind. This same spirit has guided the development of Frigidaire, and the steady improvement of the product together with reduction of price multiplied the number in use even during hard times. A half million Frigidaires were sold in 1936 alone—a total to date of more than four million, bringing the enjoyment of better refrigeration service into millions of American homes.

convincing evidence that this is the course of progress. The roll call of new products brought to market — the new factories required o build them — the new payrolls thus created — all bear eloquent testimony to the advantage of multiplying wealth instead of dividing it. And the wants of America are far from satisfied. Only nine million families now have electrical refrigeration. Millions want better automobiles, better radios, better homes and countless other things. In supplying these wants, is opportunity for abundance greater even than America has known before. Who serves this opportunity serves progress, and who serves progress serves America.

GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCT

A SALLE CADILLAC DELCO FRIGIDAIRE

Castle Key

Continued from page 21

The tension broke and Greg said: "Sure, and sit down, please. For Pete's sake, let's sit down."

June said: "I—I suppose we'd better go."

"Oh, good Lord, June!"

"Don't look so tragic, silly," June said. "Rita's absolutely right about it too, except she might have known I wasn't going into any silly business with you, Greg. I never dreamed of it. I should have told you so this afternoon instead of coming over here tonight and—"

Greg said: "It wasn't silly, June. It was a darn good business proposition and I only hope you'll let me in on it. Rita didn't understand, that's all. She simply got upset."

"Of course she got upset; and so would any woman. You just don't know us, Greg. We're right, too. If I were married and another woman came along and—"

"But you're not 'another woman!'" Greg said. "Good Lord, June; you're *June!* Can't Rita see that? Good Lord."

"Every other woman is another woman to a woman," June said. "Even if they're cross-eyed; and I'm not, Greg. Did you ever notice?"

"Where's that drink?" Bill said.

"But it's so damn' ridiculous," Greg said. "Why, Rita's even got herself to half believing that you're in love with me or something. You! In love with me!"

He looked at them and grinned and Bill said, suddenly: "For Pete's sake, where's that drink?"

Rusty came in with the makings. June said no, but Bill mixed one and then, at last, they all sat down. Most girls, Greg thought, would have marched out, haughty and insulted, long since, making him feel rottener than ever, but not June.

Greg said: "If you knew how I felt about this, June."

"I know, Greg; how you've always felt about us; Hugh and me: and now you feel—"

"Look," Bill said. "Everybody knows how everybody feels. So cut it out. And anyway Judge Tremple wants to back June if she wants to go in business so we'll cut it out. And Rita's right and Greg's a damn' fool anyway and nothing's so relaxing as an honest thirst."

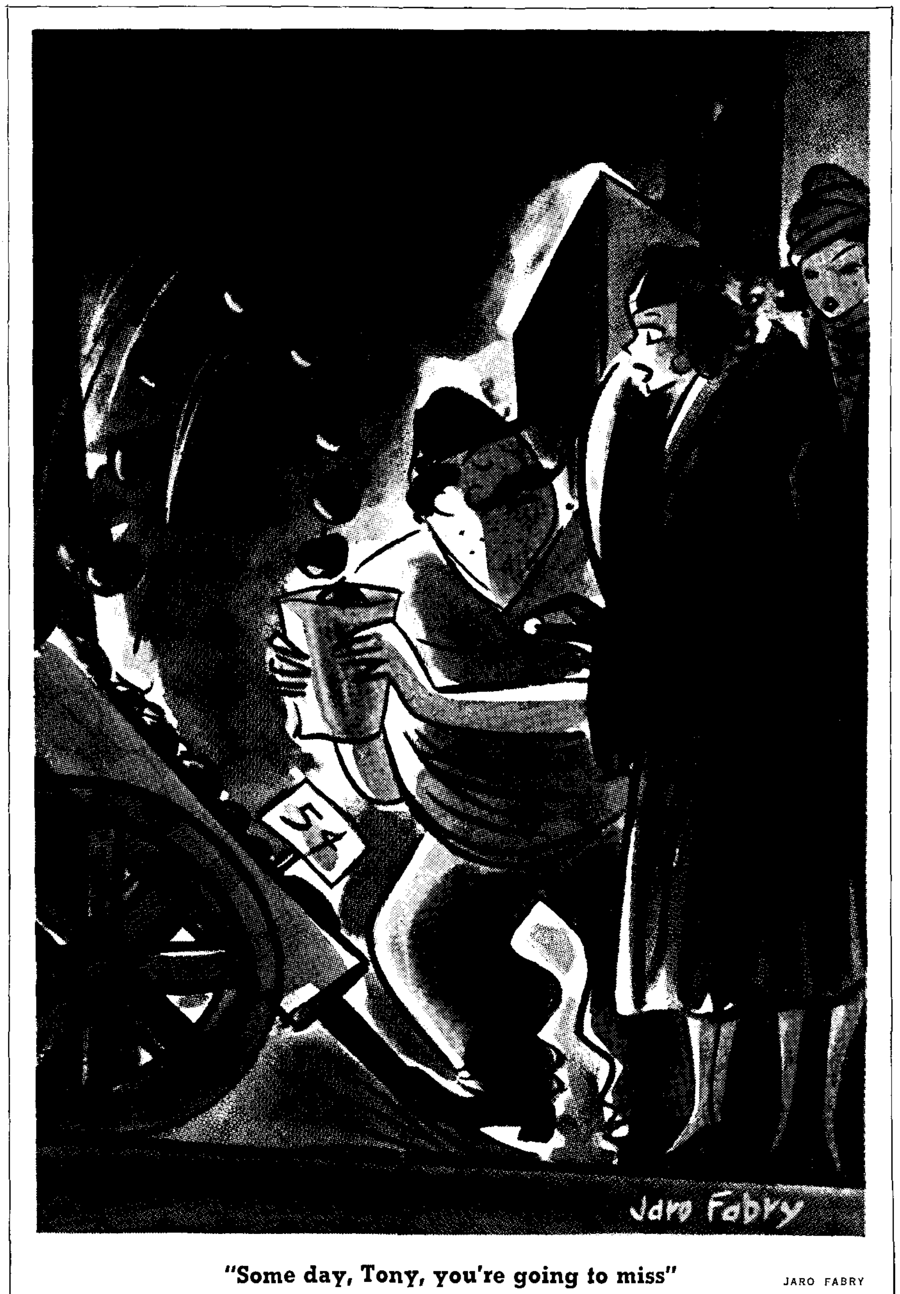
THEY left when Bill had had his drink, and Greg came back and sat down at the table. It was like June, seeing things like that, and seeing Rita's side. Nobody but June would have. Maybe Rita had a side too. Maybe people really would have talked, and if they had it would have been as bad for June as Rita; worse. The answer was it was a lousy world, but here they were; and maybe June was wise. At least she'd settled it. It didn't need to be an issue any more. The truth was they'd been dramatizing, he and Rita both, and it seemed silly, now there wasn't any issue.

Rusty came in with the coffee and dessert. He told Greg: "Delia say to tell you iffen you don't eat that shortcake somepin' goin' happen."

"It looks swell," Greg answered.

He felt pretty good. That human animal was queer, all right. A little while ago he'd felt that he was sunk in seven fathoms; everything was crashing; he and Rita; everything; and now it only seemed absurd and silly. Once before they'd been mad and she'd left to go to Father's, their first year and probably that had seemed tragic, too. And now he didn't even know what it had been about. Oh, sure; the sissy underwear; the battle of the sissy underwear she'd bought him for his birthday, and they'd wound up yelling at each other and she'd gone to Father's; finally; forever. Greg grinned now, thinking of it. There had been two pair of shorts and they were shiny silk and one was pink and one was blue and where she found them God alone knew. And the last touch was initials. Greg had laughed; he'd had to; he'd said "whoops" and she had burst out crying and in fifteen minutes they were yelling at each other and she'd left forever.

Then he'd gone after her and they had made up, Greg remembered that, too. It had been a high spot; it had been swell; and it would be that way this time, too, and better even. Maybe it was good to have a thing like this come up, a big thing, now and then because the little differences you had, and everybody had, were all forgotten when you made the big thing up. They'd start all over, everybody happy and a high spot, and it's what they needed. She would be there, now, still dramatizing, still believing that they had an issue, and unhappy, just as he had been. He'd go and get her, now.



"Some day, Tony, you're going to miss"

JARO FABRY

But when he got to Rita's father's no one was at home. Or when he phoned at nine, or when he went again at ten, or phoned again at ten-fifteen, or went back at eleven, or at twelve.

Perry said: "Well, that's the way it is, and there you are."

It was eight o'clock, and ever since they'd finished dinner he'd been leaning forward, talking rapidly and without interruption, and he'd told it all. A swift, expressive talker, Perry. As he told it you could see the flare of tropic pigments; vivid, glowing green above a dreaming blue lagoon; the swirl of sunshot breakers on the dazzle of the white beach on the ocean side of Castle Key. And, rising drearily above this throbbing blaze of life and color, he could make you see the faded melancholy skeleton of Pettigrew's half-finished great hotel. He told it well, that part. You could almost see this old man, Pettigrew, living where the crash had left him, bitter and alone and broken; half-deranged from brooding on his losses and the ruin of his dream. You saw the thing as Perry saw it and the opportunity he saw and you could tell that he'd believed in it and still believed. His finding capital was luck; he'd seen in Hartley Wells the perfect pompous type to head a company to find the money for rehabilitation; but he hadn't known of Hartley Wells' daughter and of Hartley Wells' rich son-in-law, and that was luck. The old man down in Florida had thirty-five per cent, and Adams thirty-five, for putting up the capital, and Hartley Wells had ten and Perry had the rest and everything was sweet. "Too sweet, I guess," he said. "It was too damn' sweet, George."

He told the whole thing. When he'd finished he leaned back, trying to disguise his tenseness, lighting a cigar with hands he hoped were steady, looking at the figure in the easy chair across the room. He said again: "Well, that's the story, George."

The man across the room had never changed expression. Now he raised his brandy glass and warmed the bowl between his long white hands and sipped a little, delicately, slowly, as if brandy was the only thing that mattered.

Perry said, impatiently: "Well, damn it, so what now? I sent for you to tell and I've told you. Can't you answer? Can't you even change expression?" It had been this way since they were kids. His brother could infuriate him to the point of madness, and he would.

George looked at him; his pale, queer eyes were totally expressionless. Those eyes had scared him, Perry thought, when they were kids; they had scared other kids; they'd scare you now, in that pale, lineless, lifeless face, and when George looked at you with them, like that, you had to talk or move or laugh, as if, almost, to break some kind of spell.

"Well, damn it." Perry said again.

GEORGE took a cigarette and fitted it meticulously in a long slim holder. He was always doing things like that. When you were tense his mannerisms grated on you to the point of jitters. Perry thought: "He does it purposely. It's part of his success, if you can call it a success." Those studied, foppish mannerisms, and the way he dressed, the high, accentuated voice—you would have laughed at them in anybody else. But no one ever laughed at George. You saw his eyes and that emotionless pale face, and all his affectation only served to emphasize the queer, disturbing power of the man.

George said, at last: "Nice little diggings you have got here, Perry."

You could tell him all you'd told him, and he'd answer you like that! But that was George's system, too, and Perry kept the words back, waiting.

"But I guess, this time, you've dug too deep," his brother said.

"And Castle Key's a gold mine, too, I tell you," Perry said. "It's legitimate."

"Legitimate? Dear, dear." George sniffed the brandy glass and Perry got up from his chair. He said: "For Pete's sake, George, don't act, with me; and now. Act natural."

"You never thought it was," George said. "My brother, and you never thought it was." He laughed. He said: "And so you had a gold mine; nice and cozy and legitimate. And kicked it all away because you couldn't wait."

"All right; all right. "And now what?"

"Now you're in a jam," George said. "You think I wired you to come to tell me that? Jam! If he goes down to Florida—"

"He finds you tapped the till," George said. "My little brother!"

"I never meant to use a cent of it, George," Perry said. "I never did. I—"

"Please," George said. "Please. Spare me."

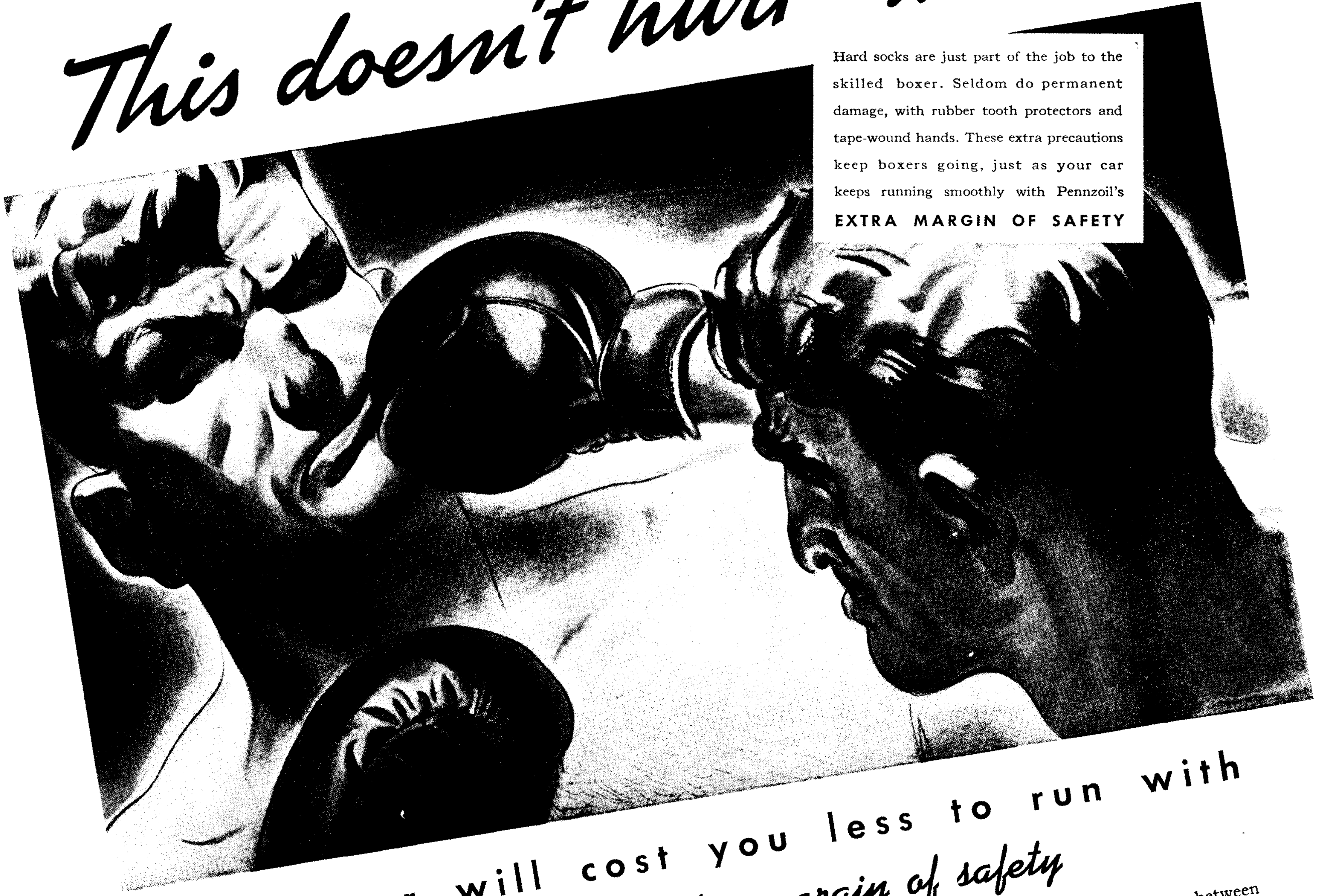
"Here was one to play straight, George, I tell you," Perry said. "With millions in it maybe, even for my share. And then he started putting money up and while it lay around, till we could get our plans set down there I—"

"Took a little flyer in the market," George said, wearily. "Well, you can

This doesn't hurt - much

Hard socks are just part of the job to the skilled boxer. Seldom do permanent damage, with rubber tooth protectors and tape-wound hands. These extra precautions keep boxers going, just as your car keeps running smoothly with Pennzoil's

EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY



Your car will cost you less to run with PENNZOIL'S *extra margin of safety*

Whether you figure it by the mile, the month or the year, the cost of running an automobile is important to most of us.

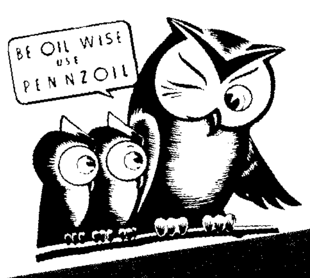
That's why proper lubrication means so much more than just the cost of the oil — and why Pennzoil can save you money.

Because its film is tough as modern refining skill can make it, Pennzoil gives all moving parts of your motor sure protection against heat, friction and wear.

And because of this extra film toughness, Pennzoil lasts longer — giving you more miles of safe lubrication between oil changes — less adding a quart.

It's sludge-free, too. No gummy valves and pistons to waste power and cause repair bills.

Your car — new or old — is entitled to the protection of Pennzoil's extra margin of safety. Ask your dealer for complete Pennzoil lubrication. It will pay dividends in cash and in satisfaction.



Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Assn. Permit No. 2

BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER

100% Pure Pennsylvania

PENNZOIL

Safe Lubrication

MORE MILES OF SAFE LUBRICATION

Union Pacific Streamliner engines are three times as hard on oil as an automobile, yet Pennzoil lubricates them safely.

TRUE TEMPER ROLL CALL of Champions

North, South, East, West—the following major golf tournaments of 1936 were won by players who use TRUE TEMPER Shafted Clubs.

1 Metropolitan Open
2 National Open
3 Hershey Open
4 Charleston Gardens Open
5 Masters' Tournament
6 Augusta Open
7 Sacramento Open
8 Santa Catalina Open
9 Seattle Open
10 Lake Placid Open
11 Glen Falls Open
12 Southern California Open
13 Miami Open
14 North and South Open
15 Professional Golfers Assn. Championship
16 Miami Biltmore Open
17 Riverside Open
18 San Francisco Match Play Open
19 TRUE TEMPER Open
20 Western Open
21 St. Paul Open
22 Los Angeles Open

All Golf Club makers use TRUE TEMPER Shafts on their better clubs. Championship Players use TRUE TEMPER Shafted Clubs to win tournaments. More TRUE TEMPER Shafts are in use than all other makes of shafts combined.

For this universal preference, there are four reasons: First, TRUE TEMPER Golf Shafts are the strongest golf shafts made; second, they are the "sweetest" in action; third, they are made in every design which adds beauty or utility; fourth, they are made in every degree of whip or flexibility to give you a tailored fit. Your Pro can supply New 1937 Model Clubs with NEW TRUE TEMPER Shafts exactly suited to your style of play. See him today. Equip yourself with New Clubs, TRUE TEMPER shafted. Then, face the season with the confidence of a champion because TRUE TEMPER is the Golf Shaft of Champions. *Write today for a free copy of "The Golf Shaft of Champions." In writing, please tell us where you buy your golf clubs.*

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE CO.
Sporting Goods Division Dept. 11 Geneva, Ohio

NOTE: We make golf shafts only—no clubs or other golf equipment.

TRUE TEMPER
The Golf Shaft of Champions

spare me that too, Perry. And get down to figures."

"He's put up three hundred thousand dollars," Perry said. "I've spent a hundred down there. And the rest is gone. Two hundred thousand dollars, George. It went like that. I only meant to use ten thousand, George, to try to make myself a little spending change. *And all the rest has gone to try to get* that first ten thousand back. And there you are."

HE TRIED to keep his voice calm, in the face of George's cold, sardonic scrutiny. He said: "And there you are."

George said, without inflection: "Just like every little runny-nosed cashier that ever started with a two-buck race bet."

"What's the good of that? Now? If he'd put up that other hundred thousand up, today, *I would have had that money* back in thirty days the way the market is. I—" Perry looked at George and stopped and shrugged. He said: "I guess that's what they all think. But he couldn't put it up. And that's what worries me. And then he started talking about going down to Castle Key and seeing it himself—oh, very cordial, but—George, do you think he smells a rat?"

"Well, I do," George said. "And the damn' thing's related to me, too." He laughed. He said: "That's not bad, Perry." Perry flushed and George turned pale, cold eyes on him. He said: "Don't try to stare *me* down, Perry. And shut up. I'm looking for an angle. And in my exclusive practice, Perry, clients pay me plenty for the way I find them."

He added slowly: "If an angle's really what you want."

"What do you mean?"

The high accentuated voice said: "I was thinking of you, Perry, at that air field; when the crash came you were telling me about. Two figures in the air and one 'chute opening and one 'chute not and you not knowing which."

He looked at Perry and said: "Drink your brandy. And keep looking at me—one 'chute opening; and you not knowing which. A spot; eh, Perry? For a minute it was fifty-fifty for you, wasn't it? For everything. If Adams is the one who comes down on his neck, you take it all. An even chance, eh, Perry? *For the little lady and the bank* roll; everything, and set for life."

He paused and then said, suddenly: "What were you thinking, Perry? Then? That minute while the dice were twisting in the air?"

"George, what—"

"And then it didn't come up seven for you, did it, Perry? But you thought!"

The pale, queer eyes bored into his relentlessly and Perry set his glass down and his lips felt stiff.

"You thought all right. It's never left your mind a minute since."

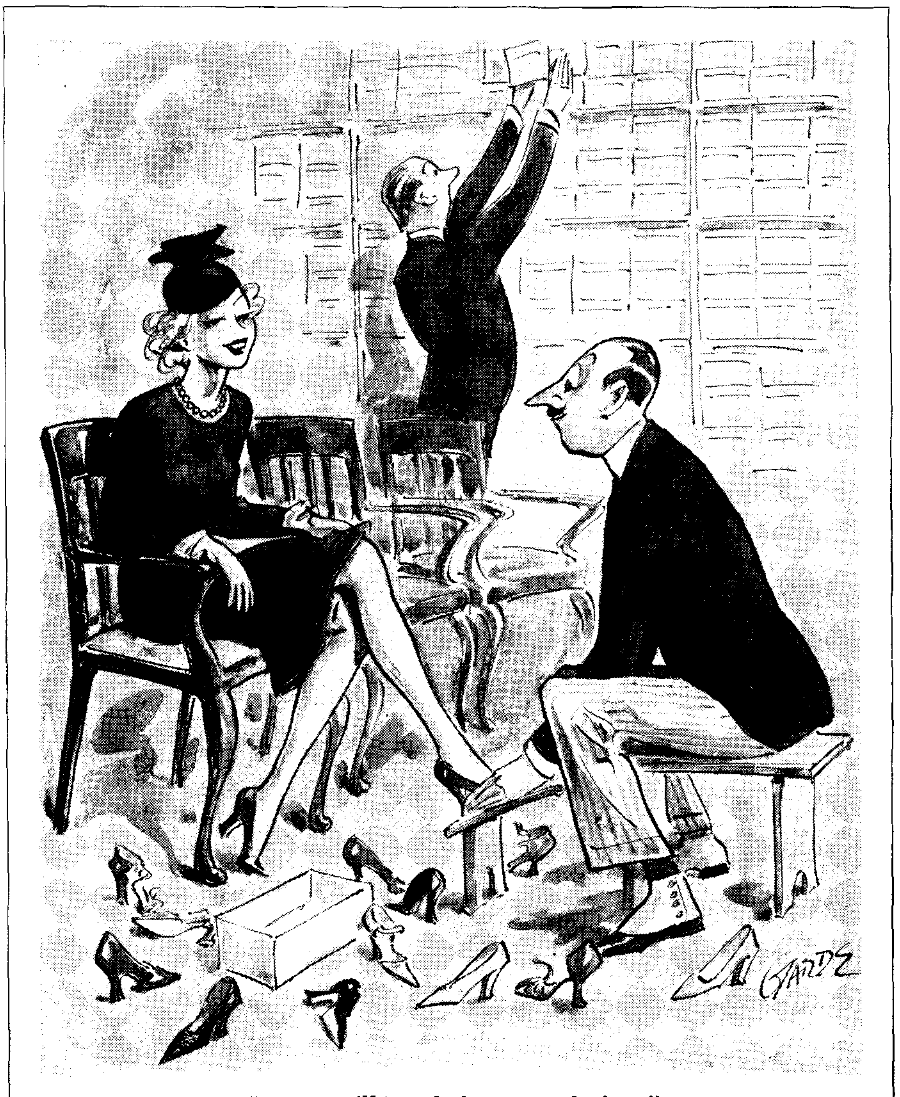
He picked up the decanter and walked over, pouring Perry out another drink, and then went back and sat down, laughing softly, mirthlessly.

He said: "Thoughts that almost scared you, Perry, eh? 'If it had just been Adams; if it only had been Adams!' And you're no crook, are you, Perry? Just a little weak, that's all, like everybody. If it had been Adams you'd have gone straight, wouldn't you, and married Mrs. Adams and had all the Adams dollars and been swell and kind and decent and— It's cruel, eh, Perry? But the wrong guy kept on breathing, so it looks like stripes unless—unless—that's where the thoughts come in; eh, Perry? Almost scare you, don't they? Thinking of the difference it would make if just one little human being would stop breathing?"

Perry said, his face white: "You're insane, you fool! Insane!"

"You wanted all the angles, Perry. And I'm not so sure this isn't what you sent for me to say."

"One little human being," George



"I bet you'll be glad to get rid of me"

CHESTER GARDE

A glimpse back stage at a benefit performance discovers Loro Roberts in this colorful peasant costume. Miss Roberts studied drama in Paris at Madame Fouchet's.

Loro Roberts pauses to admire a rare, gold-covered figure of a Kwanyin from the Tang Dynasty. She is a keen student of Oriental Art. Her family owns 3000 Chinese paintings.

A bull's-eye in the making? Loro Roberts prepares to draw a bow in one of the frequent family matches. It's a battle between Elgin owners!

"Great-grandmother chose our first Elgin ... I chose our twelfth" writes LORO ROBERTS of San Francisco

NEW ENGLAND BORN, she studied at the Sorbonne ... made her debut at Shanghai ... has learned to call Paris, Peiping, San Francisco "her home".

But, for all her many travels, it was to America that this talented member of the smart younger set turned when choosing her timepiece. The exquisite little watch she wears is an ELGIN!

"Thanks to my great-grandmother," charming Loro Roberts writes, "the ELGIN tradition is now four generations old in our family."

Some day you, too, will become an ELGIN owner. And once you see the new models, the happy occasion cannot be long deferred. They are so glamorous... so flatteringly feminine... so superbly right in styling.

You sense at once their solid honesty in every detail of workmanship and material... their flawless accuracy. And you say to yourself: "Only ELGIN creates timepieces such as these!" It is true—for only at ELGIN has been achieved the perfect partnership of age-old craftsmanship and modern science needed to make such watches possible.

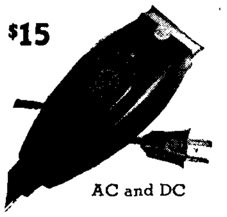
Let your ELGIN jeweler help you select a smart new ELGIN now. Each movement is timed to the absolute standard of the stars by an electrical timing device developed through the cooperation of ELGIN master craftsmen. The quality of each case is plainly marked.

ELGINS with 15 jewels or more are offered by your jeweler at $25.00 to $500. Other dependable models range from $17.50. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

★ ELGIN ★

MARK OF AMERICAN LEADERSHIP SINCE 1865

$225.00
$47.50
$37.50
$49.75
$45.00
$60.00



"And my beard's plenty tough!"

Men who are exposed to all kinds of weather, who have tough skins and wiry beards, shave quickly and easily with the Schick. Yet a boy just starting to clean the down from his tender cheeks, finds the Schick as gentle in action as if he rubbed his face with his finger tips.

A totally blind man could shave in perfect safety and comfort with not the slightest danger of cutting or hurting himself.

PIONEER IN PAINLESS SHAVING

Not since savages scraped off the hair with shells or quartz has there been a radically different method of shaving until Schick invented the electric shaver.

It does away with all discomfort—with blades, water, soap, cream, lather, brush or the necessity for lotions or powder. It gives you a new skin to replace the hardened tissue Nature has built up if you have used lather and blades.

WHY SCHICK ABOVE ALL

For a working lifetime Schick studied hair, faces and mechanical ways to shave. He experimented with cutters of many constructions and shapes. He found that a *flat* cutter with an extremely thin slotted plate, nestled closely into the skin, depressed the tiny mounds and enabled the inner cutter to shave off the hairs more efficiently and closer than any other shape of cutter shaved them.

All our past and present research convinces us that this patented construction is still the most efficient of all.

SHAVING AT ITS LOWEST COST

The life of a Schick Shaver is not known. Shavers we made five years ago are still performing satisfactorily. (We have made many mechanical improvements since then.)

There are no blades to buy, no parts to sharpen—and none to renew for an indefinite time. You need no soap, cream, brush nor lotions. The cost of electricity for a year's shaving is so small that a dime would cover it easily.

How then, could you shave at a lower cost per shave?

SEE A DEALER

Ask any Schick dealer to show you the shaver and demonstrate how simply and quickly you could learn the new way of shaving which is revolutionizing the shaving habits of the world. Be sure, too, that he is an *authorized* dealer through whom we guarantee and service Schick Shavers.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco.
In Canada, Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores. (Canadian price, $16.50.)

SCHICK SHAVER

said. "And hundreds of them died in Russia last year, slow and hard, from hunger, and you yawned."

"George, you—"

George said: "Some of my exclusive clients, Perry, are the type who'd yawn about this Adams fellow just as easy. . . . Shuddering?"

The phone rang. Perry got up and his knees felt weak. It did something to you, listening to George. It made you cringe, inside; it made you hate to face yourself, inside, as if you *had* been thinking things; as if you *could;* it made you fear to think at all, for fear you *would.* He'd never had a thought like that in all his life. This thing that George had talked about was killing someone. Murder. Decent people didn't think of things like that no matter what the circumstances were. He made you *think* you'd thought it; but you hadn't. George was insane; insane. He had always been. He'd always had that streak of cold, sardonic inhumanity: Insane. He'd sat there talking of it with his face as calm as if the weather were the subject. Kill Greg Adams, solve it that way, that's your angle. Murder; and it was insane. You'd go to prison now, for life, before you'd even think about it. Things like that were only whispered, furtively, in rotten dives, by dopes and rotten moron gangsters. Even George was not that crazy. No; he'd laugh now, in a minute he'd say: "Well, we'll cut the movie stuff and try to get you out of this." There *had* to be a way.

George said: "Do you intend to answer, Perry?"

He'd forgotten he was standing up and that the phone was ringing. No one in the world should have such eyes as George, that peered through to the places you kept dark and secret even from yourself; the places everybody had for formless horrors they kept tight and locked and secret. What he'd thought there at the air field, for a minute, what he'd thought, through clenched teeth just once since, the best man in the world could not have helped; the best man in the world could not have helped but *think.*

PERRY picked up the receiver. It was Rita's voice and Perry came back to a world of sanity.

She said: "Oh, Perry, is my father there?"

"Why, no. I think I heard him say, this afternoon, that he was going with some people out to Sunset Inn to get a country dinner."

She said: "Oh," and her voice was troubled, Perry thought.

He said: "Where are you, Rita? Won't I do?"

There was a pause and Perry said: "Or can't you talk from where you are?"

"I'm phoning from the drugstore nearest Father's," Rita said. "Of course I can—can talk. That sounds so horrible and furtive, Perry. It's like: 'Hang up if you hear a man's voice, when you call me dearie.' *Ooh!*"

He said: "I hate it, too."

"I didn't mean to call you anyway," she said. "I wanted Father. I—I wanted him."

"What's happened, Rita? You sound like there's something happened."

"Oh, a fight," she said. "An awful fight. I guess I've been a fool."

"With Greg, you mean? Not—not about us?"

"Have you been believing there's an 'us?' " she asked. "I don't believe I like that either, Perry. Well, if Father won't be home I'll slink back and take my beating. I was wrong. It—it was just Greg telling me he'd drawn that money out to give to June Carlisle and—well, 'by now, Perry. Seeing you!"

"Wait. Wait a minute, Rita. Drive on over for a minute or wait there and—"

"No," she said. "I'll cower on home to the horsewhip, while he hasn't any better reason."

"Please. I want to talk to you. We never get a chance to talk."

"And when we do, we don't," she said. "No. Perry dear, I've quite decided about you. I've thought you all out, Perry. You're too, too upsetting for a staid young matron. And I am, you know."

"Please, Rita."

"You'll remember that I really am?"

"No," Perry said. "But you'll remind me, I suppose."

"Well; well, I'll toot then, in ten minutes; but for just a minute, Perry."

"I'll be champing at the curb," he said.

HE HUNG up. For a moment everything was just the moment. He felt high and swell and he was half in love and in ten minutes she'd be at the curb and lovely and exciting and—and dangerous; and he felt swell. Standing at the mirror, jigging his tie, he thought: "I'll grab this evening out of life in spite of hell." And then he walked into the living room and there was George; and everything came back, more hopeless and more horrible than ever.

George said: "The little lady. Dear, dear. Well, make hay while the moon shines, Perry; there's no loving in the penitentiary. And get her picture, Perry. You will want to look at it on winter evenings and remember what you missed, and with a million dollars, just because the wrong guy kept on breathing."

Perry said: "Shut up, you maniac."

"How is it she can meet you nights, like this," George said. "Why, Perry! Does this mean you haven't told me all?"

"There isn't anything to tell. She only called because she thought her father might be here. She's had a row, at home. About the twenty thousand dollars Adams drew to give the sister of the fellow who was killed. I told you about that."

"Another little lady," George said. "Adams' little lady. Ah!"

"No," Perry told him. "This is just an old, old friendship sort of thing on Adams' part. Good heavens, Hugh Carlisle saved his life, that's all. And Rita Adams knows it, really."

"But they've had a row," George said. "About another woman. And I think I've got an idea, Perry."

"I don't want to hear it," Perry told him, rapidly. "George, when you look like that I know you're crazy. I won't listen. And I wish I'd never wired you to come."

"You did, though," George said, softly. "And I'm here now, Perry. And you'll listen. And you'll do exactly what I say."

He'd always had to do what George had said. He'd known he'd have to do it this time, when he'd wired George to come; no matter what it was. He sat there listening to George's words, to George's plan, and tried to steel his mind, and knew it wasn't any use. He said, once: "No! I won't!" He said it, but he knew he wouldn't make it stick. George looked at him and said: "It's this—or it's the other. Which?" The other! Perry couldn't answer and the words went on. Once Perry half rose from his chair. He said: "But, George; her father! Don't you see? She'd want to go straight to her father."

"Don't you think I've thought of that?" George answered. "That's why I am going first. At Sunset Inn, you said?"

He'd thought of everything. The whole plan, subtle and inhuman and involved, came clear and detailed in his high, cool voice and Perry listened and was helpless, knowing he would do what George had said.

(To be continued next week)

Fresh as They Come

Continued from page 17

castor oil (you can get it odorless) are the best treatment for those dry ends after a permanent.

But, having accomplished a good clean head of shining hair, there's still another hurdle for good grooming—the arrangement. Fashion and becomingness are two things, but you've got to be neat besides. So don't examine your hair only when you are arranging it, but catch it unawares in every chance mirror, and be guided by what you see there. If it's generally out of bounds, make up your mind either to arrange it oftener or to start it off in the first place more in keeping with its natural bent.

To Make You Glow

For sparkle and glow all over, try luxury in your bath. And it needn't be costly. The quick scurry to get clean is not the idea. Have lavish amounts of everything, water, suds, enormous fluffy towels. Dump salts in to soften and scent the water, or lavender meal, or a few drops of bath oil just because you like it.

Get the habit of smearing olive oil or face cream on your face before you step into the tub, to make your skin soft and fresh as a baby's. If your eyes are tired, dip pads of cotton into witch hazel and lay them over your eyes as you lie back and drift.

But picked up as you now feel, you haven't reached the top yet. Now comes the rub—99 per cent alcohol plus ten or twelve drops of your druggist's best violet, rubbed on with plenty of friction till you glow. For even more stimulation, mix in plain kitchen salt. Treat your hard-working person with such little luxuries and attentions as these, and it will respond with vigor and good looks to make you proud.

Practically all faces need scrubbing with soap and warm water, followed with a dash of cold, once a day. What other treatment yours receives depends on the verdict of you and your specialist, consulted way back. Most women find additional cleansing with cream a good thing, for purposes of softening and smoothing as well as cleansing. But the point we want to make here is—figure out the treatment your particular skin requires to keep it at its cleanest and best, reduce that treatment to a minimum, and stick to it. Make it a habit instead of an occasional orgy, and you'll face the world much fresher.

One of the pleasantest, surest ways of getting such productive habits is by having plenty of the fixings at hand, so that using them can be practically automatic. Oil or cream on the face at bath time and on the cuticle and elbows whenever you have a chance is a good idea—so have it handy on the bathroom shelf. Absorbent cotton offers you fresh powder puffs, cleansing pads, and nail polish removers — so have quantities of it within reach. Lotions, of course, should be near by, to be used automatically on hands and face every time they are washed, with a pass over your elbows for good measure.

And anytime you think these little attentions are just too simple and undramatic to produce an effect worth while, remember that two of the most beautiful and well-kept hands in New York have never been to a manicurist; but their owner would never think the job of washing them was finished till she had smoothed them over with a lotion and pushed back the cuticle with the towel as she dried them.

While you are checking up on supplies, how about that kit you've always been intending to have at the office? There's nothing like repairs at the moment to keep your bloom intact. So be sure it contains nail polish remover (with absorbent cotton on the side) to dispose of polish the minute chips appear. Better no polish than a slightly-the-worse-for-wear effect. Cuticle cream is a good idea, too, to be rubbed on as you sit and think creative thoughts—just another of those automatic, time-saving devices you should be thinking up all the while.

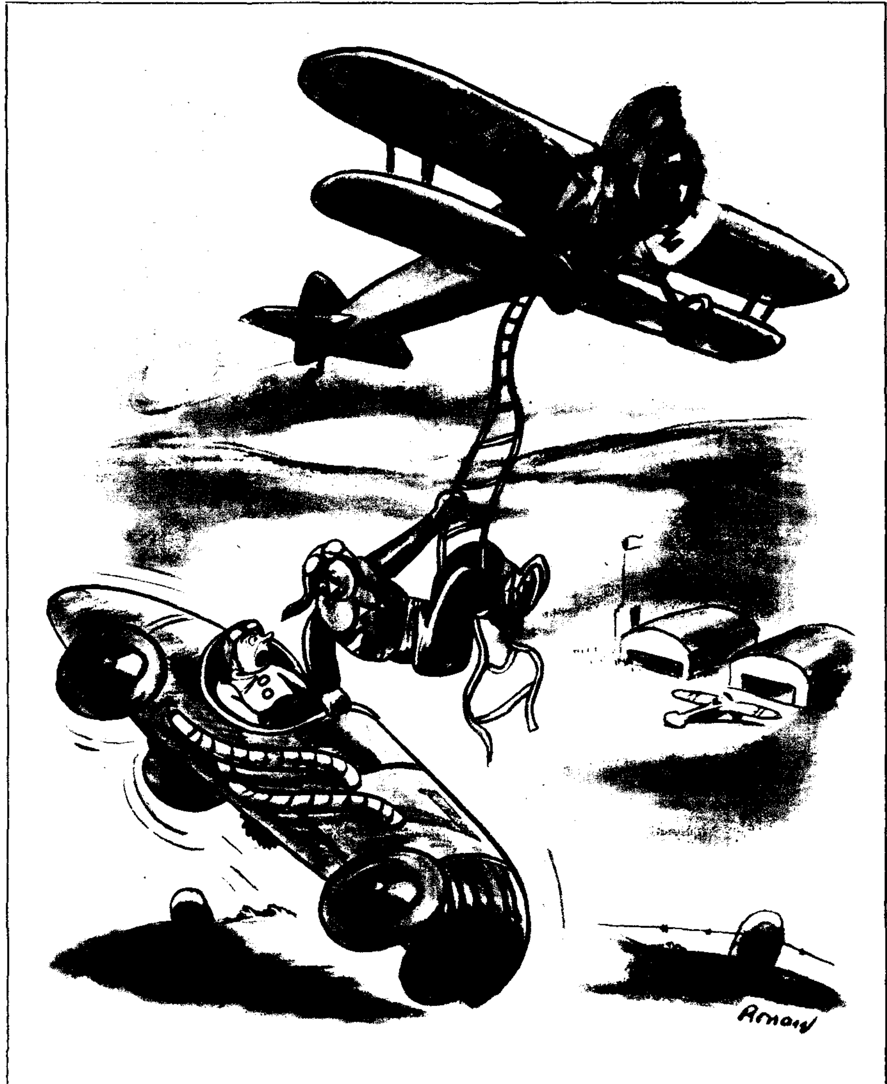
Powder in Its Place

When you step from office to date, give yourself a lift first with a quick pass of liquid cleanser and tissues over your face, before you powder and rouge again. You'll feel and look a lot fresher. And the well-groomed gal never piles powder on dirty powder. Pat it on smoothly, with a big fresh fluff of cotton, dust off the excess, brush your eyebrows (unplucked but a little trimmer than nature made them) and lashes free of any powdery traces (that odorless castor oil will make them shine)—and that's the way you want to look.

And have a clothes brush handy. Your clothes are as big a part of your grooming as you are. So be just as firm with them. No hanging slips—skirts are shorter this spring, so shorten your slips beyond a shadow of a doubt. No crooked stocking seams. No runover heels—it takes only a minute while you wait, to have them straightened. The crispest fresh lingerie blouse isn't so happy with bedraggled shoulder straps and dark lace peering through, so ply your fresh ribbons often and get on the band wagon for the newer, one-tone underthings that stay under.

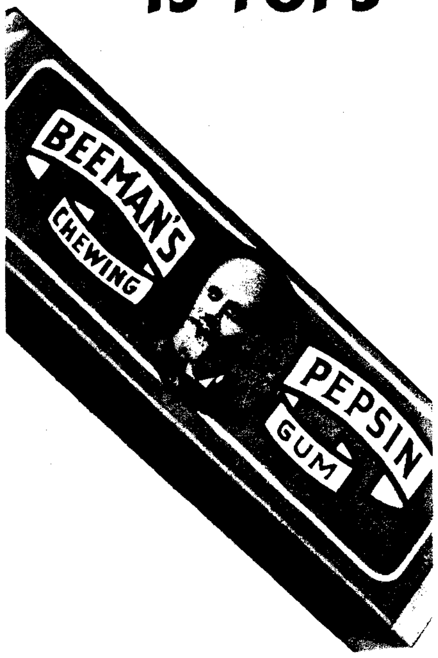
And make up your mind about gloves and handbags. Suède is lovely—till it develops oily and worn spots, which even the best of it will do, marring any otherwise well-turned-out effect you may achieve. So unless you are willing to run up cleaners' and discard bills, choose something less perishable. Patent leather, a springtime herald as sure as the first robin, is about the freshest thing going for handbags and pumps, and the easiest to keep up. And fabric gloves are so good-looking and so easy washing that they are a best bet, too. But again you have to make up your mind. Washable gloves must look as fresh as a spring daisy. So if you know you won't wash them every single night, get yourself several pairs or one for every day in the week and make a date with yourself for a weekly cleanup.

That's what good grooming keeps coming down to. Have a system, the simplest you can devise, and stick to it. Get the habit of doing quick, easy little things each day that will keep you in such good feather you'll never have to dig for several hours to make yourself beautiful for an occasion. Hours of fussing and too much handling of face and hair take all the freshness out of you anyway. You may turn out a picture, but all the zip will be gone. But be prepared ahead, even to laying out your clothes the night before if it's morning you're preparing to cope with, and you can afford to dash to the finish. You'll come out on top and sparkling—with even a minute to spare to select and pin on that fresh, fresh flower which makes the final difference.



"All right! Why don't you make up your mind?" STEPHEN RONAY

"THIS FLAVOR IS TOPS"



"You're right, daughter—I've been partial to Beeman's for years! It's so delicious and fresh-tasting—that clever air-tight package keeps it fresh as the day it was made. And I like that bit of tang! Beeman's actually perks me up—it's a real help to digestion, too, you know—makes a person feel mighty *good!*"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

Purity Preferred

By Victor G. Heiser, M. D.

When there's an epidemic, you hear about the Board of Health. Its work then is dramatic, but not half so important as its tireless daily labors in safeguarding your health. Watch it work

FROM time immemorial poets, viewing with dark and jaundiced eyes the hubbub of the city, have hymned the praises of pastoral life, ascribing to it all possible virtues, but most particularly that of health ever-blooming. To this day we flee to grove, mountain and shore for recreation of body as well as refreshment of mind, still believing that city folk are pale and sickly and their country cousins hale and hearty.

Not so long ago this was undoubtedly true. Disease flourishes where many people are gathered together; they infect one another. Crowding in cities cannot be abolished, but the conditions which used to cause decimation of entire populations can be. Now, with the discoveries of modern science, the rural districts can only be called truly healthful when the regulations imposed on the cities are transferred to them; the simple life of a cottage in the fields has become more precarious than the artificial existence of an apartment in the city.

Nevertheless, without a Board of Health any great metropolis would, in a few weeks, become a pesthole. From the moment when we urban dwellers take in our bottles of milk, through every single activity of the day, and even when we sleep at night, we are being guarded, watched and protected from danger and disease of which we are quite unaware. That the water on our tables is pure, that our sewer systems function properly, that when we walk on the streets we do not come in contact with communicable diseases, that when we dine out at restaurants our food is hygienically prepared and served—all these we take for granted as our inalienable rights. Countless unsung Miltons of the laboratory have struggled to bring about this happy state of affairs, and countless others are still toiling on our behalf.

A health department must deal with an infinite variety of problems. Realizing that too many decibels may precipitate neuroses, it carries on an anti-noise campaign, seeing to it that trucks do not bang, chauffeurs do not honk, milk wagons run on rubber tires and horses wear rubber overshoes. It must control industrial hazards of divergent types—from lead poisoning to silicosis from sandblasting.

Your Invisible Safeguard

It must see that patent medicines are properly labeled and that no habit-forming or lethal drugs are sold without a doctor's prescription. It stretches a long arm across the door of the boudoir to bar out certain cosmetics which may cause skin rashes or even blindness. It spares the public the trial and error method in testing out patent cures. Not long ago a radium water was extensively advertised as a remedy for internal diseases. The health department, after experimentation, determined the rays with which the water had been treated might cause serious injury or even death, and it stopped the traffic. Every municipality must safeguard its citizens against the insane. If the family will not act, the city must. Furthermore, the indigent sick cannot be allowed by a humanitarian health department to lie in the streets.

A Board of Health borrows many of the features of a fire department. When the alarm announces that communicable disease has erupted, it rushes with the speed of a hook and ladder to rescue those endangered. The patient is hurried to the isolation hospital maintained free of charge by every city, large or small, acting on the theory that the community should pay for its safety.

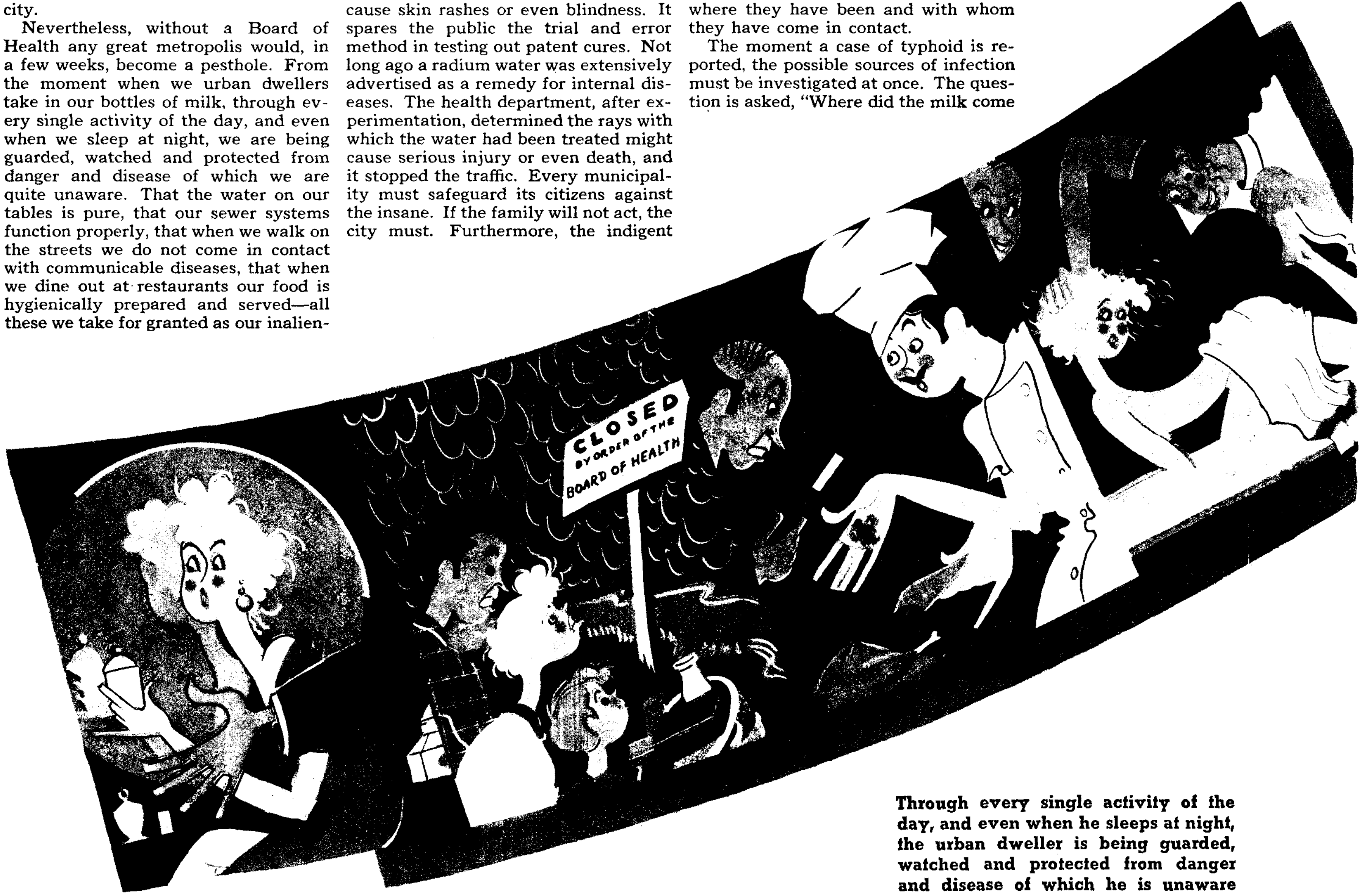
Isolating the case is but an emergency measure. The Division of Epidemiology, like a beneficent Scotland Yard, sends out operatives to determine where the guilt rests and identify those who have been exposed. The movements of a victim of smallpox must be traced immediately to prevent its spread to those unprotected by vaccination. It has been found that people in general will cooperate gladly, searching their memories, trying conscientiously to recall where they have been and with whom they have come in contact.

The moment a case of typhoid is reported, the possible sources of infection must be investigated at once. The question is asked, "Where did the milk come from?" If a guilty dairy is located, "Who has been in charge of the milk along the route?" Perhaps some carrier, entirely unaware that he is a walking menace, has been the source of contamination. If milk is exonerated, food handlers fall under suspicion. If these too are found innocent, "Has water been drunk from an unaccredited supply?"

Perhaps you have gone some pleasant Sunday afternoon to your favorite picnicking ground and discovered a sign over the spring, "Closed by order of the Board of Health." Perhaps also you have been reading in your morning paper that such and such a number of people have died recently of typhoid fever. It is unlikely that you connected these two phenomena, but there may be an interesting story linking them.

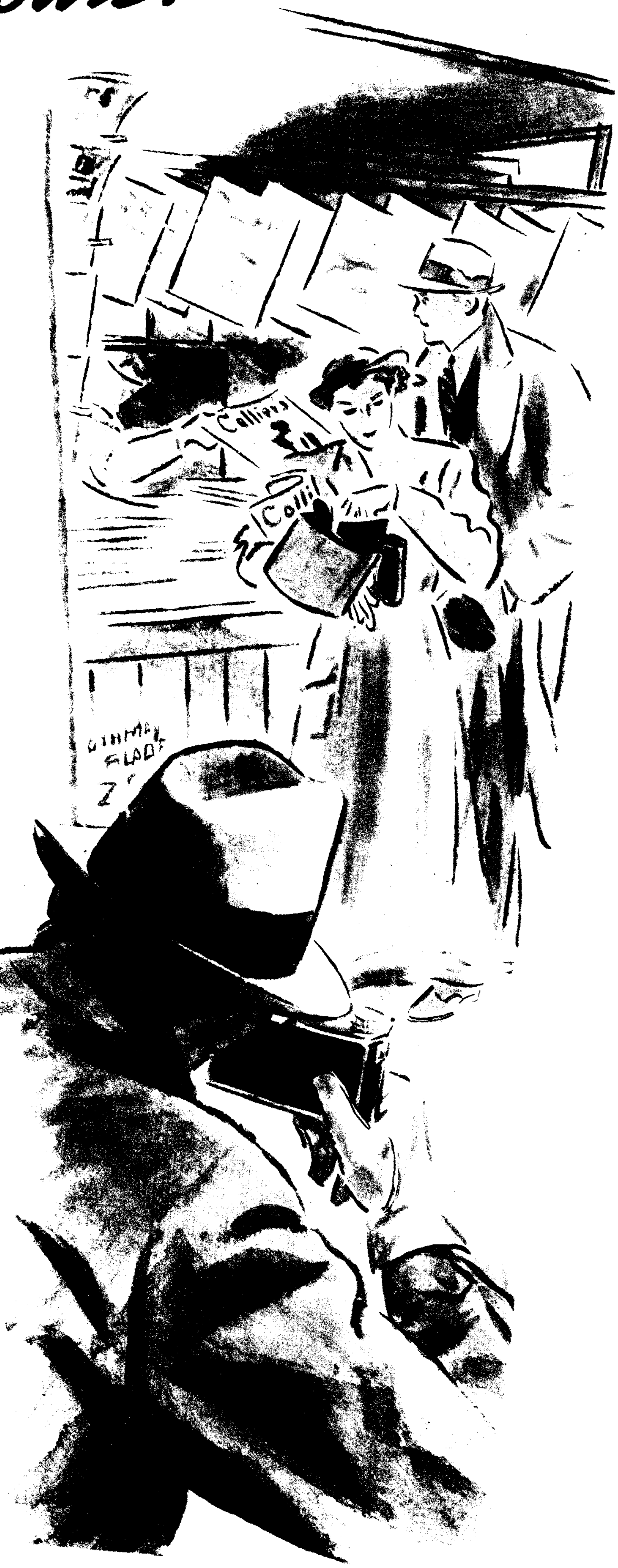
In the summer of 1936 typhoid broke out in and around Englewood, New Jersey. Forty-four known cases occurred

(Continued on page 75)



Through every single activity of the day, and even when he sleeps at night, the urban dweller is being guarded, watched and protected from danger and disease of which he is unaware

Shot at Sundown:



"I HAVE SENT a sort of album to each of our advertising offices. It contains photographs of newsstand buyers of Collier's -- a camera cross-section of The Active Market.

"Hidden from view, we snapped them as they reached for Collier's, paid, and turned away. No attempt at selection. We took them as they came. And I think you'll agree that these men and women look exactly like the Active Market I've been telling you about.

"I can't print any of these photographs here because they were snapped without permission or waiver of privacy. But, if you like, one of my associates will bring them to your office. In a few minutes you can flash across thousands of miles, looking at people in the act of buying Collier's.

"Such fugitive data is costly to gather and none too plentiful. We've been talking a lot about our readers as a market. Here's a candid camera survey which gives you a chance to audit our adulation."

Yours for Action!

MR. X

Collier's *The Active Market*

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING CO., 250 PARK AVE., NEW YORK
PUBLISHERS: COLLIER'S • WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE • THE COUNTRY HOME
The Largest Magazine Audience in the World
More than 9,000,000 Circulation

ESPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED
FOR COLLIER'S

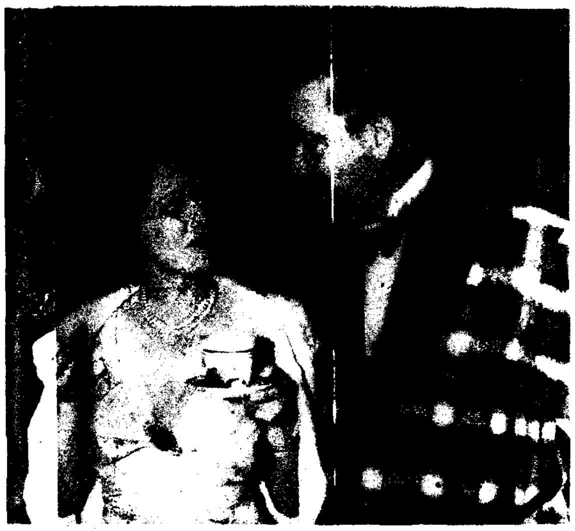
The Last of Mrs. Cheyney

Frank Morgan, shown with Robert Montgomery, had been resting for a couple of hours when he was called on the set to go through one of his scenes. As he arrived, the director took one look at Morgan and sent for a doctor. "Man, you look terrible. Take his temperature, somebody." "Who? Me? Never felt better in my life," replied Morgan. "But," exploded the director, "one side of your face is broken out in a rash." In a mirror Morgan saw long red welts all over his cheek. Make-up men tried to cover them but the welts remained. Suddenly Morgan remembered: "I fell asleep in a wicker chair."

•

Two generations of movie stars meet on the Cheyney set. Joan Crawford is shown chatting with Aileen Pringle, who was a star twenty years ago.

•



"It's the British in us," Benita Hume reports to Nigel Bruce as they pause long enough for a four o'clock cup.

•

While Cheyney was being made, Joan Crawford agreed to pose for a series of still pictures showing the daily routine of a star. The first still was made at breakfast at seven o'clock. All through the day the photographer followed her around, snapping her until seven o'clock in the evening when the final picture of her taking a singing lesson was made. The photographer went home to bed exhausted. Joan finished her lesson, had her hair and nails done for the next day's work, studied dialogue, prepared the dinner list for a Saturday night party, wrapped a number of Christmas gifts and, before retiring, looked over a designer's sketches for some new costumes.

•

Shooting is suspended while Crawford and Powell take afternoon tea. Little Joan LeSeuer, Miss Crawford's niece, drops in for a spot of milk. (Right) Crawford phones home: "I'm sorry, but I won't be able to come to dinner tonight. We're working late."

Surprise Witness

Continued from page 10

filled our glasses as we emptied them.

"About this time I met Carol and I forgot that Hope ever existed," Frank went on. "Mind you, Dwight, I had never led Hope to believe that she and I would ever be married. We weren't in love with each other—we were just mutually amusing and when we lost that we lost the one bond that held us together. I was always honest with Hope."

I nodded. Frank would be honest. He'd be hard, but honest.

"You haven't mentioned the letters."

Frank sighed. "Such silly letters. Last week I suddenly remembered them, and went to ask Hope for them. You know, maybe I'd have to break a date with her, so I'd drop her a note. 'Can't see you tonight but I love you far more than I do the person I'm going to be with.' Well, the chances were that it was some business date and I was truthful enough saying I cared more for Hope than for some bank president. I'd send her a note saying, 'If you don't come to the theater with me tomorrow night, I'll swallow a gas pipe, leap off the Empire State Building and cut my right arm off at the knee.' Notes like that—ridiculous notes—and she knew that I was kidding. But Carol's father wouldn't know it."

"Oh, I'd forgotten him." Carol's father was James Roland Cannon, onetime Justice of the New York Court of Appeals; a stern and righteous man to whom family and good name meant everything.

"Unfortunately, Carol worships him," Frank said bitterly. "If he ever saw those letters he'd absolutely forbid Carol to marry me, and I swear she'd obey him."

"And will Hope give you the letters back?"

"No," he said bluntly. "I asked her a week ago."

"And she said what?"

"She said to come up and see her sometime."

"So?"

Frank stared thoughtfully into his glass, "So," he said, slowly, "I guess I'd better go up and see her sometime."

I drew a deep breath and put a hand on Frank's shoulder. "Don't be in a hurry. Let me think of something. And now I've got to go."

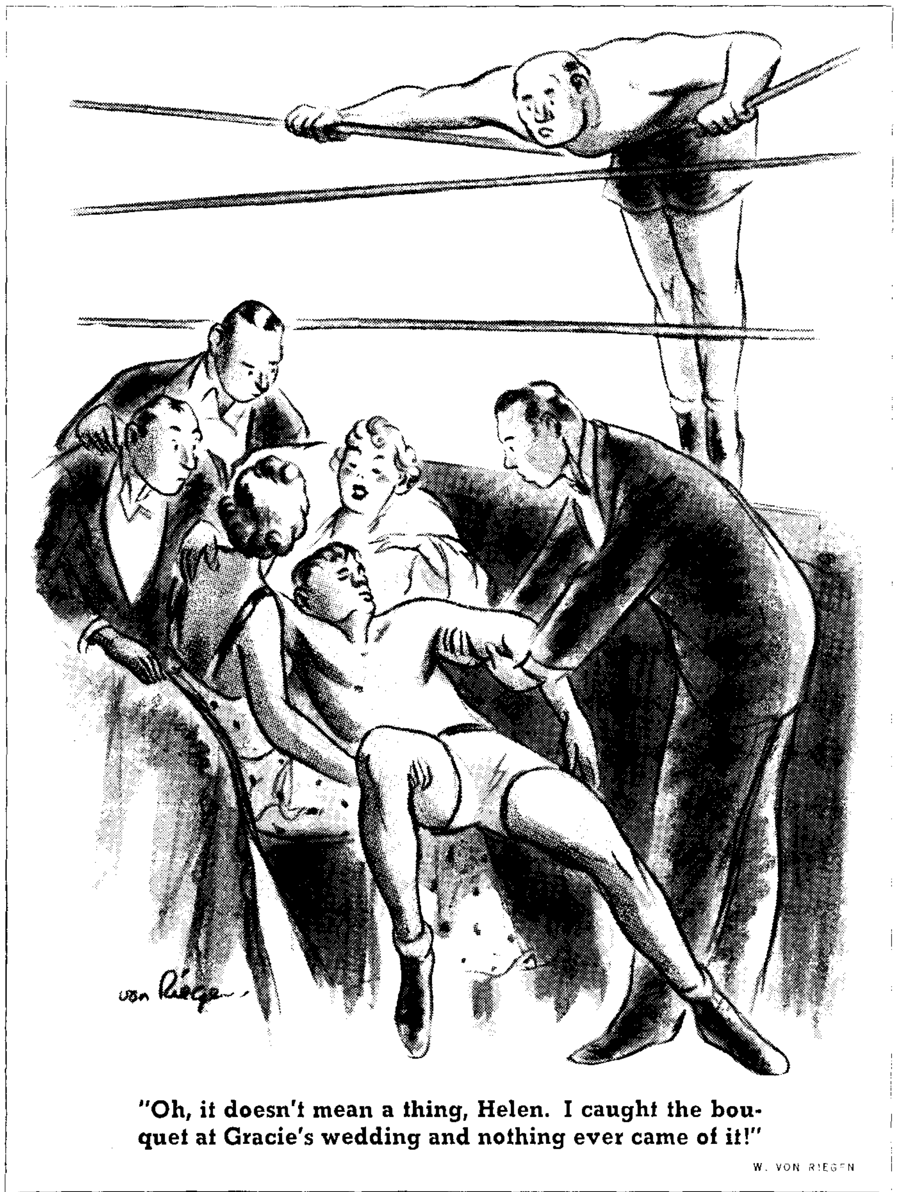
WE PAID the bill and left. It was just nine o'clock.

He hopped into a cab. I took another. I did a lot of thinking, riding around in that cab. Then I decided that thinking wasn't enough. I stopped here and there, and had a drink or two—or maybe more. It's funny but I can always think better with a glass in my hand. It was quite late when I got home. Burton, who is a combination valet, chauffeur, handy man and confidant of mine, was still awake.

"Do you want anything, sir?" he asked, looking at me keenly.

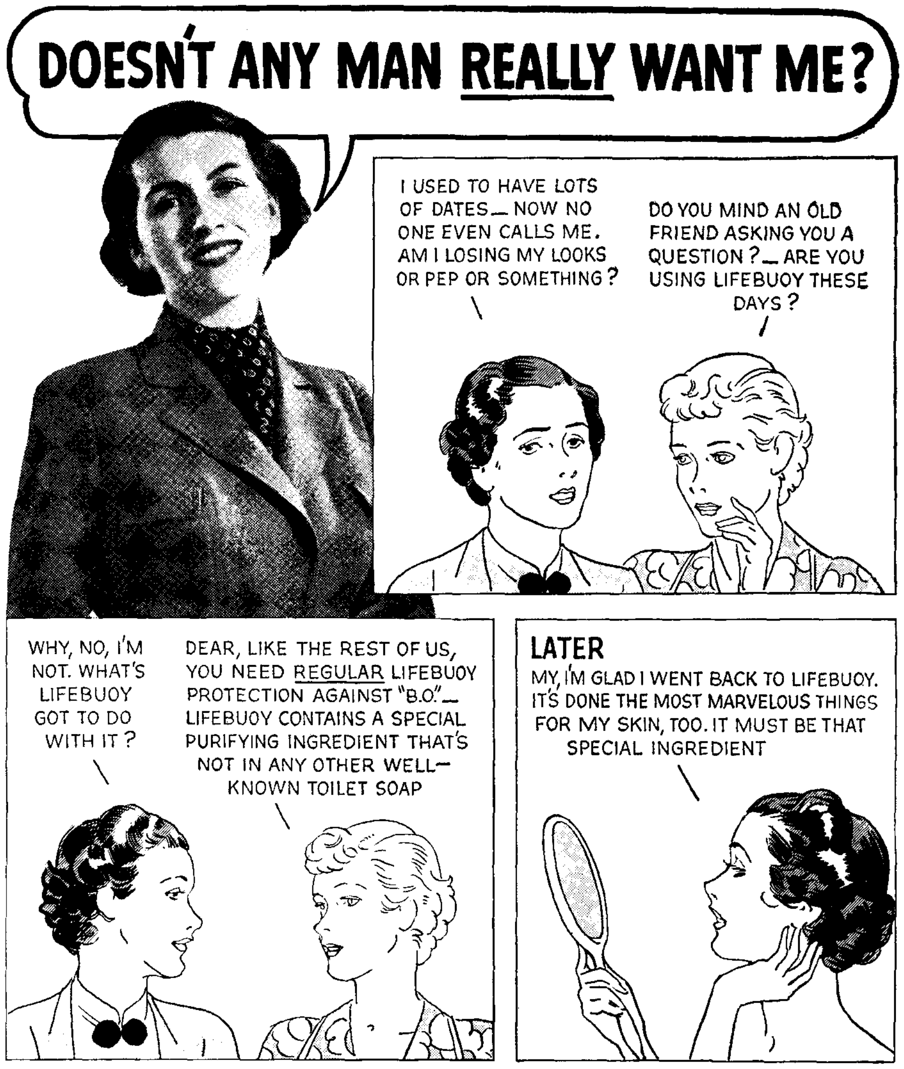
"A drink, I think," I told him quietly, and then I got ready for bed. I sat there in a big armchair thinking of this and of that, but thinking mostly of Carol and of Frank and of their happiness, and of how it was being jeopardized.

I sat there for a long time. Then the phone rang.



"Oh, it doesn't mean a thing, Helen. I caught the bouquet at Gracie's wedding and nothing ever came of it!"

W. VON RIEGEN

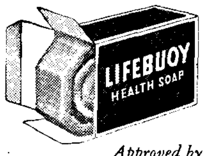

DOESN'T ANY MAN REALLY WANT ME?
I USED TO HAVE LOTS OF DATES — NOW NO ONE EVEN CALLS ME. AM I LOSING MY LOOKS OR PEP OR SOMETHING?
DO YOU MIND AN OLD FRIEND ASKING YOU A QUESTION? — ARE YOU USING LIFEBUOY THESE DAYS?
WHY, NO, I'M NOT. WHAT'S LIFEBUOY GOT TO DO WITH IT?
DEAR, LIKE THE REST OF US, YOU NEED REGULAR LIFEBUOY PROTECTION AGAINST "B.O." — LIFEBUOY CONTAINS A SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT THAT'S NOT IN ANY OTHER WELL-KNOWN TOILET SOAP
LATER
MY, I'M GLAD I WENT BACK TO LIFEBUOY. IT'S DONE THE MOST MARVELOUS THINGS FOR MY SKIN, TOO. IT MUST BE THAT SPECIAL INGREDIENT

"B.O." GONE ..... Plenty of Suitors
SO YOU'RE THE GIRL WHO THOUGHT NO MAN WANTED HER. YOU'RE CERTAINLY RUSHED OFF YOUR FEET TONIGHT
BUT I WOULDN'T BE IF YOU HADN'T GIVEN ME THAT SOUND ADVICE. BELIEVE ME, I'LL NEVER DESERT LIFEBUOY AGAIN

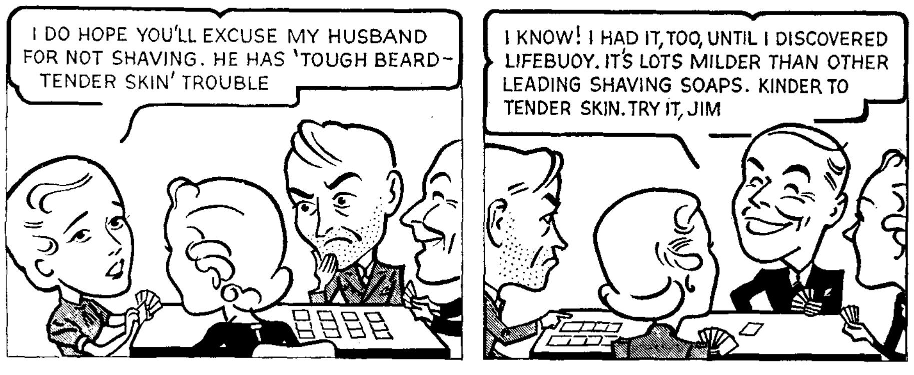
GUARD that fresh smoothness of skin that men adore with *regular* use of Lifebuoy. It's over 20% milder than many so-called "beauty" and "baby soaps." "Patch" tests made on the skins of hundreds of women prove it! *You* prove it to yourself!

Winter Warning: Warm rooms and heavy clothing increase dangers of "B. O." Use Lifebuoy, the soap with the special purifying ingredient, to keep you safe! *It stops "B. O."!*

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

MEN! HERE'S A SUPER-MOIST SHAVING LATHER


I DO HOPE YOU'LL EXCUSE MY HUSBAND FOR NOT SHAVING. HE HAS 'TOUGH BEARD–TENDER SKIN' TROUBLE
I KNOW! I HAD IT, TOO, UNTIL I DISCOVERED LIFEBUOY. IT'S LOTS MILDER THAN OTHER LEADING SHAVING SOAPS. KINDER TO TENDER SKIN. TRY IT, JIM

I SHOULD HAVE TRIED LIFEBUOY LONG AGO! ITS EXTRA-MOIST LATHER SURE WILTS MY TOUGH WHISKERS. CAN'T FEEL THEM COMING OFF!

Send for a Free Trial Tube

Try this mild, extra-moist lather for cleaner, easier shaves. Get Lifebuoy Shaving Cream at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A113, Cambridge, Mass., for a Free 12-day tube. *Offer good in U. S. and Canada only.*

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG FULL-SIZED TUBE
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

DOWN TO HIS LAST FRIEND
MY MASTER'S SO DOWN-HEARTED. AND NOBODY COMES HERE ANYMORE. GUESS I'LL CHEW UP THIS MAGAZINE.
HERE, YOU RASCAL! STOP THAT!
HM! WHAT'S THIS? "MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH. SEE YOUR DENTIST"... SAY! I WONDER...
YES, MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
TWO WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED. THIS HOUSE IS JUST OVERRUN WITH PEOPLE THESE DAYS!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

TESTS show that 76% of all people over the age of 17 *have bad breath!* Tests also prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Ordinary cleaning methods, which merely polish the exposed surfaces, fail to remove decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between the teeth. And these deposits, tests prove, are the source of most bad breath . . . dull, dingy teeth . . . and much tooth decay.

But Colgate Dental Cream has a special *penetrating* foam which gets into every tiny crevice—emulsifies and washes away odor-breeding food and acid deposits.

And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently, yet thoroughly, cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile.

So brush your teeth, gums, tongue with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

"This is Tim Dolan," a sleepy voice said. "I got some bad news for you, Mr. Young."

"Any news is bad news at six in the morning, Tim," I told him. Tim Dolan was in charge of the Homicide Squad, a fat, tired-looking man, who thought very fast.

"Hope Taylor was found murdered in her apartment around midnight," he said bluntly. "And we're holding Frank Cunningham for the murder. He says he won't talk until he sees you."

For a second I didn't say anything. Then I said, "Tim, you're crazy. I'll be right down to get him out."

"It's first-degree murder, Mr. Young," Tim's voice was actually apologetic. That sleepy, apologetic voice had sent many a man to the electric seat, though. "He did it, too. We got everything but a confession."

"I'll be right down," I snapped, and just then Burton walked into the room.

"You're up early, Burton."

Impassively he said, "I thought you might be needing me, sir."

THEN I was in a shower and I was thinking hard.

"Burton," I called, "send a wire to Dr. Erwin Black in Reno. Tell him to phone my office at eleven o'clock. Get Miss Taylor's maid. Tell her to see me at eleven-thirty. Phone Dr. Emanuel Di Vito—I think he's on 85th Street. I want to talk to him about noon."

When I was ready to dress I said, "Where's that suit I wore last night?"

"It needed pressing and cleaning, sir. I'd suggest this dark one." I looked at Burton sharply but his face was devoid of expression.

"Hope Taylor is murdered. Hope Taylor is murdered—" That thought kept pounding through my brain. Then suddenly I was calm. I was a criminal lawyer and my friend Frank Cunningham was in danger. I'd need all my tricks to get him off. Was he guilty? A criminal lawyer doesn't think in those terms. He thinks of defense angles, of legal tricks. I didn't know the story yet but I'd already gotten half of my defense mapped out.

Twenty minutes later I was sitting with Tim Dolan and he was telling me the case against Frank Cunningham. Hope's Negro maid, Tillie Smith, had come home at midnight and had found Hope lying in front of a fireplace in the living room. Her skull had been crushed.

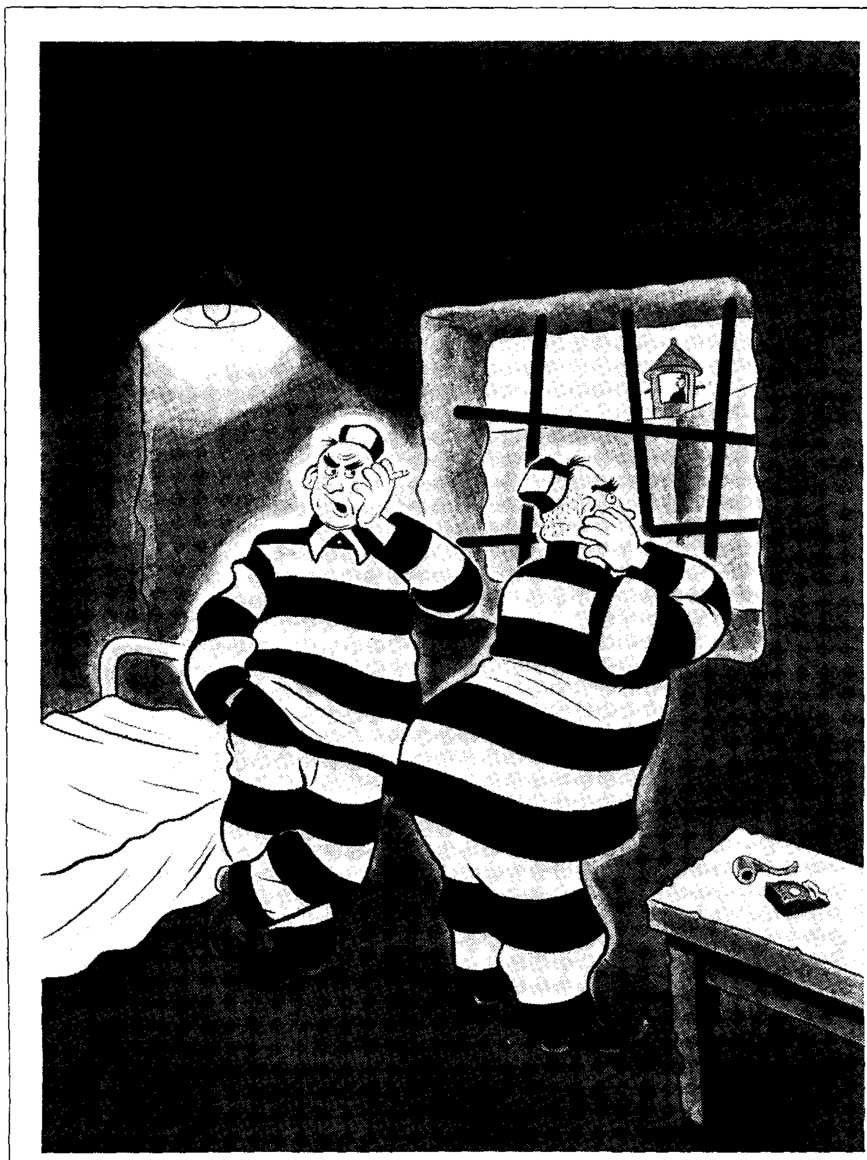
"Cunningham was the last one to see her alive," Dolan went on. "He left the apartment at eleven-thirty. Just before that the elevator boy heard loud, angry voices coming from the apartment. Our theory is that Cunningham, in a fit of rage, grabbed her and hurled her to the floor. She hit her head on the heavy andirons in front of the fireplace and was instantly killed."

"But why should Cunningham want to kill her?"

"Well, now, Mr. Young," Dolan's voice almost fell asleep, "I've been checking up a bit and I find that Cunningham and the Taylor girl were—well, they'd been friendly for some time. Now lately he's been seeing a lot of a girl named Carol Cannon, old Judge Cannon's daughter."

"So what?"

Dolan shrugged his heavy shoulders. "So I figure Cunningham was trying to shake the Taylor dame so he could veil it with the Cannon girl. But I guess the Taylor lady no like. Maybe she was blackmailing him a bit. Maybe she was holding some letters he'd written to her."



"Aw, he ain't no fun. The guy that's on in the morning makes faces right back at yuh!"

FRANK BEAVEN

"Did you find any letters from him in the apartment?" I asked casually.

Dolan's eyes were almost closed now. "No, we didn't. There were some paper ashes in the fireplace that might have been letters, but they were too far gone to be deciphered even with chemicals."

"Not much of a case, Tim," I said.

"Well, then," Dolan said carelessly, "there's that bet of $5,000 that Cunningham wanted to make with you at that bar. I checked up a bit on Cunningham's movements and found you and he had been there. . . . Yeah, the bartender told us about the bet and that right afterward Cunningham started to talk about Hope Taylor. He didn't hear what Cunningham said, but he tells us that Cunningham sounded mighty bitter."

"That was just a kidding bet that anyone might make, Tim. All you've got is a lot of circumstantial evidence."

Dolan smiled. "What's wrong with circumstantial evidence?"

"Dolan, I suppose you got a man up at the apartment now." He nodded. "I want you to phone him and ask if there's a box of luminal tablets in Hope's medicine cabinet. Ask him to mark them and bring them here to you. If this comes to trial I may need them."

Tim reached for the phone.

"Can I see Cunningham?" I asked.

"Sure, go right in."

FRANK jumped up when I walked into the cell. "Dwight, there's one thing I want you to do for me."

I looked at him in amazement. Frank could get rid of a hangover quicker than anyone I ever saw. Here he was at seven in the morning—cool, debonair, looking as though he were a host and I a guest who had just come to breakfast.

"You look all right," I told him.

"Oh, I'm all right." He waved a careless hand. "But here's what I want, Dwight. Can you get me a piano in here?"

"Never mind music," I snapped. "Think of murder, which in this state is punishable by death. Stop posing. You're in a tough spot and we have a lot of work to do before we can get you out."

Frank looked at me and the animation went out of his face. He dropped wearily to a chair, and hid his face in his hands. "Dwight, I had nothing to do with killing Hope Taylor."

"I know you didn't," I said coldly, "or I wouldn't be here helping you. That's about the only thing we have to work on."

"What is?"

"The fact that you and I know that you didn't kill her. The district attorney doesn't know that, and it puts him at a disadvantage."

"That seems like silly reasoning to me," he said slowly.

"When it comes to courtrooms I'm not silly," I told him. "Now tell me what happened when you went to Hope's apartment."

"After I left you," Frank began, "I went home. There was a note there from Hope. It just said, 'I must see you tonight about some investments.' "

"Have you that note?"

He looked surprised at the eagerness in my voice. "Sure, I have it. I have it right here, in fact. But what good is that? You know that Hope didn't want to see me about investments. She often pulled that gag about my being her broker and nothing more."

"And we're going to pull it, too," I said grimly, taking the note. "Now you went to Hope's, arriving about eleven. You asked her for those letters. She refused. Is that correct?"

Frank nodded. "She said that she'd sue me for breach of promise, if necessary, to keep me from marrying Carol. I lost my temper, but so help me, Dwight, I never laid a hand on her."

I stood up. "Frank, that story is true, but no one would believe it. They have a strong *prima-facie* case against you, all circumstantial, but nevertheless very damning. Will you let me handle this as I wish? Will you tell the story that I give you and stick to it? If you don't you'll never get off; you'll never marry Carol; you'll ruin her life as well as your own. Sometimes the law is a fool. Sometimes the truth isn't enough to cope with circumstantial evidence. But if you'll do what I say we'll get out of this all right."

Frank looked at me steadily. "I—I hate to have to lie."

"You'd hate to have to sit in that trick chair up the river, too. You'd hate to disgrace Carol."

"I'll do what you say—anything you say," he said desperately.

"All right." I hesitated a moment. "Frank, I'm going to tell you a story which no one knows but myself. You've got to believe it, and live with it for the next few weeks, so that it becomes part of you. Now, listen carefully, Frank. . . ."

I talked for half an hour. Then when I finished, he said, "It's going to be harder on you than it will be on me."

"In a courtroom, I think I don't feel, Frank. Now think this all over carefully. We can't escape going to trial, so there's no use spilling it until then. The surprise element will be in our favor. And now, my boy, I'm off to see Carol."

He looked up. "Will you tell her—"

"I'm going to tell her everything. I think she'll understand." Then I left.

I hurried to the Cannon house, a huge granite monstrosity on Riverside Drive. It was just 9:30 and Carol was at breakfast. Propped in front of her was the latest edition of the newspaper. The room was drenched with sun and it touched Carol's hair and brought out the vividness of her red lips—but it couldn't hide the ghastly white of her face.

"Did he do it?" she asked dully.

"What if he did?" I snapped. "He's the man you love, isn't he?"

"Did he even know this creature?" she asked miserably.

I winced a bit at that.

"He knew her," I said. "But he didn't kill her. He went to see her last night to save you from possible unhappiness. He went to see her because he loves you above all things. He would have killed her, had it been necessary, for your sake. But he didn't. And we have to save him. Unless we stand by him," I looked at her steadily, "he will die in the electric chair."

THEN she crumpled up. She wilted and seemed to shrink like a piece of paper thrown on an open fire. She seemed to collapse all over at the same time, and then she sobbed, "Dwight, Dwight, I love him so. I'd stand by him if he killed ten Hope Taylors."

"Would you lie and cheat and perjure yourself to help him?" I asked grimly.

"I'd kill to help him, Dwight," she said fiercely, and when she said that I knew I'd get an acquittal for Frank Cunningham — with just a little break in the luck.

"Carol, I'm going to tell you a story I've just told Frank. It isn't going to be easy. It's a story that even Frank didn't know. It's a story that will save Frank's life. Now listen carefully. . . ."

And once more I told that story. It wasn't easier with repetition.

When I finished she said simply, "You are a good friend, Dwight. Now tell me how I can help."

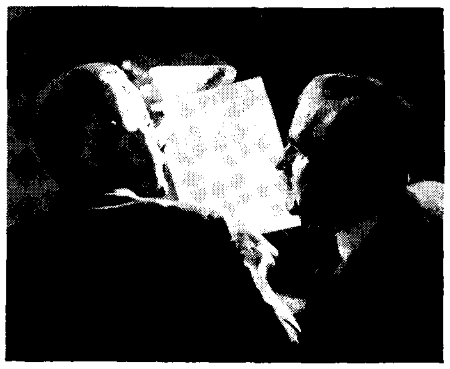
"You can laugh when the reporters catch up with you. You can joke about Frank being a victim of circumstances and you can tell them proudly that you are going to marry Frank as soon as the trial is over. And then on the stand—the district attorney is sure to subpoena you—you can tell one lie. It's a white

"I'm so mad I could QUIT!

... *I'm ashamed to sign my name to one of our letters"*

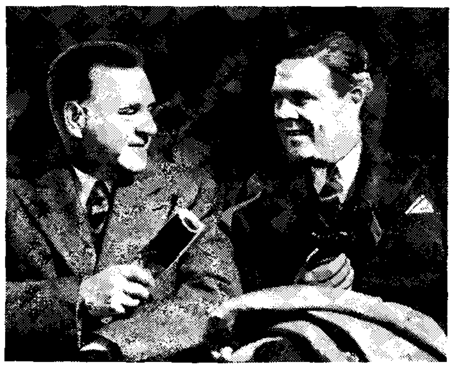
1 "How can I honestly talk quality when the boss operates on pinch-penny methods? Why, our letterheads and forms are printed on the crummiest-looking paper in the trade."

"Now, Bob, don't fly off the handle! There's a printing salesman coming in to see me tomorrow and I'll steer him in to the boss."



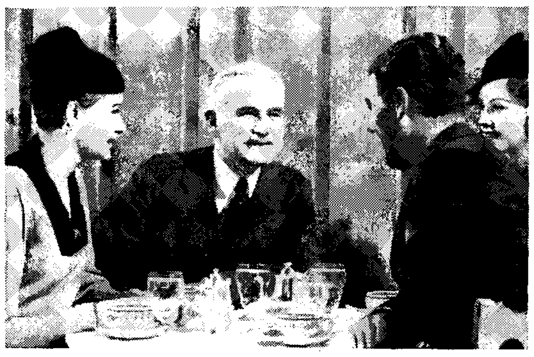
2 "See that watermark, Mr. Palmer? That's all you need to know about a sheet of paper."

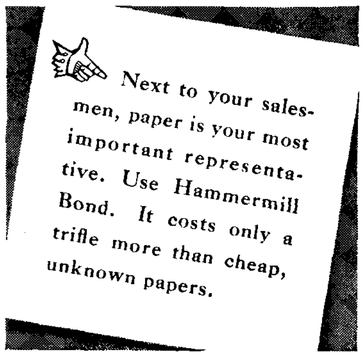
"But I always thought Hammermill Bond was an expensive paper. When you say that for only 1¢ more than cheap paper I can have Hammermill Bond for 25 letterheads—I'm sold!"



3 "Bob, what's happened in your organization? It seems to be perking up along the line. Even the quality of your stationery is improved. I like to do business with a house that's going places."

"I'll take you up on that one, Mr. Smith. Tomorrow I'll be in your office to go over our line with you."





Next to your salesmen, paper is your most important representative. Use Hammermill Bond. It costs only a trifle more than cheap, unknown papers.

4 "Bob, I'll bet you're glad you didn't quit a few months ago, as you said you would. Today you've got the best selling record of anyone in the house."

"You haven't done so bad yourself, Jim. You've improved a lot of things around here—and our new letterheads on Hammermill Bond are not the least of them."

FREE KIT to bring your letterheads and printed forms up to date. Just mail coupon. Hundreds of business men have called it "the greatest help we ever had in ordering printing." Includes letterhead designs, useful forms and layout-order sheets.

HAMMERMILL BOND

THE WORKING KIT OF HAMMERMILL BOND

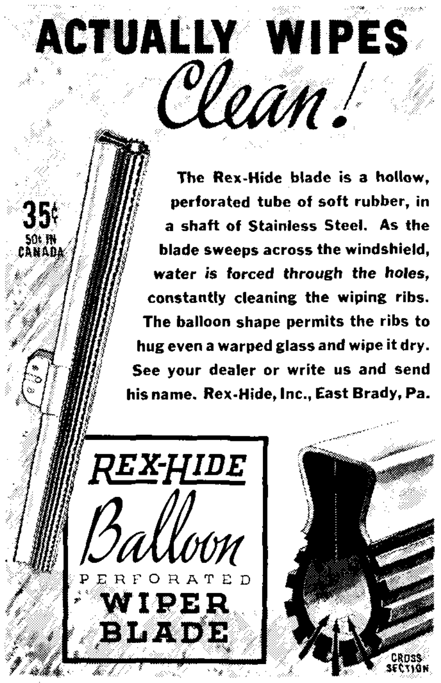
HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, Erie, Pa. C-3-13

Gentlemen: Please send me, without charge or obligation, your Working Kit of letterheads and printed forms, including actual designs and proved methods of putting paper to work. (*Students and outside U. S., 50¢*)

Name____________________ Position__________

(Please attach coupon to your business letterhead)

LOOK FOR THE WATERMARK — IT IS OUR WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC


ACTUALLY WIPES *Clean!*

35¢
50¢ IN CANADA

The Rex-Hide blade is a hollow, perforated tube of soft rubber, in a shaft of Stainless Steel. As the blade sweeps across the windshield, *water is forced through the holes,* constantly cleaning the wiping ribs. The balloon shape permits the ribs to hug even a warped glass and wipe it dry. See your dealer or write us and send his name. Rex-Hide, Inc., East Brady, Pa.

REX-HIDE *Balloon* PERFORATED WIPER BLADE

CROSS SECTION

BUILD YOUR HOME THE READI-CUT WAY FOR 30% LESS!

WORLD'S LOWEST PRICED QUALITY HOME $495 AND UP

Now you can own a fine, 4 to 10 room modern home—the *World's lowest priced quality home*—and save $200 to $800. Buy direct from the big Aladdin Mills. Save 18% material waste. Save 30% labor, or build it yourself with our easy to follow plans. Our prices include all lumber *Readi-Cut*, aluminum protected siding, millwork, windows, doors, interior woodwork, flooring, roofing, hardware, nails, paints, stains, varnish—*and we pay freight!* **SUMMER COTTAGES $230 up.** Write for catalog No. 236. Mail a postcard today. Address office nearest you.

ALADDIN CO. BAY CITY, MICH. PORTLAND, ORE.

KEEP FALSE TEETH TIGHT THIS BETTER WAY

DENTLOCK, a scientific powder, holds false teeth tight for 24 hours with complete comfort.

- *Giant Size 39¢* at better drug counters. *Extra value size 10¢* at ten cent stores.

Send Post Card for FREE SAMPLE
FORT ORANGE CHEMICAL CO., DEP'T C, ALBANY, N. Y.

DENTLOCK

STOP Itching TORTURE *This Quick Way*

For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Original formula of Doctor Dennis. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or your money back. Ask for **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.**

300 PRIZES FOR BOYS! BOYS, 12 to 16! You can earn this powerful telescope, a beautiful deluxe Silver King bike, and any of over 300 additional prizes. Make MONEY, too! Just deliver Collier's and our other magazines to customers whom you secure in your neighborhood. To start, write Jim Thayer, Dept. C-153, The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

★ EUROPE ROUND TRIP ★
ONE CLASS RUN OF THE SHIP
TOURIST CLASS $170 MINIMUM RATE
WRITE FOR BOOKLET CS
ARNOLD BERNSTEIN ★ RED STAR LINES
17 BATTERY PLACE · NEW YORK CITY

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Win greater respect and success. Learn more, earn more. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 340-L, Chicago

lie, a very small lie, but the case may depend on whether the jury believes you. Will you do that?"

She looked at me scornfully. "Will I do that? I told you I love Frank. I'm grateful that you are going to give me a chance to prove it."

"Your father is going to be difficult," I suggested.

"Father," Carol said firmly, "is first of all a gentleman. He will appreciate that Frank had to do what he did. Oh, if only Frank had come to me in the beginning!"

"And now I must be off." I got up and she put her arms around my neck and she whispered, "We'll stand by him, Dwight." And then she kissed me and that was the sealing of a bargain.

The usual preliminaries to a first-degree murder trial went through their accustomed routine. Judge Terrence Corrigan was assigned to the case, which satisfied me. He was a fine jurist, one judge who had more respect for the truth than he had for rigid rules of court procedure and I intended to pull a few legal tricks which were never covered by Richardson's Rules of Evidence.

When Judge Corrigan finally said, "Is the defense ready?" I could nod grimly and say, "Yes, Your Honor," and mean it. I was ready. District Attorney Cy Bartlett, an able prosecutor, was presenting the case against us.

As he droned through his opening speech, I took stock. Frank, sitting beside me, was smiling slightly, a bit detached. Ten feet away Carol, more beautiful than I'd ever seen her, sat, and her father—thoroughbred to the last—sat beside her. She had won him over, too.

Bartlett explained about the bet that Frank had wanted to make that he could get away with murder. "That showed how his mind was working," Bartlett went on. "There was murder in his heart and he went to Hope Taylor's apartment that night with the deliberate intention of murdering her, should she refuse to release him from claims she had on him. When she refused, he grabbed her and hurled her to the floor in a fit of rage and the impact of hitting that heavy andiron in front of the fireplace crushed her skull."

THEN began his parade of witnesses. There were waiters from night clubs who testified to seeing Frank and Hope together often. The elevator boy told of the angry voices he'd heard. Fisher, the bartender, told of the bet and of how immediately afterward Frank had talked of Hope Taylor. Then Bartlett, with a sly look at me, called Carol Cannon to the stand. Just for the fraction of a second I saw Carol shrink, but she recovered and arose with her head held up. The jammed courtroom craned eager necks. As Carol passed the table at which Frank and I sat she dropped a hand on Frank's shoulder. "Darling, darling," she whispered, and then she walked to the stand.

Bartlett was gentle with her—at first. He led her through a lot of preliminary questions and then he thundered, "Were you engaged to the defendant?"

Carol smiled faintly, then said, "I am engaged to the defendant."

"Did you know of the defendant's relations with Hope Taylor?" Bartlett snapped.

Carol looked up as though surprised at such a question. "Of course I did," she said calmly, "and I thoroughly approved of them."

There was a low murmur from the courtroom and Corrigan banged his gavel on the bench. Bartlett looked blank.

"You say you approved?" he asked.

"Yes." Carol was smiling sweetly and then, as though explaining something to a very backward child, she added, "You see, we both liked Miss Taylor so much and the poor girl had no head for business at all."

"And because she had no head for business at all, you approved of the defendant's relations with her?" Bartlett roared.

Carol looked up with an air of puzzled bewilderment. Then she asked innocently, "Of course you mean Mr. Cunningham's business relations with her, don't you?"

"No, I don't," Bartlett said coldly. "I mean his personal relations with her."

Carol actually laughed, and I blessed her.

"But, Mr. Bartlett," she explained, "Mr. Cunningham had no personal relations with Miss Taylor. He merely handled her financial affairs."

"Did he go to her apartment at eleven o'clock on the night of November 11th to discuss financial affairs?" he asked sarcastically.

"Oh, yes," Carol answered easily. "I made him go. Miss Taylor had written so urgently for an appointment that evening."

Now I took a hand. "If the Court please, at this time I'd like to introduce into evidence the note written by Miss Taylor to the defendant, which he received at his home earlier on the evening of November 11th."

"I object to that note as hearsay," Bartlett cried.

Corrigan took the note and looked at it carefully. "If the prosecutor can satisfy himself as to the genuineness of the handwriting, I see no reason why it should not be introduced into evidence."

"Your Honor, I have handwriting experts here who will prove that it is in Miss Taylor's handwriting," I said calmly.

Bartlett took the note. That large, almost childish scrawl was unmistakably Hope Taylor's. Reluctantly he nodded. "I'll accept it."

"Will the clerk read it aloud and then mark it as Defense Exhibit No. 1?" Corrigan droned.

The clerk read those important words: "I must see you tonight about some investments—Hope."

Then Bartlett looked speculatively at Carol. Inadvertently he had picked up a hot coal and he was smart enough to drop it as quickly as possible. "That will be all, Miss Cannon."

A FEW other witnesses followed but I didn't even bother cross-examining. I knew that Bartlett had a fine case that couldn't be broken that way.

My first witness, to the surprise of everyone, was Frank Cunningham. Frank looked as cool as if he had been a spectator at this courtroom drama.

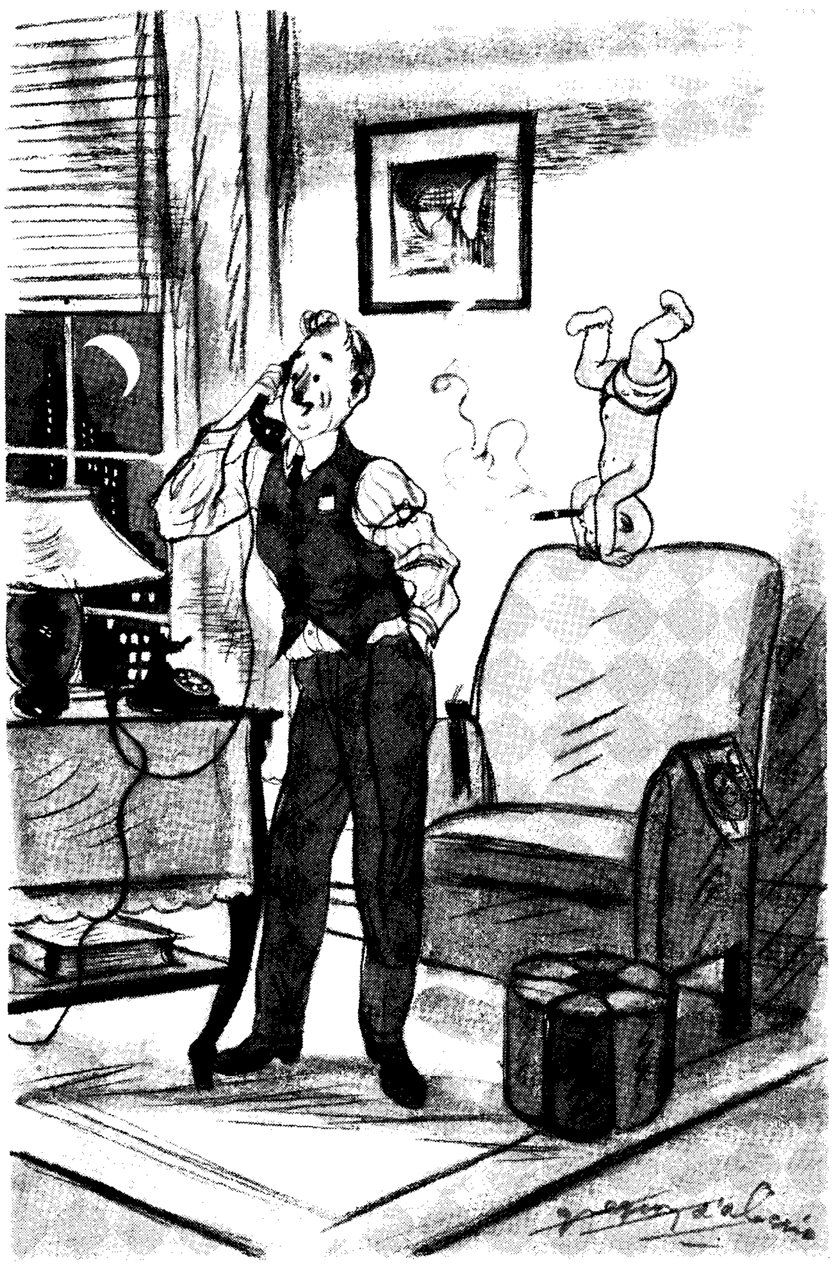
"Did you kill Hope Taylor?" I asked.

"No," Frank said firmly—and I turned to Bartlett.

"Your witness," I snapped. He looked startled and a little suspicious, but he recovered and went to work on Frank.

"Were you in love with Hope Taylor?"

"Certainly not," Frank said calmly.



"Stay as long as you like, dear. I feel I'm just beginning to know our son"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"Were you in love with Carol Cannon?"

"I was—and am." Frank looked briefly toward Carol and smiled faintly.

"You intended to marry Miss Cannon?"

"I intend to marry Miss Cannon," Frank corrected.

"You have heard Miss Cannon testify that you went to Miss Taylor's apartment on the night of November 11th for the sole purpose of discussing her financial affairs. Is that true?"

Frank hesitated, and then took a deep breath. "It is partly true. I also went to her apartment for another reason."

"And what reason was that?" Bartlett demanded.

"Because her former husband, my best friend, was worried about her health. He asked me to go and see her. He asked me, too, to make one final plea to persuade her to come back to him."

THERE was another gasp from the courtroom. The members of the jury leaned forward intently. Even Judge Corrigan looked surprised. I was clenching my fists, and I looked at them, and they were white. Then I relaxed. This was a courtroom. This was my battleground. There was no room here for feeling—only room for thought.

"And the name," Bartlett sneered, "of this husband you have brought so conveniently out of nowhere?"

Frank looked at him steadily. "Dwight Young," he said softly.

"Dwight Young!" Bartlett exploded. Now the courtroom was silent with tense expectancy. Then Bartlett turned to Corrigan.

"Your Honor, this is an unexpected development in the case. I realize that it is unusual procedure, but I would like to put the defense counsel, Dwight Young, on the stand."

Corrigan looked down at me. "I think it might be done if defense counsel is willing."

I walked to the stand as Frank stepped down.

"Is it true that you were married to Miss Taylor?" Bartlett asked.

"Yes, it is true."

"Under what circumstances were you married, and why did neither you nor Miss Taylor ever publicly acknowledge the existence of the marriage?" Bartlett asked coldly.

I took a breath. "When Miss Taylor was married to the Baron Ulrich de Durando, she came to me and asked me to represent her in a divorce action against the baron. I did so, and being an associate member of the Nevada bar, I went to Reno to plead the case myself. While there, Miss Taylor and I—we fell in love." My voice was steady, but I was seeing Hope as she had been then, or rather as my hopelessly infatuated heart made me see her.

"And then?" Bartlett prompted.

"We were married secretly at Las Vegas," I went on. . . . Hope had been wearing a blue print dress and, driving to Las Vegas, we had stopped and I had picked some spring flowers which were growing by the road. "A bride must carry flowers for luck," I had laughed, and I'd pinned the flowers on her as she sat in the car and there were a lot left over, so I sprinkled them on her. They fell on her lovely blond hair and covered her shoulders and . . .

"Miss Taylor had received a musical comedy offer and she felt that her career might be jeopardized if it were known that she was married. I agreed, and when we returned to New York neither of us ever told anyone of it. I have the marriage certificate here," I added and handed it to Bartlett.

"You say that the defendant went to Miss Taylor's apartment—suppose we continue to call her Miss Taylor—on the night of November 11th only to advise her on investments and to persuade her to return to you?"

I nodded. "That is correct. Miss Taylor left me three months after the marriage. We had no quarrel. Let's say that she merely became weary of being married to a man who had to spend so much of his time working. And two years ago I arranged a quiet divorce."

"Then the defendant testified that you were worried about her health. Just what did he mean?"

I drew a deep sigh of relief. Now I was ready to give the testimony that I hoped would clear Frank.

"For three years," I began, "Miss Taylor has suffered from a chronic cerebral condition. It was caused by a fall from a horse when we were in Reno." That dreadful moment when the frisky horse, rearing, had hurled Hope from its back, leaving her limp on the ground, flashed before my eyes.

"At the time it was thought that she had merely suffered a concussion, but the doctor who attended her in Reno, Dr. Erwin Black, warned that possible serious consequences might follow. He is here in the courtroom and will testify as to that. Ever since then, Miss Taylor has been subject to fainting spells. Her maid will testify that these spells have come with increasing frequency of late. Her physician, Dr. Emanuel Di Vito, will testify that he has been treating her for these spells. I asked Detective Dolan to impound the contents of Miss Taylor's medicine chest. Those contents are here in court. Among them are two boxes of luminal, which Dr. Di Vito was using to treat her."

Judge Corrigan broke in: "Frankly, Mr. Young, although sympathetic, the Court is not interested in the physical condition of Miss Taylor unless it has some bearing on her murder. Would you explain why you bring it in?"

I looked up at Corrigan and said softly, "Because, Your Honor, Miss Taylor was not murdered."

The newspapermen were scribbling furiously and messenger boys were darting up the aisles with their copy. Bartlett looked at me blankly for a moment.

"THE proper procedure would have been for you to make that assertion in your opening address, Mr. Young," Corrigan said. "But now that you have made the assertion, will you go on and explain?"

"I object!" Bartlett shouted furiously, and then, as Corrigan gave him a cold "Overruled," he said, "Exception."

"I mean this, Your Honor," I said. "When the defendant left Miss Taylor that evening, she was excited, overwrought, nervous. She had been quarreling with him. She had been telling him bluntly that he was merely her broker and that he had no right to interfere in her personal affairs. She told him that her career meant more to her than I did, and for that reason she would never return to me. She added that her love for me was dead. This all aggravated her cerebral condition.

"A few moments after the defendant left, she was attacked by one of these recurring fainting spells. It struck without warning as she stood in front of the fireplace, and she immediately lost consciousness. She fell, struck her head on the andiron with sufficient force to fracture her skull and cause death. That is how Hope Taylor died, and the defendant is a victim of sheer circumstantial evidence."

"If the prosecutor has no objection, I would like to hear the medical testimony," Corrigan said, and Bartlett nodded thoughtfully.

I stepped down and called the Reno doctor. He testified briefly as to the accident and the injury. Then I put Dr. Di Vito on the stand. Dr. Di Vito was one of the country's leading brain spe-

"YOU CAN TELL EVERY ONE I SAID SO!
I've got *absolute* proof this paint saved me $500"

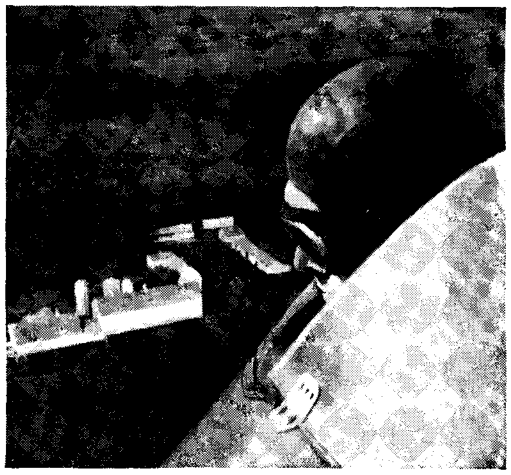
ACTUAL STORY OF ELMER T. McCARROLL, PRESIDENT OF WHITE PLAINS FARMS, INC., RACINE, WISCONSIN

"WITH 100,000 SQ. FT. TO PAINT, I HAVE TO KEEP AN EY
ON PAIN ”

Home Owners. . . S ite
for the free, illustr .

FACTS SHOWED there was well-grounded, scientific development back of this new Devoe 2-Coat House Painting System.

2 COATS COVERED my farm buildings better than any three coats of usual paint I'd ever used before.



STANDS OUT brilliantly white — the way a modern dairy should. Air pilots can spot our barns miles off — use them as a landmark.

I TESTED 6 OTHER PAINTS BEFORE I CHOSE THE 2-COAT SYSTEM...MY DEALER WAS RIGHT...IT SAVED ME MONEY

REPORTS like this come from all over the country. Devoe's 2-Coat System is creating a sensation. It's different from old-fashioned painting methods. It uses two different paints—an undercoat to seal wood or old paint pores—a special topcoat to resist the sun, wind and rain.

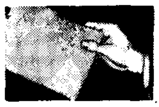
Get the facts. Write for the free book. Talk to your Devoe Dealer. Usually his name is listed in your Classified Telephone Directory.

DEALERS: Devoe Franchises available in some communities. Responsible dealers are invited to write for details.

SIMPLE BLOTTER TEST EXPLAINS AMAZING STORY

(*Left*) This blotter painted with conventional paint.

(*Right*) Back shows conventional paint soaks thru.



(*Left*) Blotter painted with Devoe House Paint Undercoat.

(*Right*) Devoe seals surface. Keeps oils in the paint.

Wood, or the old paint, is as effectively sealed as this blotter! See this test at your Devoe Dealer's, or in the Free Book.

Employ a Reputable Painter—Specify Devoe

FREE BOOK MAIL THIS COUPON

This book answers paint problems. When to paint—What colors—How to cut costs—arrange financing. Send today.

C-1

DEVOE & RAYNOLDS CO., INC.
1 West 47th Street, New York, N. Y.
Send me your free, illustrated book.

Name________________
Address________________
City________ State________

DEVOE *House Paint* THE NEW 2-COAT SYSTEM
DEVELOPED BY AMERICA'S OLDEST PAINT COMPANY_ EST. 1754

Glidden offers DOUBLE PROTECTION
IN PAINT PRODUCTS WITH THESE TWO MARKS OF QUALITY!

The dependable Glidden name is on the front of every Glidden paint can.

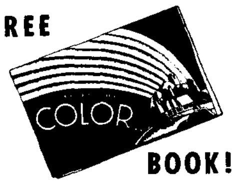
● The Glidden name has been world-famous for almost 70 years as a symbol of utmost reliability in paint products. Now Glidden adds the impressive "TIME-TESTED" Mark of Quality to its complete line of paint products!

The "TIME-TESTED" Mark of Quality has been sponsored by 26 paint laboratories, with extensive knowledge and experience, modern methods, and highly technical personnel. Backed by tremendous resources these laboratories are engaged in constant paint research, testing, experimenting . . . achieving new standards of perfection for "TIME-TESTED" laboratory-approved paints.

Thus the well-known Glidden name and the official "TIME-TESTED" Mark of Quality on each Glidden product, assure you *double protection* when buying paint for any need. These two symbols of highest paint quality are a reliable new measuring stick of value and dependability. To be *doubly sure* of paint quality proof, use *only* Glidden "TIME-TESTED" paints!

"TIME-TESTED" Mark of Quality also appears on each Glidden can.

FREE COLOR BOOK!



● Finest, most complete home-painting manual ever compiled. 32 pages. Over 100 authentic modern color schemes. Beautiful, workable. Will help transform your home. Write for your FREE copy NOW!

THE GLIDDEN COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

GLIDDEN PAINTS
★ Everywhere on Everything ★
PAINTS · VARNISHES · LACQUERS · ENAMELS

No Excuse for Empty Purses

WHAT woman doesn't like to have a few dollars to call her own and use accordingly? That's why I am hoping you will look into this Club of ours —then you'll be independent and happy, too. When I hear from you I will send our new Free booklet, ***"An Adventure in Dollars and Cents"*** for that tells you how you can turn your spare moments into extra money. There are letters in it, too, from members who have been earning money with us for several years.

Mrs. Graham of Kansas joined us in 1914 and the hundreds of dollars she has earned have helped her maintain her home and put her son through the university. Mrs. Gardiner in Utah earned $104.70 and she's a busy mother. Sounds interesting, doesn't it? Then send a post card today, addressing it to ***Miss Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club, Collier's Weekly, Dept. 16, 250 Park Avenue, New York, New York.***

HOW CORNS COME BACK BIGGER, UGLIER

-unless removed ROOT* AND ALL

● *Thousands are praising this new, scientific* Blue-Jay method that ends a corn. Blue-Jay, the tiny medicated plaster, stops the pain instantly—then in 3 days the entire corn lifts out Root and All. Blue-Jay is easy to use. Held snugly in place by Wet-Pruf adhesive. 25¢ for 6. Get Blue-Jay today.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK
SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

Before a Cold gets you DOWN... ...Get your ALKALINE RESERVE UP!

Because many medical authorities say that a cold is often the result of a lowered alkaline reserve, Luden's have added a tasteless natural Alkaline Factor to the original Luden formula. This means that Luden's now actually help build up your lowered reserve when you have a cold.

LUDEN'S
MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢

CLEAR YOUR HEAD...
Luden's Menthol vapor clears the nasal passages.

PROTECT YOUR THROAT...
Luden's 11 medicinal ingredients soothe and moisten the membrane.

cialists and he had treated Hope during the past two years.

"Will you explain to the jury the condition for which you were treating Miss Taylor?"

The doctor stroked his small black goatee and explained, "Miss Taylor was subject to cataleptic convulsions, something which the layman might mistakenly call fainting spells. Sudden vertigo often took possession of her. All the symptoms as if she had a cerebral tumor, or as if she suffered from epilepsy. I prescribed quarter-grain luminal tablets, the depressive quality of which relieved the excessive overstimulation of the brain, and if she took the tablets at the right time the attack was usually averted."

"Your witness," I said to Bartlett.

"Doctor," Bartlett said grimly, and I knew he had gotten hold of the one weakness in my case. "Would an autopsy show this brain condition?"

"Under most circumstances it would," the doctor said. "In this case it might not because the impact was so severe that it may have entirely destroyed that small portion of the brain which was afflicted."

"You say the force with which Miss Taylor hit the andiron must have been very severe?" There was a gleam in Bartlett's eye which I didn't like.

"Yes," Dr. Di Vito nodded.

"DOCTOR," Bartlett said steadily, and he couldn't keep a note of triumph out of his voice, "isn't it true that when a person faints the stream of consciousness is not cut off abruptly, but that it is gradually cut off? And isn't it true that the person will grow limp and relaxed, and then slump to the floor—rather than plunge to the floor?"

"That is true," Dr. Di Vito said thoughtfully.

"Have you in all of your experience ever heard of a person who has fainted injuring himself fatally by the impact with the floor or ground?" Bartlett was fairly shouting now, and an icy hand was clutching at my heart.

"No, I have not," the doctor admitted.

"That is all, Doctor," and Bartlett looked at me and smiled.

I stood up. "Doctor, will you explain the difference between the attacks which Miss Taylor suffered and an ordinary faint?"

"There is a difference," Dr. Di Vito explained. "Mr. Bartlett is right when he said that people are rarely, if ever, injured fatally because of a fall which is the result of a faint. However, Miss Taylor's case was different. When her cerebral disturbance manifested itself—that is, when she was attacked by a spell—her body grew rigid instead of relaxed. Then the stream of consciousness, instead of dying gradually, was cut off sharply. The result was that unconsciousness overcame her in a flash, not gradually."

"Is it not possible then that this attack came as she stood there by the fireplace; that she plunged to the floor as though she had been felled by a blow with sufficient force to fracture her skull as her head hit the andiron?"

"Entirely possible," Dr. Di Vito said, and I said to him, "That will be all."

In my closing address to the jury I dwelt on the unreliability of circumstantial evidence, which was the only kind of evidence the state had presented against Frank. I ridiculed the state's implication that Hope and the defendant had been intimate.

"Do you suppose that Judge James R. Cannon, who has sat here in the courtroom during every session of the trial, lending his tacit support to the defendant, would allow his daughter to be engaged to a man capable of murder?" I stormed.

The jury nodded at that.

"Do you think that I, who loved Hope Taylor in life and who revere her in death, would not be the first to seek revenge if I thought she had been the victim of a murderer? If I thought she had been murdered, I would scour the earth to bring her killer to justice. Yet, I swear to you that I know Frank Cunningham had nothing to do with the death of Hope Taylor. We do not plead for an acquittal—we demand an acquittal."

When I finished, Bartlett arose. He began to speak very slowly, "Your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury," he said, "when this trial began, I was firmly convinced of the defendant's guilt. Now I will confess that I was misled by a mass of circumstances which, as defense counsel says, placed the defendant in a terrifying position through no fault of his own. I am firmly convinced now that this evidence in no way connects the defendant with the death of Miss Taylor. If it please Your Honor, the state moves for a dismissal of the indictment against this defendant and moves that a verdict of death from natural causes be found in the case of Miss Taylor."

Corrigan looked at the jury box. The twelve good men and true were smiling broadly. It was easy to see that they agreed.

"The indictment is dismissed, and the defendant discharged," Corrigan said laconically enough, but he couldn't refrain from smiling. Before I could turn around, Carol had flung herself at Frank and her arms were around him, and she was sobbing.

Frank wasn't saying anything. He stood there, half laughing, half crying, and then the three of us were in Carol's car, driving uptown.

"I'll never forget, Dwight," Frank said.

"We'll never forget," Carol corrected gently.

"Oh, you'll get my bill, all right," I laughed.

Then Carol said, "It must have been horrible for you, Dwight. Oh, I suffered for you. When you told how Hope had died, I closed my eyes and I could picture it and I suffered for you. You described it so graphically, Dwight, that —well, you might have been there watching her. Why—why—what's the matter, Dwight?"

I had buried my head in my hands and I was trying to keep from crying, "I was there. I was there, and I did see Hope die. She died just after I'd thrown those hateful letters Frank had written to her into the fire. She tried to snatch them from the fire and, as she did so, she tripped and fell and hit her head, her lovely golden head, on the andiron. And there she was, lying all crushed and broken. I picked her up and cried to her to come back, but she never answered me, because she was dead. Then I went away from there—went by the back stairs I'd used to enter the building—the stairway the servants used, and so no one saw me."

I FELT Carol's cool hand on my head, and I felt Frank's arm around me, and I wanted to tell them that I'd been there with Hope when Frank had arrived, but that then I'd slipped into another room. I'd heard Hope plead her love for Frank and every word was a stab in my heart. Then I'd found those letters in a jewel case on the bureau, a jewel case I'd once given Hope. When Frank had gone, I'd walked into the living room and, without a word, had thrown the letters on the open fire. Then Hope had screamed, "You beast—you beast!" And had lunged forward. And those were her last words to me, "You beast, you beast!"

I wanted to tell them all this, but I didn't. I just said wearily, "I'm all in. I'm tired."

And Carol said, "Poor, dear Dwight. Of course, you must be tired."

I Love You Again

Continued from page 16

too, had a thin line of mustache across his upper lip; his eyes were wide-set and level; his hands large and well-tended; his clothes just a shade too perfect and too obvious.

"I came," he said evenly, "because I had to."

Kay shoved the card table aside. She asked, "Why not?"

"Well, visitors haven't seemed to be very welcome around here recently."

"Larry hasn't been well."

"Hasn't he?" The man's eyes flicked Larry coolly. He said, "I wonder."

Larry waited. He wanted to speak and didn't dare. Then Kay dropped a clue. She said, "Now, Warner . . ."

Warner! Larry's mind worked fast. Warner Blane, obviously. Campbell's business agent. Nice-looking chap. Handsome. Impressive. He heard Blane's voice, "I'm afraid I'm not going to be very popular tonight."

"Why not?" It was Larry speaking.

"Because I came to ask questions."

"Yes . . . ?"

BUT Warner Blane did not immediately proceed. Instead he took occasion to explain himself.

"You should know what I want, Larry. I've been a friend of the Campbells for years. What hits them also hits me."

"Naturally."

"The fact that I work for Mr. Campbell has nothing to do with it—"

"Does he know that you're here?" Larry asked.

"No. I came on my own. I figured it was about time for somebody to talk turkey to you."

Larry waited patiently, with his glance never wavering from the face of the man opposite. When Blane broke the silence, his voice was more harsh. He asked, abruptly:

"What have you got up your sleeve, Larry?"

"I'd rather not talk about it."

"Of course you'd rather not—though neither I, nor anybody else, can figure why. But I'm here as a friend of the Campbells to do what they should have done, and didn't. Listen, Larry: They've been saps. They've sat back and let you get away with this—"

"Meaning what?"

"This pretending to be sick. But I don't fall for it. The old man was too polite to press the point, and too fond of you. You refused to talk to Rita. Duncan is a kid. Well, I'm not."

"Obviously."

"Quit stalling. What I want to know is why this little game?"

"I'd rather not discuss anything now."

"That's interesting. What I came here to find out is, *why?*"

"Because I don't wish to."

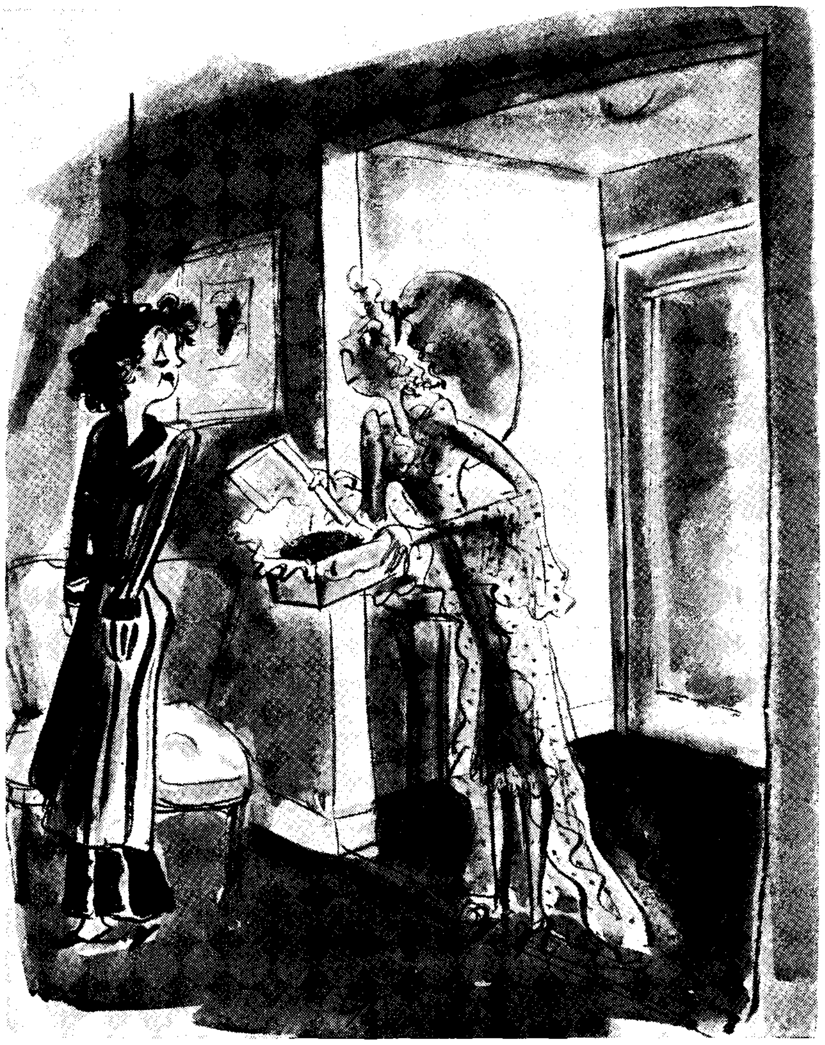
Warner Blane made an impatient gesture. His voice was not at all pleasant: "Trying to crowd me right off the track, aren't you, Larry? Well, you can't get away with it."

"I'm not explaining things to you," said Larry coldly, "and that's all there is to it."

"I'll see that you do—"

"Yes . . . ?"

Kay's quiet voice broke in. "I think you're going at this the wrong way. You're both friends of Duncan's. You both want to help."



"There you are! Violets! Would a wolf send violets?" B. SHERMUND

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE RICH TO ENJOY RICH WHISKEY

BROTHERS! Don't you want to save your dimes?

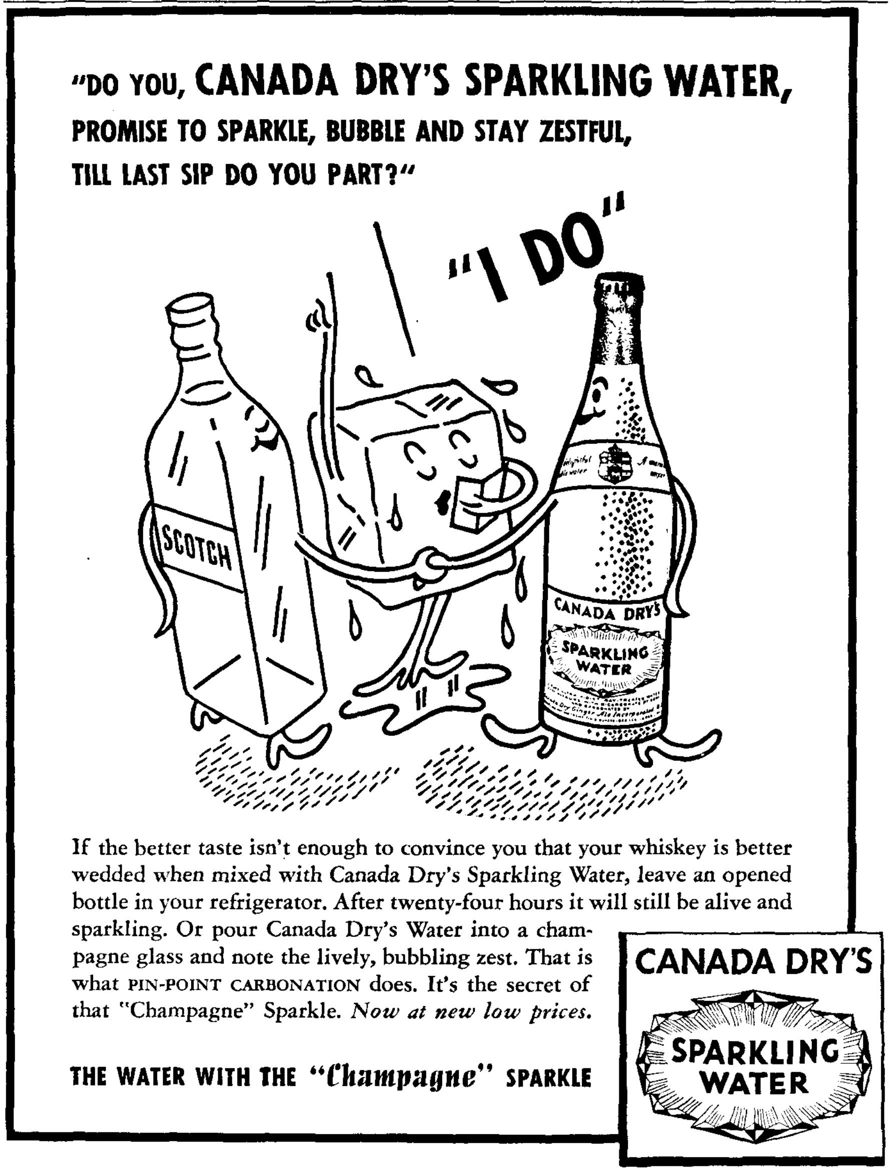
In penthouse, prairie, factory, and farm—millions are finding—"there's a barrel of quality in every bottle." It bears the Schenley Mark of Merit.

SCHENLEY'S OLD QUAKER BRAND

90 PROOF

STRAIGHT WHISKEY... AS YOU PREFER IN BOURBON OR RYE

COPYRIGHT 1937, THE OLD QUAKER CO., LAWRENCEBURG, IND.



"DO YOU, CANADA DRY'S SPARKLING WATER, PROMISE TO SPARKLE, BUBBLE AND STAY ZESTFUL, TILL LAST SIP DO YOU PART?"

"I DO"

If the better taste isn't enough to convince you that your whiskey is better wedded when mixed with Canada Dry's Sparkling Water, leave an opened bottle in your refrigerator. After twenty-four hours it will still be alive and sparkling. Or pour Canada Dry's Water into a champagne glass and note the lively, bubbling zest. That is what PIN-POINT CARBONATION does. It's the secret of that "Champagne" Sparkle. *Now at new low prices.*

THE WATER WITH THE "Champagne" SPARKLE

CANADA DRY'S SPARKLING WATER

RUNNING WATER
YOUR FAMILY DESERVES IT

The entire family endorses the reliable MYERS

ONCE you install a water system, any interruption to its service becomes both aggravating and expensive. Thousands of rural and suburban families enthusiastically endorse the absolute reliability of MYERS Water Systems for individual water supply. When you turn the faucet, you may count on a MYERS to respond. It furnishes water at lowest possible cost. MYERS Electric Water Systems are entirely automatic; self-starting, self-stopping, self-oiling. Styles for deep or shallow wells. Other models for operation by hand, windmill or engine. Write today for interesting free water system booklet.

Fig. 2700

Fig. 2310

THE F. E. MYERS & BRO. CO.
20 Orange St., Ashland, O.
"Pump Builders Since 1870"

Take Off Your Hat to the MYERS

MYERS

THE F. E. MYERS & BRO. CO.
20 Orange St., Ashland, Ohio
Send free Water System booklet and name of your nearest dealer.

Name________________________
Address______________________
(18-7)

WATER SYSTEMS

"MORNING-AFTER" EYES

Cleared in Seconds!

A BIG night last night? Hot red eyes in the cold grey dawn today? *Clear* those bloodshot eyes in seconds! Money back if new scientific EYE-GENE fails to make them milk-white, bright! It's really *fast*. Yet stainless, safe. And refreshing as an extra hour's sleep! Thousands switching from old-fashioned solutions. Ask for EYE-GENE at all drug and dept. stores.

EYE-GENE
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping Bureau

DON'T LET COUGHING TEAR YOUR THROAT

MILLIONS USE PERTUSSIN FOR QUICK RELIEF

It's the drying of tiny moisture glands in your throat and bronchial tract that often causes coughs. Sticky phlegm collects, irritates, and you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture. Sticky mucus is loosened and easily expelled. Irritation goes away—coughing is relieved. Try Pertussin at our expense. Use coupon below.

PERTUSSIN

30¢ Prescription FREE

Seeck & Kade, Inc., Dept. AB-19,
440 Washington Street, N. Y. C.
Please send me 2-oz. prescription of Pertussin FREE . . . by return mail.

Name________________________
Address______________________

"I do," said Blane. "But I doubt whether Larry does."

Larry asked, "Just what is your interest in this affair, Blane?"

"You know damned well what it is. You and I are both obligated to the Campbells. Well, when I owe somebody something, I pay off."

"Very commendable. So let me ask you this: Do *you* think Duncan killed Ted Courtney?"

"That's something only you can answer." Blane's face was hard. "You've been doing tricky riding ever since you got back to Habersham, Larry. And I don't like it."

"I DON'T see where you figure in the thing at all," Larry said.

"I'm crashing in."

"Has Duncan confided in you?"

"Listen here—" Blane rose and looked down at his host. "You can't get away with the same stuff you tried on Mr. Campbell and Rita."

"Meaning what?"

"They came to find out things from you and you ended by cross-questioning them. They don't know why—and neither do I. But I do know this: You can't pull the same line on me."

"Very well."

"And what's more: I don't like any part of the way you're acting."

"No one asked for your opinion," Larry countered.

"I'm giving it anyway. You're holding something back that's important. You've stalled every time anybody has questioned you. You've pretended to be sick. You've acted like a thorough louse, and—"

Larry rose, too. His face was white, and Kay—glancing at him apprehensively, said, "Larry—please!"

He moved closer to Warner Blane. The eyes of the two men were on a level.

Larry's voice was frigid. He said:

"You've done a lot of talking, Blane. It hasn't been pleasant talking—and I don't like it. Now I'm asking you to get out."

"Suppose I don't want to?"

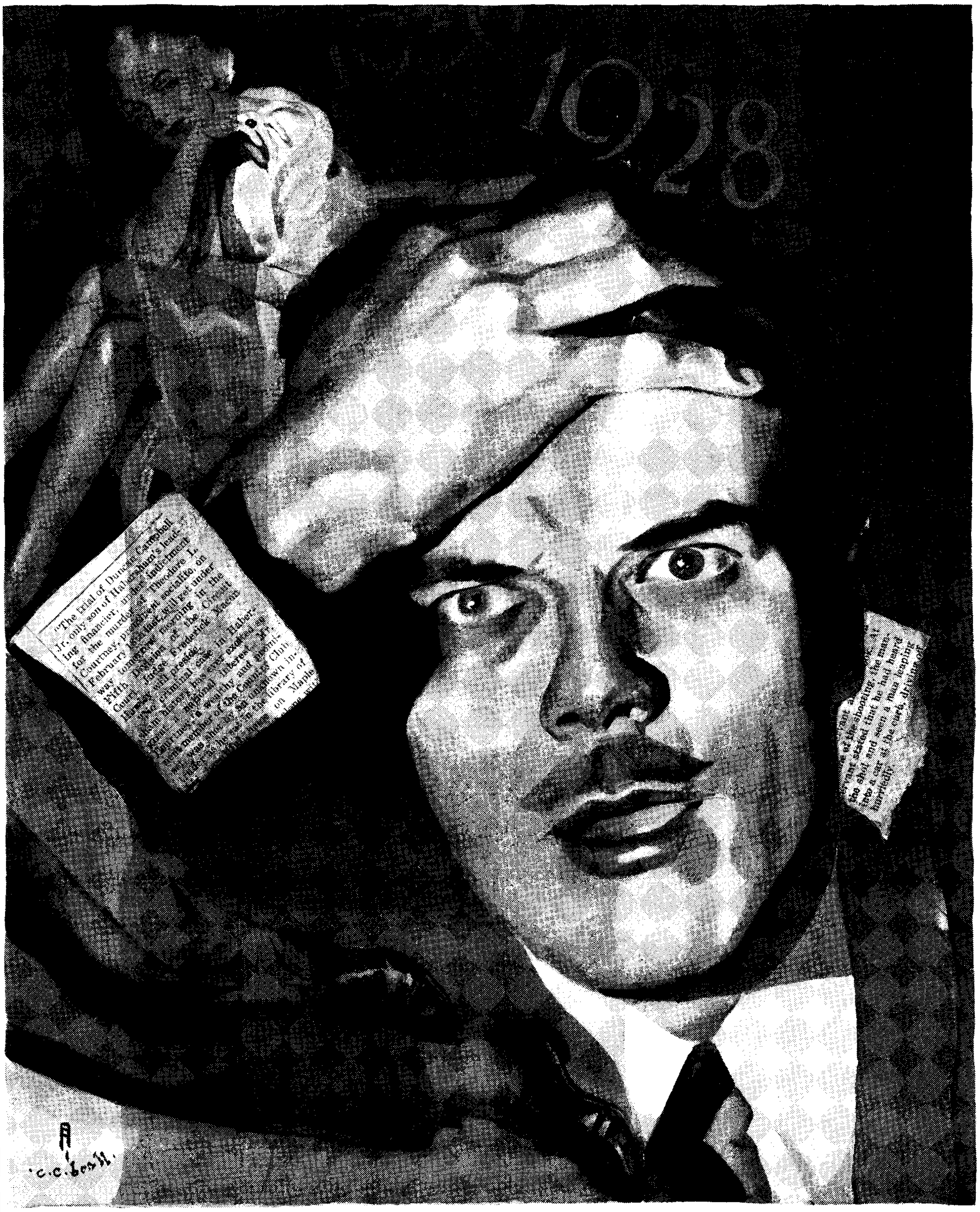
"It doesn't matter what you want. You're going."

"Like hell I am."

"AND what's more, you'll be careful of your words." Larry's body was tense. "I've taken plenty from you: all I intend to take. I didn't get mad at first because you said you came here as a friend of the Campbells. Well, you're not a friend of mine. I don't like you and I don't want you around."

"Who's making me go?"

"I am. And as for explaining my silence: I'll do that when I get good and ready. I've never liked being pushed


1928
The trial of Duncan Campbell
Jr., only son of Habersham's lead-
ing financier, under indictment
for the murder of Theodore L.
Courtney, prominent socialite, on
February last, will get under
way tomorrow morning in the
Fifth Division of the Circuit
Court. Judge Frederick Macon
will preside.
of the shooting, the man
stated that he had heard
the shot and seen a man leaping
into a car at the curb, driving off
hurriedly.
C. C. Beall

There had been frequent mention of a man named Larry Wilson. But he wasn't Larry Wilson; he was George Carey. And this wasn't 1936; it was 1928

around, and I don't intend to start liking it now."

Kay moved forward. She touched Blane's arm.

"Larry's right, Warner. Let's not make bad matters worse."

Blane shrugged. "I'll go." He crossed to the front door, and there he turned. "I don't like you for little green apples, Larry Wilson. And I'm moving out only because Kay asked me to."

Larry stared at him, saying nothing.

"One of these days," said Blane, "after this affair has been straightened out—we may get together."

"We may," agreed Larry. "It would be interesting."

"And there's one thing more I'm going to say—"

"There's nothing more you're going to say. I told you to get out, and I mean it. I've taken all I'm going to take."

Blane's usually handsome face was ugly with fury. He bowed exaggeratedly toward Kay.

"Sorry," he said, "but I can't help wondering why you feel that way about a selling-plater like him."

The screen door closed. They heard Warner Blane descending the stone stairway leading from the veranda to the street.

Kay reseated herself and touched the cards.

"Shall we finish the game?"

"I'd rather not."

She sorted the two decks. Larry sprawled in his wing chair and looked across at her.

He said, "I'm sorry I lost my head."

"I don't blame you."

Together they latched the downstairs windows and locked the front door. They walked upstairs, and at the door of her bedroom they faced one another.

He said, "I want to hear all of the trial, Kay."

"I thought you would."

"I'd like you to sit in with me."

"Whatever you wish."

"Thanks."

He touched her hand briefly.

"Good night, Kay."

She answered quite simply:

"Good night, Larry. And good luck."

A MOTORCYCLE policeman halted the car a block away from the imposing courthouse. The streets were jammed. Someone said, "That's Larry Wilson," and the policeman said, "Oh, sure. Howdy, Mr. Wilson," and cleared a lane. Cashus drove importantly up to the great white building and gazed with regal dignity upon those less fortunate than himself.

There was a forward surge of reporters and photographers. A barrage of questions. Larry smiled thinly and said, "Sorry, boys . . . not now." Cameras snapped and Kay and Jason tried to shield him.

Huge corridors jammed with the morbidly curious; strident voices saying, "Move on . . . You can't stand here . . . Where's your pass?" Men and women proclaiming that this was a free country, and why shouldn't they be allowed inside. Men in uniform saying they were sorry, but orders were orders. Staring eyes, a welter of conjecture and comment as Larry guided Kay toward the closed doors of the courtroom. A half dozen people who said, "Hi, Larry—how about gettin' me in?" His own nerves jumpy. Kay splendidly quiet. Jason saying, "I never would have thought this town could get so excited." Kay's arm pressing Larry's hand against her body, reassuringly.

Then they were inside. There was a craning of necks, a shuffling of feet, a hum of conversation—and the sharp rap of Judge Hawley's gavel. "Quiet in the court. Any more disturbance and the bailiff will clear the room." A question from the witness stand, and an answer: "You are the coroner of Habersham County?" . . . "Yes, sir . . ." Places reserved inside the railing for Larry and Kay and Jason. Larry's glimpse of an amazingly boyish, well-built young man sitting at a long table beside a prematurely old young man who was Graham Vale, his attorney. Duncan turned and smiled faintly. Larry nodded and smiled. Kay vouchsafed the young man a brief wave of her hand. Jason asked, "Is that Duncan Campbell?" and Kay said "Yes." Jason said, "Nice-looking kid, isn't he?" A photographer requested permission to snap a picture and Judge Hawley refused, much to the disgust of District Attorney Morley Anderson.

THE coroner was testifying. Routine stuff. Establishing legally that Ted Courtney was dead. The findings of the coroner's jury were introduced—and accepted—as evidence. There was no cross-examination. The city physician corroborated the testimony of the coroner, so that the spectators were fully justified in believing that Ted Courtney was indeed dead.

Mr. Anderson called "William Jeepers," and the bailiff bellowed an echo, which was very impressive but not exactly necessary since Mr. Jeepers, very frightened and very black, was sitting tensely in the front row of the section reserved for Negroes. He shuffled inside the enclosure and toward the witness box: a thin little man about forty years of age. He took the stand and the Bible was shoved into his hands . . . " 'stell truthwholetruthnothinbuttruthselpyouGawd," and he said, "Y-y-yassuh." Mr. Anderson's resonant voice rumbled through the room. He was a man who talked in exclamation points.

"What is your name?"

"William Jeepers, suh."

"Age?"

" 'Bout fo'ty, suh."

"About? Aren't you sure?"

"Nossuh. I jist reckon."

"William, where do you live?"

"Eight-twenty-seven Alley G, suh."

"How long have you lived there?"

"I dunno, suh. Not so awful long."

"Where were you living on February 18th, last?"

"In back of Mistuh Courtney's house, suh."

"Where in back of his house?"

"Right in back."

There was a ripple of laughter, which the judge checked sharply.

"You mean in the servants' rooms?"

"Yassuh."

"What was your job?"

"I was wukkin' fo' Mistuh Courtney."

"How long had you been with him, William?"

"Golla, Cap'n, I don't know fo' shuah. Yeahs an' yeahs, it seems like."

"What did you do for him?"

"Well, suh—I sort of valeted and shoffed."

"You what?"

"I valeted an' shoffed."

"You were his valet and chauffeur, you mean?"

"Yassuh. Also I cut the grass an' tended the flowers an' he'ped clean the house an' the silver, an'—"

"I see. Who else lived in that house?"

"Nobody, suh. Jist me an' Mistuh Courtney an' Constance."

"Who is Constance?"

"She done the cookin', an' some of the cleanin'. But I done most of the cleanin'."

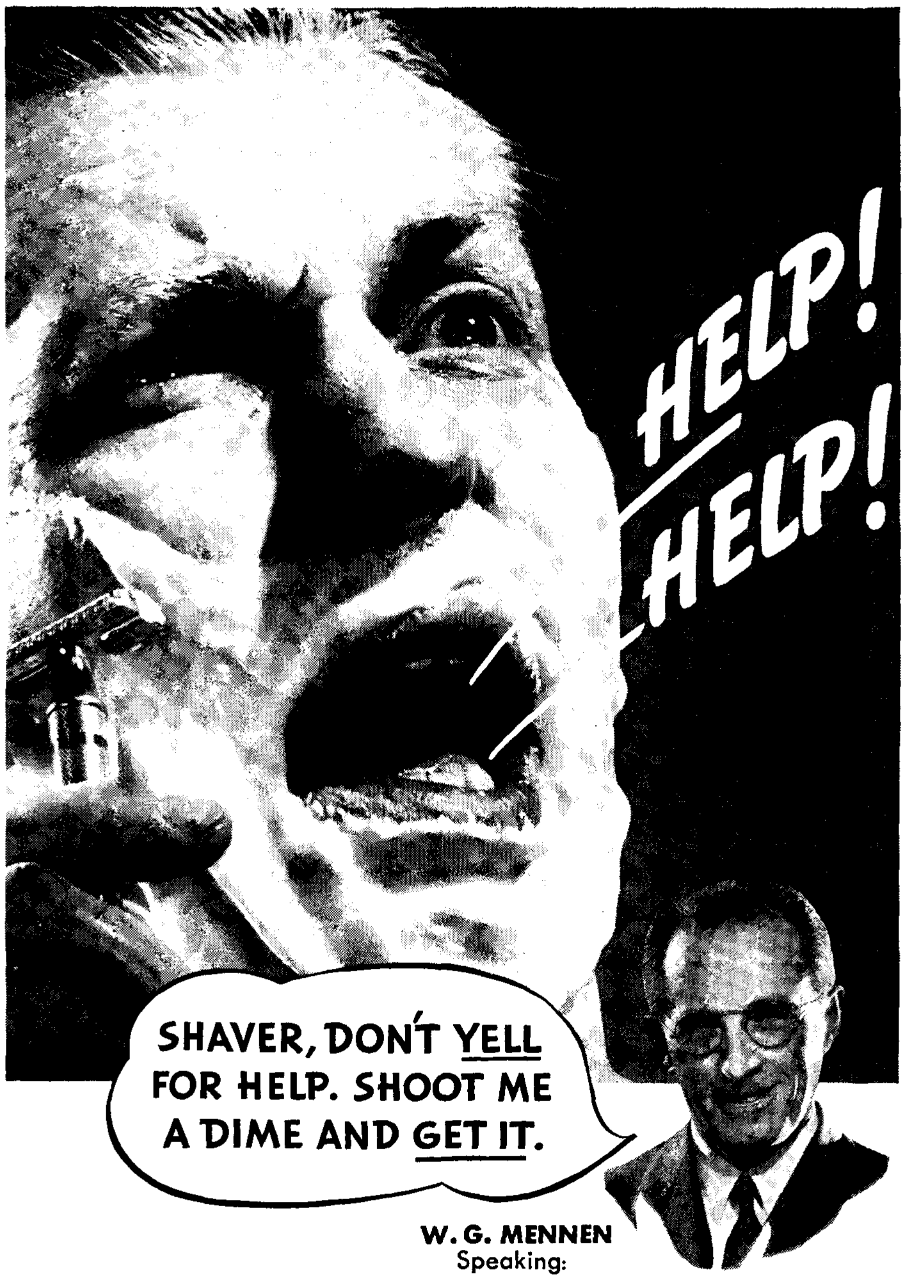
"Was she there on the night of February 18th?"

"Reckon so, suh. She must've been fixin' dinner."

"Do you remember that night, William?"

The Negro's eyes rolled. "Yassuh—tha's the most night I won't never fo'git."

"Why?"


HELP! HELP!
SHAVER, DON'T YELL FOR HELP. SHOOT ME A DIME AND GET IT.
W. G. MENNEN
Speaking:

"If you're one of the millions of shavers who are shouting for help—here's a sporting proposition for you. Shoot me the coupon below with one thin dime ...and see if it doesn't bring you aid.

"You see...I'm making *two* kinds of shaving cream, one for the fellow with *oily* skin and beard, and the other for the fellow with *dry* skin. And *this means you*. Your skin and beard *are* oily or dry, even if only a little. One of my creams *does* fit you; and you'll get a better shave from it, as surely as you get better service from a hat that fits than from one that doesn't.

"My LATHER Shave wilts oily whiskers as they've never been wilted before...and flushes out oil-clogged pores. My BRUSHLESS Shave also wilts whiskers...but, instead of *removing* oil, it *conserves* the natural oils of the skin; it relieves dryness, tautness and burning discomfort; and it's a cream, not a grease.

Prove it with this Kit!

"For just one thin dime I'll send you my famous Skin Tester Kit. It contains generous demonstration sizes of five (5) of my products. Included among these five are my Lather Shave and Brushless. Try 'em both; one of them will make you sing 'Hallelujah'. The Kit also contains three other Mennen products—5 products in all. So, how about it? Will you risk that dime?"

After the shave... Use Mennen Skin Balm—*A refreshing lotion in cream form. Quickly absorbed. Banishes razor-rawness. Conditions skin, prevents irritation, chapping. It's greaseless, too.*

MENNEN

LATHER SHAVE (Plain or Menthol-Iced) or brushless

for OILY SKIN
for DRY SKIN

SKIN TESTER KIT

5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

"Yes, Mr. Mennen, I'll make the test. Send along your SKIN TESTER KIT containing trial sizes of Mennen Lather Shave, Brushless Shave, Skin Bracer, Skin Balm and Talcum for Men." Send coupon with 10c in coin to the Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., Dept. C-3-13

Name..

Address..

FOR CHEST COLDS

Distressing cold in chest or throat should never be neglected. It generally eases up quickly when soothing, warming Musterole is applied.

Better than a mustard plaster, Musterole gets action because it's NOT just a salve. It's a *"counter-irritant"*—stimulating, penetrating, and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain.

Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In 3 strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.

Good Housekeeping Bureau

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

At Last A DOG SOAP THAT...

NEW! A 6-Use medicated dog soap. Stops itching; Oils dry skin. Promotes hide-health, hair-growth. Kills fleas. Quick lather cleans, destroys dog odors, gives "dog show" sheen. At pet and drug stores, 50c. More economical, outlasts 2 ordinary bars.

- Oils
- Tones
- Grooms
- Kills Fleas
- Deodorizes
- Cleans

ALL in one operation

PULVEX
The NEW DISCOVERY 6-Use DOG SOAP

NOW I EAT HAMBURGER
Upset Stomach Goes in Jiffy with Bell-ans

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION
6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

This DOUBLE SHEARING HEAD
GIVES SMOOTH, CLOSE SHAVES

Short bristles or long hairs enter the V-shaped slots at either edge of CLIPSHAVE, where a unique shearing system shaves them skin-close at amazing speed—yet there is no blade to cut you. CLIPSHAVE'S very simplicity makes it the most efficient electric shaver, and lowers the cost to you. CLIPSHAVE gives a lifetime of shaving comfort.

If your dealer can't supply, send $10 to Dept. C,
CLIPSHAVE, INC.
Port Chester, N. Y.
Money back Guarantee.

FOR ONLY $10

HANLEY Clipshave
AC or DC

"'Cause that was when Mistuh Courtney got hisse'f kilt."

"Got himself killed, eh? By whom?"

"Golla—Cap'n, I dunno who kilt him. 'Ceptin' I'se shuah somebody did."

"What makes you so sure of that?"

"'Cause I heard the shootin', an' I seen somebody run away, an' then I found Mistuh Courtney lyin' on the flo' of the livin' room."

"Dead?"

"Yass*uh!* Completely."

"NOW, William, suppose you tell the jury all about that?"

"'Bout which, suh?"

"About finding Mr. Courtney's body—and the shot—and the man driving away."

"Yassuh . . ." William hitched forward in his chair, and his eyes swept the spectators, as though to say, "Y'all see how impawtant *I* is."

"That afternoon," he started, but Mr. Anderson interrupted.

"About what time, William?"

"'Bout ten minutes after six. Maybe a lil later. Anyway, I heard somebody walk into the house. I was busy he'pin' in the kitchen so I didn't pay it no mind. Jist kind of 'tendin' to my own business. Well, all of a sudden there was a loud esplosion—"

"What kind of an explosion?"

"Like a gun goin' off."

"How did it sound?"

"*Bang!*"

"I see. And then . . . ?"

"Well, suh—I was skeered. It didn't seem right that folks would shoot guns right in the house, jist befo' dinnah, so I figgered I better see what was the matter. So I started fo' the front of the house, an' jist when I started I heard the front door slam, and it seemed like footsteps was runnin' across the po'ch and down the walk. So I looked to see who it was."

"Did you recognize the man?"

"Nossuh. He was travelin', what I mean."

"What did he do?"

"He lep' into a car that was parked at the curb. I heard the starter an' the gears an' then the car was gone . . . *zzzzz!* . . . like that."

"Did you see the license plate?"

"Nossuh, I wasn't speculatin' on nothin' like that, then."

"What kind of a car was it?"

"Golla, Cap'n, I don't know that, neither. Ev'ything happened so sudden, an' there was a kind of feelin' aroun' the house like there was ghoses . . ."

"Never mind that. Now tell the court what you did after you saw the car drive away."

"I went into the room."

"What room?"

"The livin' room."

"What did you find there?"

"Mistuh Courtney. He was layin' back in his chair—an' there was blood comin' out . . ."

"He was in the chair? Sitting down?"

"Yassuh."

"Then there hadn't been a fight of any sort?"

Graham Vale was on his feet, his voice quiet and calm. He said, "I object."

"Objection sustained. Proceed, Mr. Anderson."

But it was the witness who spoke. William said, "Nossuh, there hadn't been no fight. He was jist sittin' . . ."

"Answer Mr. Anderson's questions, William."

"Yassuh—tha's ezackly what I was doin', suh."

"After you found Mr. Courtney sitting there dead, William—what did you do then?"

"I telephoned fo' the *police*."

"You didn't touch the body?"

"Golla—nossuh. I sho' never would touch no cawpse."

"The police came right away?"

"Yass*uh!* With all their sireens blowin'."

"NOW, then . . . just a few more questions. How long had Mr. Courtney been home before he was killed?"

"'Bout an hour, suh. I drove him fum downtown myse'f."

"Had he been in the living room all that time?"

"I dunno fo' shuah, suh. I passed there once or twice an' he was readin' the evenin' paper."

"Did he say anything about expectin' company?"

"Nossuh. He usually never had no comp'ny. He was a seeker."

"A what?"

"A seeker, Cap'n. He seeked people."

"Tell me this, William—at the various times you saw Mr. Courtney during that hour, did he seem worried about anything?"

"Nossuh—"

"Object," snapped Graham Vale. "That calls for an expression of opinion and not a statement of fact."

"It would be a fact as to whether he seemed worried. I submit to Your Honor that this man, William—having worked for Ted Courtney for years—would be able to notice whether he appeared to be worried."

"Objection overruled," said the judge.

"Exception," said Graham Vale, and seated himself.

"Mistuh Courtney didn't seem worried about nothin'," stated William. "He was a mighty calm gemmun all the time."

"Then he undoubtedly didn't expect to be murdered—"

"I object." Vale was on his feet again.

"Sustained," agreed the court sharply. "And, Mr. Anderson, I shall have to ask you to keep your questions within bounds. A man of your training knows that no such question is permissible."

"I apologize to the court," said Morley Anderson, but he managed to smile at the jury. "Now, William—do you know Mr. Duncan Campbell?"

THERE was an audible indrawing of breath. Larry felt the sudden tension which came over the spectators at the mention of Duncan's name, and he heard Jason's whispered warning—"Steady, there."

"Yassuh," answered William, pointing: "Yonder he."

"Was he a good friend to Mr. Courtney?"

"Well, suh—they useter be."

"What do you mean by that?"

"They useter play golf an' poker an' bridge, an' such."

"When did they cease being so intimate?"

"I dunno ezackly, suh. 'Bout fo'-five months ago, I reckon."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, Mistuh Duncan—he quit comin' to the house, an' him an' Mistuh Courtney di'n't play no mo' golf together."

"When was the last time—to your certain knowledge—that Duncan Campbell was in Mr. Courtney's house?"

"Awful long ago, Cap'n. I cain't remember ezackly."

"Was he there that afternoon?"

"I didn't see him, suh. Nossuh, I didn't see him."

"Then you are not sure that he *wasn't?*"

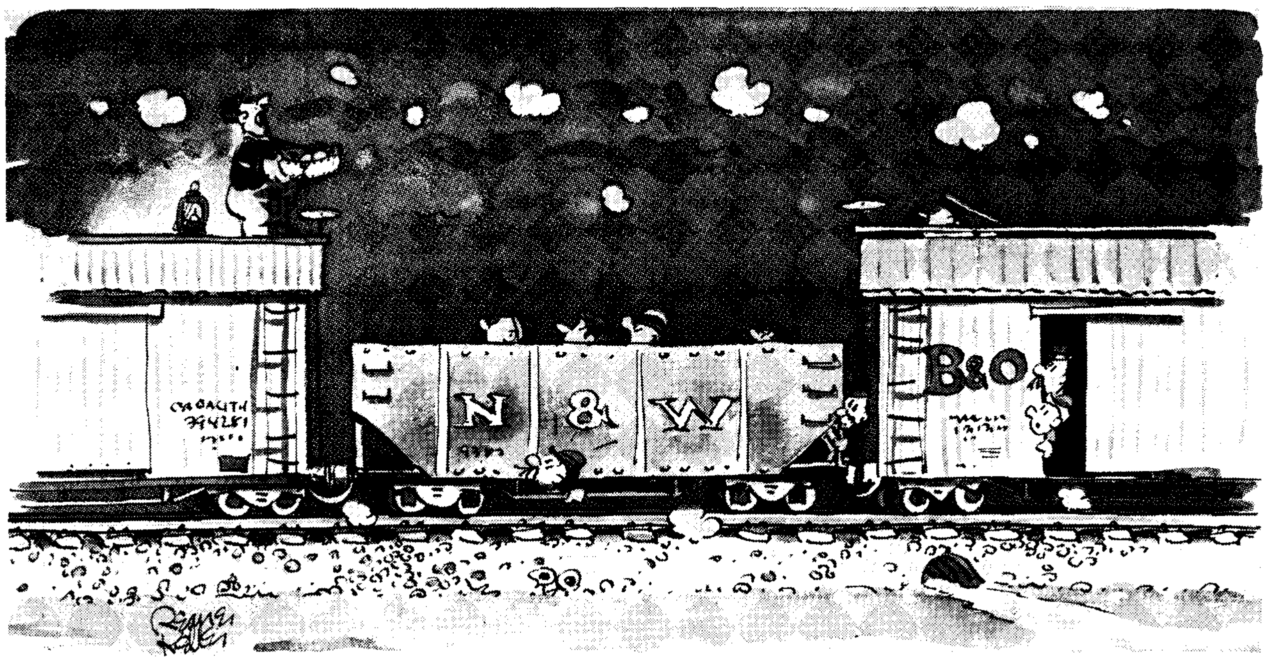
"I jist didn't see him."

"But he might have been."

"I reckon so, suh."

"After the shooting, William—could you see whether there was anybody else in the car that drove away from in front of the house?"

"Nossuh. It was plumb dark."



"Peanuts, popcorn, chewing gum—!"

REAMER KELLER

"Can you swear that there was only one man in the car?"

"I didn't see on'y one."

"But if there had been a second, it would have been too dark for you to see him, wouldn't it?"

"Yassuh, Cap'n. Yassuh, I reckon it would."

"Then you can't swear that there was *not* another man in the car?"

"Nossuh. I can't swear nothin' like that."

"Well . . ." Mr. Anderson rubbed the palms of his hands together with what was intended to convey to the jury an impression of triumph. "There *could* have been a second man."

"It seems," said Graham Vale, "that my esteemed opponent would do better on the witness stand."

The court admonished the district attorney, and again that gentleman apologized. But Jason whispered to Larry, "The man's smart."

"Very," agreed Larry.

Anderson returned to the attack:

"Tell me this, William: What size man was it who ran out of the house at six-twenty in the afternoon of February 18th, and drove swiftly away from the curb?"

"I dunno, suh. Bein' dark, like I said . . . an' bein' skeered . . ."

"You don't know, eh? That's too bad. Well, suppose you tell me this: When was the last time you saw Mr. Courtney with another man?"

"That same mawnin', suh."

"The morning of February 18th?"

"Yassuh."

"Where was this?"

"In the car. Drivin' downtown."

"Your car?"

"Yassuh—mine an' Mistuh Courtney's."

"Who was this gentleman who drove downtown with you and Mr. Courtney that morning?"

The Negro hesitated, but only briefly. Then he said clearly:

"Mistuh Larry Wilson."

Again a murmur of excitement: again a craning of necks; again the sharp, authoritative rap of the judge's gavel and the bailiff's cry of "Order in Court."

Morley Anderson pressed his point grimly:

"What — if anything — William, did you hear Mr. Larry Wilson say to Mr. Courtney that morning?"

"Mistuh Wilson tol' Mistuh Courtney—just when he was gittin' out of the car . . . he said, 'I'm leavin' town this afternoon, Ted—an' I've got to see you before I go.'"

SPECTATORS looked, not at the defendant, but at Larry Wilson. Their gaze was more curious than unkind. Women said to themselves, "He's so handsome." Men thought, "He's a good guy." Morley Anderson beamed upon the jury, glanced significantly at Larry, faced the jury again and said, "Aaaaaah!" unctuously.

Graham Vale's objection and the subsequent clash between attorneys for state and defense gave Larry time to think. From the witness stand William Jeepers was looking apologetically in his direction, and Larry smiled reassuringly at him. He heard a sibilant comment from Jason Rountree on his left, and Kay whispered:

"I didn't know you rode downtown with Ted Courtney that morning."

Larry nodded, as though to say, "Of course I did." Actually, he said nothing. He was thinking—and thinking fast.

Already, in these preliminary stages, the case of State vs. Campbell was shaping a course in his direction, and the situation in which he found himself was becoming more incredible, more impossible of solution. He wanted to leave the courtroom, but dared not. Here, for the first time, he was privileged to learn things about himself—about the existence which had been his for the past eight years.

It was difficult to realize that it was actually he who was being mentioned. He was a stranger in Habersham: a man who had chanced to visit the town when a murder trial was in progress. There had been frequent mention of a man named Larry Wilson. But he wasn't Larry Wilson; he was George Carey. And this wasn't 1936; it was 1928. Then the unreality vanished with the touch of Kay's fingers, and the sound of her voice. She said, "Does that worry you, Larry?"

He smiled at her. "I expected it—of course."

"You seemed startled."

"I usually do. It's a weakness of mine."

The district attorney resumed his probing:

"William—you heard Mr. Wilson say that to Mr. Courtney?"

"Yassuh."

"And what did Mr. Courtney say?"

"He said, 'Okay, Larry.'"

"That was all?"

"Tha's all I heard, suh."

"But you did hear Mr. Wilson say that he had to see Mr. Courtney before he left town that afternoon."

"Yassuh. I heard that mos' distinck."

Mr. Anderson glowed upon the jury. He said, "That will be all. Your witness, Mr. Vale."

GRAHAM VALE rose and advanced toward the witness stand. He was tall and grave and dignified. He said, pleasantly:

"William—I want to ask you something about February 18th. You heard Mr. Wilson make that remark, and then you left Mr. Courtney downtown and went home, didn't you?"

"Yassuh—tha's the one thing I didn't do nothin' else but."

"And you were at home all day?"

"Yassuh, 'ceptin' when I went fo' Mistuh Courtney in the afternoon."

"Did you see Mr. Wilson at the house again that day?"

"Nossuh."

"Did you see Mr. Duncan Campbell there that day?"

"Oh, nossuh . . . not him."

"Why do you say, 'Not him'?"

"'Cause Mistuh Campbell hadn't been to see Mistuh Courtney fo' a long time."

"And he didn't see him that day?"

"Well, suh—I didn't see him see him."

"And you saw everybody who visited the house on February 18th?"

"Yassuh."

"Now, William: After you heard the shot and ran to the front of the house, you saw a man running away: Is that so?"

"Yassuh, Mistuh Vale—tha's just what I seen."

"And you are sure that this man was the one who had just shot Mr. Courtney?"

"Seems kind of thataway, suh."

"You did not recognize him?"

"Nossuh."

"It was dark?"

"Yassuh. Real dark outside."

"You didn't recognize the car, either?"

"Nossuh. I didn't reckernize nothin'."

"And if you were ever called upon to identify the man you saw running away that night it would be mere guesswork, wouldn't it?"

"Says which?"

"You could never swear who that man was, could you?"

"Oh, nossuh. Suttinly not. I never reckernized him a tall."

"Thank you, William. That's all."

There were no further questions from the district attorney and the court recessed for lunch. Larry and Kay and Jason Rountree were permitted to ride to the ground floor in a special elevator

Have you "enthusiastic" eyes?
Schenley PRODUCT
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
Cream of Kentucky
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF
BOTTLED FOR SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC. NEW YORK, N. Y.
Norman Rockwell

This "*double-rich*" Kentucky straight Bourbon will more than *please* you... You will be downright *enthusiastic* ...and truly delighted at its price!

SCHENLEY'S Cream of Kentucky

COPR. 1937, SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC., N. Y. 90 PROOF

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT **BOURBON** WHISKEY

TRADE GLAD MARK

Glad news indeed for the millions and millions of people who like the famous Smith Brothers Cough Drops:—

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

Increase Your Income!

IF YOU want extra money, try the popular plan used by Mr. Russell Shirk of Indiana. He has built up a paying business as our special local subscription representative for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Publications. For free supplies, *write to:*

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-29
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

If you appreciate fine things, your choice will be Venus Drawing Pencils. You pay twice as much, but they are worth it.

AMERICAN PENCIL CO.
VENUS
PENCILS 10¢
17 SHADES OF BLACK

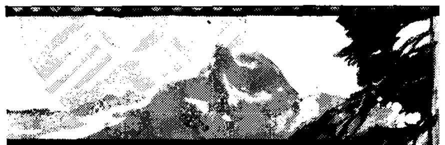
NO APPETITE—COULDN'T SLEEP

● *Another* case where old-fashioned laxatives failed to bring proper relief! She—and you—will do well to change to a modern laxative that's not only wonderfully dependable but *so* easy to take: FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative. FEEN-A-MINT is different in appearance, in the way you take it, in the way it acts. It's gentle, yet thorough; it acts in the lower bowel—*not* in the stomach.

—BUT LIFE'S SO DIFFERENT NOW!

● When FEEN-A-MINT frees accumulated wastes, life is brighter at once. Constipation's bilious headaches go—natural appetite returns. A cleared intestine helps regain the natural joy of life, and normal, restful sleep. Put *yourself* in this thrilling picture. FEEN-A-MINT tastes so good, acts so different! No griping, nausea, or disturbance of sleep. 16 million praise it, young and old. Try FEEN-A-MINT FREE—write for sample. Dept. L-3, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

FEEN-A-MINT
THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE
THE 3 MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE DIFFERENCE



the Grandest VACATION of them all

A New Mexico vacation offers dozens of fascinating things to do and a glorious climate of sunshiny days and blanket-cool nights to make your visit perfect. You can drive wide highways through magnificent scenic areas and interesting historic spots, or you can get off the beaten path and really explore the Land of Enchantment. You can ride horseback into the High Country—two miles and more above the sea—or descend far underground in awe-inspiring Carlsbad Caverns National Park. You can visit prehistoric cliff ruins and quaint Indian pueblos unchanged since Coronado, or scores of other fascinating spots. Come to New Mexico this year! This free booklet will help you to plan.

new mexico

STATE TOURIST BUREAU
Room 305, State Capitol, Santa Fe, New Mexico
Please send your road map and free booklet, "Two Weeks in New Mexico" to:
....
....
....

which was jammed with officials. A lane was cleared for them, and they drove home, with Cashus pompously manipulating the wheel.

Habersham basked in the warm sunshine of a perfect Southern spring day. It was sleepy weather: a day of unflecked skies and gentle breeze. Kay went into the kitchen to supervise luncheon, and Jason had opportunity for a few words with Larry. Larry asked, "What do you think, Jason?"

Jason's thoughts were, as usual, clear. He said, "This lad Anderson is trying to drag you in."

"And Vale is helping."

"Why not? He's Duncan's lawyer—not yours." Jason twirled his gold-rimmed glasses on the end of their impressive black ribbon. "I wonder if you were really there."

"That's what I'm wondering, too."

"You could have been. It's hell not to know, isn't it?"

"I'll say it is." Larry lowered his voice. "Get in touch with Mickey Hogan tonight, Jason. Tell him he's got to work fast. Even to take chances. Tell him I'm getting more deeply involved, and that they're certain to tear me to pieces on the stand."

"Okay. But look—maybe Vale won't use you."

"He's got to. He's got to believe Duncan—and if he does, then his best chance is to force the truth out of me."

"If he only knew the real truth . . ."

"He'll get it," said Larry. "He's a shrewd lawyer, that Graham Vale."

Luncheon was a quiet affair. Larry and Kay ate lightly, but the trial had obviously done nothing to diminish Jason's appetite. They talked of things in general, and Mr. Rountree kept up a running fire of comment in his placid, pleasant voice. It helped put them at ease. They were back at the courthouse and in their seats by two o'clock, and through a somnolent afternoon they listened to routine testimony.

FRIDAY morning they were again in their seats, Larry feeling the strain more acutely after a restless night. And on this day Morley Anderson carefully constructed a circumstantial case. There was a parade of witnesses: men and women socially prominent and of unimpeachable integrity; men and women who testified—reluctantly but honestly—about the threats that Duncan Campbell had made against Ted Courtney.

Graham Vale battled with Anderson. He objected and objected. Morley Anderson argued his point:

"This is direct and competent testimony, Your Honor. The state is attempting to prove that on many occasions the defendant here made threats against the life of the deceased. The state is establishing both the motive for those threats, and the fact that there was personal animosity."

The court permitted the testimony, and thereafter Graham Vale's exceptions became matters of routine, injected in the forlorn hope that reversible error might creep into the record.

There was an almost monotonous sameness in the direct examinations of Morley Anderson:

"Did you ever hear Duncan Campbell, Jr., say anything about Ted Courtney which indicated ill feeling between them?"

"Yes."

"How many times did you hear such statements?"

"Just once."

"When was that?"

"About the tenth of February."

"Where?"

"On the veranda of the country club."

"Was Mr. Courtney there that night?"

"Yes."

"What was he doing at the time that Mr. Campbell made these threats?"

"He was dancing with Mrs. Campbell."

"With the wife of Duncan Campbell, Jr.?"

"Yes."

"Was that unusual?"

"Not at all."

"Please explain what you mean by 'Not at all.'"

"Rita Campbell and Ted Courtney were together frequently."

"Was there much gossip—"

"I object!" Graham Vale's voice was sharp and angry. "I have accepted the fact that this type of testimony may be introduced, but it strikes me that counsel is going entirely too far."

"Sustained," ruled Judge Hawley.

"Just what," asked the district attorney, "did you hear Duncan Campbell say about Ted Courtney?"

"He said, 'I'm getting damned sick and tired of this.'"

"Did he say specifically what he meant?"

"Yes. I asked, 'Of what?' and he said, 'Rita and Ted.' Then he said, 'I may be a young fool, but I'm not a damned fool.'"

"Did he say anything else?"

"Yes. He said, 'I'm not going to stand much more of it.'"

"That will be all. Your witness, Mr. Vale."

"No questions."

It was that way all through Friday. Evidence of the slow growth of jealousy and rancor. Testimony, carefully developed, putting in stenographic record what all Habersham already knew: That Rita Campbell was suspected of having had an affair with Ted Courtney; that she and Ted had been together constantly; that while the testimony bore only upon the occasions when they had been seen in public—there was a conclusion, inevitably reached, that there had been a clandestine side to the affair.

Through it all Duncan sat beside Graham Vale, his young face no longer boyish.

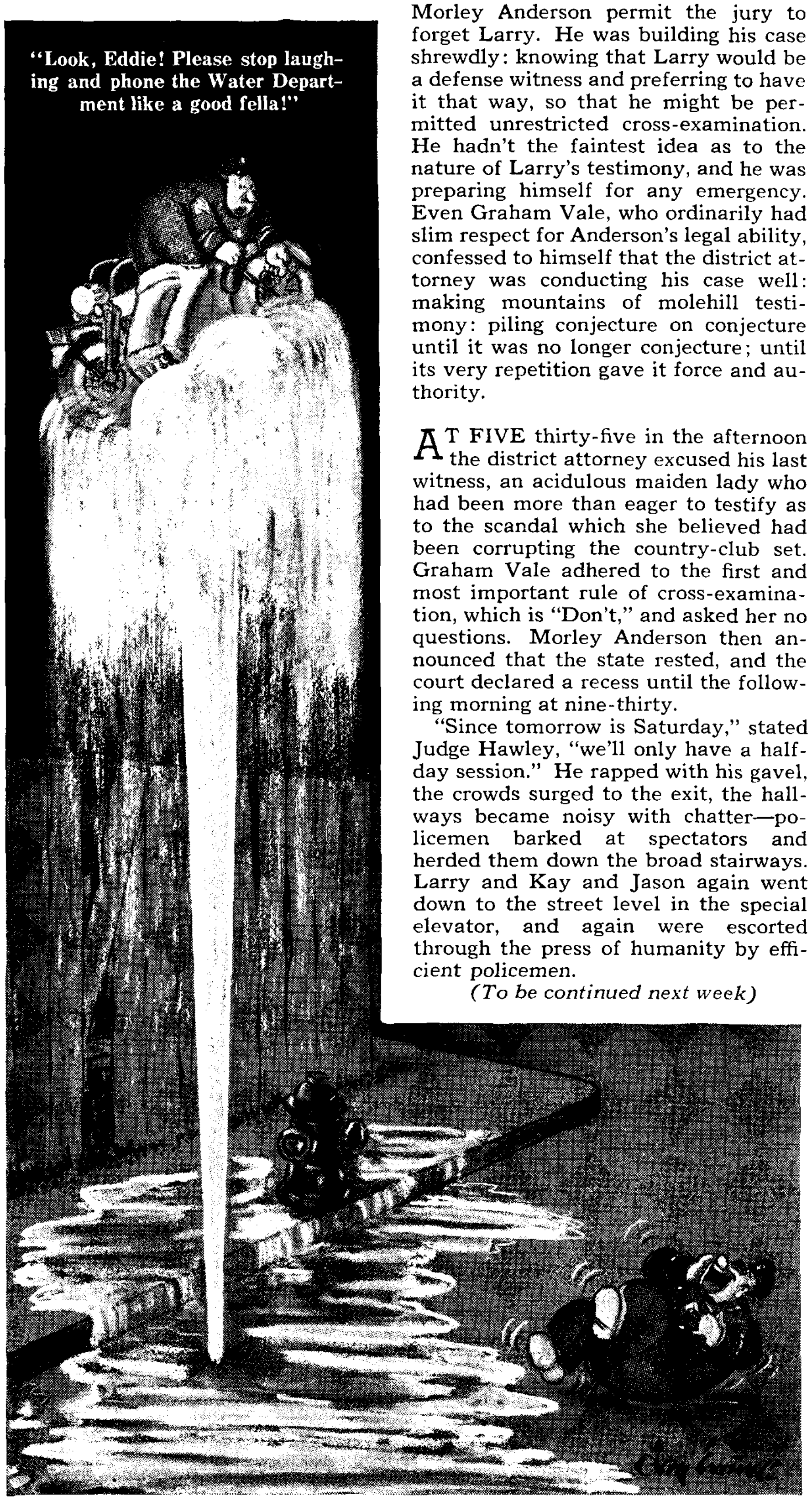
Rita was not in court. She was in the judge's chambers with two of her friends, and so the spectators were robbed of the ghoulish pleasure of noting the effect upon her of this testimony.

There were frequent references to Larry Wilson. Not for an instant did Morley Anderson permit the jury to forget Larry. He was building his case shrewdly: knowing that Larry would be a defense witness and preferring to have it that way, so that he might be permitted unrestricted cross-examination. He hadn't the faintest idea as to the nature of Larry's testimony, and he was preparing himself for any emergency. Even Graham Vale, who ordinarily had slim respect for Anderson's legal ability, confessed to himself that the district attorney was conducting his case well: making mountains of molehill testimony: piling conjecture on conjecture until it was no longer conjecture; until its very repetition gave it force and authority.

AT FIVE thirty-five in the afternoon the district attorney excused his last witness, an acidulous maiden lady who had been more than eager to testify as to the scandal which she believed had been corrupting the country-club set. Graham Vale adhered to the first and most important rule of cross-examination, which is "Don't," and asked her no questions. Morley Anderson then announced that the state rested, and the court declared a recess until the following morning at nine-thirty.

"Since tomorrow is Saturday," stated Judge Hawley, "we'll only have a half-day session." He rapped with his gavel, the crowds surged to the exit, the hallways became noisy with chatter—policemen barked at spectators and herded them down the broad stairways. Larry and Kay and Jason again went down to the street level in the special elevator, and again were escorted through the press of humanity by efficient policemen.

(To be continued next week)



"Look, Eddie! Please stop laughing and phone the Water Department like a good fella!"

JAY IRVING

ENGINEER OK'S TAFT PLAN

"Perfect", says engineer on looking over the Taft's plan of operation. "Every modern device for comfort and luxury is provided at reasonable rates. And it's right in the center of New York."

2000 ROOMS WITH BATH, from $2.50

HOTEL ALFRED LEWIS, Mgr.
TAFT
7th Ave. at 50th St. NEW YORK
at Radio City

3-IN-ONE OIL IS A BLEND OF THREE FINE OILS

BEST FOR WASHING MACHINES WRINGERS, CARPET SWEEPERS, HINGES, LOCKS, TOYS, ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES, FOOD MIXERS, ETC.

3-IN-ONE OIL
LUBRICATES·CLEANS·PREVENTS RUST

QUICK WAY TO REMOVE CORNS
no cutting ... no pads

RELIEVE CORN PAIN QUICKLY

If you want to remove those aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. The pain is quickly relieved. Then before you know it the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, easily and painlessly removed. It's the safe way that millions use to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Works like a charm! Try it.

FREEZONE

Purity Preferred

Continued from page 60

with five deaths. Our hero, the Board of Health, within a month traced the infection to a small, covered stone reservoir, fed through open-jointed tile pipes from springs on private property. Nine rodent holes were discovered leading toward the longer conduits. The ground was found to have been heavily polluted by trespassing picnickers, one of whom must have been a typhoid carrier. Heavy rains, rushing down the steep hillside, might have carried the pollution into the tile pipeline and thence to the reservoir. To prove this theory, the investigators poured dye-tinted water down the rodent holes; in less than four minutes it had reached the reservoir. Unwary drinkers had not merely been washing down dry sandwiches with their refreshing drafts, but imbibing the typhoid bacilli as well.

Health Hawkshaws

Chicago also was recently the scene of a typhoid epidemic. The water was tested, the milk also; both were exonerated. By continuing the process of elimination, it was discovered that the typhoid patients had all eaten oysters. But many who were not ill had also eaten oysters. It was obvious therefore that only a certain number were bad. The local dealers in shellfish were interrogated. Some bivalves had come from the waters of the Chesapeake, some from Long Island Sound, some from Narragansett. The health sleuths, baying the scent, finally tracked down a single polluted bed in Long Island Sound. Such cases, however, are of extreme rarity because the gathering and sale of shellfish is being more and more rigidly supervised, not only by state authorities but by federal agents.

Many people gathered together are automatically bound to create health hazards. A visiting dignitary comes to town, five hundred invitations are accepted, the ballroom in a big hotel engaged, the caterers set to work. Some hours after the last speech has been made and the weary guests have left, two hundred jangling telephone bells rouse sleepy physicians. "Oh, Doctor, come quickly. I've got such a pain."

The next day the health department hawkshaws are on the job, interviewing everybody, finding out what foods the sick had eaten and what foods the well had rejected. It might be chicken salad — a chef with infected fingers might have cut up the succulent capons, than which no better medium could be found for streptococcus or staphylococcus, paratyphoid or dysentery.

Perhaps fish, another happy medium, might have been the common denominator. Though fish is not necessarily poisonous even when putrefying, other dangerous bacteria usually accompany this process. A simple test can be made with a fork. If the flesh is uniformly firm, it is in all probability good. But if soft in some places, the better policy is to leave it alone even though the whole may not be affected.

The guest could have eaten his way safely through many courses, only to succumb at the sweet. Possibly the custard filling which is put in chocolate éclairs after the pastry shell has been subjected to germ-destroying heat had been responsible for the epidemic of stomach aches.

Departments of Health are proud of such detective work only with reservations, realizing that their true function is to prevent such occurrences. This, however, no human agency could accomplish without the co-operation of the individuals who make up the public. If people were as ready to avoid dangers to their health as they are mechanical hazards, the problem of the health officer would be simplified. But health dangers are insidious and obscure; disease cannot be seen or dodged, and warnings are too often met only with vast public and individual indifference.

Preservation of life, in my opinion, is largely a matter of education. The Board of Health, through the schools, carries on a campaign of education among the juvenile members of society who will be the masters of tomorrow. Using the same medium, it can impose health regulations upon children who are the principal incubators and reservoirs of communicable disease, harboring and keeping alive measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria and whooping cough.

Laboratory research has a cold sound until the public can be made to realize how intimately their lives and the safety of their children are bound up in it. A tremendous amount of spade work has already been done on infantile paralysis, technically poliomyelitis. No one as yet knows why the disease stops with cold weather. But it has been definitely established that the virus enters the body through the olfactory nerve, and that in animal experiments, picric acid, sprayed in the nose, will prevent the entrance of the infection. Careful maps are being made on which the location of each case is plotted, and full histories compiled of all contacts. Vaccines are being tested and though the disease is still much of a mystery, all the information so laboriously gathered and carefully tabulated will eventually fall into place and complete the pattern.

Research on polio is only one of the investigations carried on by the great diagnostic laboratory of New York City, the health nerve center for so many years under the guidance of the brilliant Dr. William H. Park, who, because he could not be spared, was retained far beyond the usual retirement age.

Serum Always Ready

Concurrent with the experimental work is the routine of manufacturing some twenty-five varieties of vaccines, serums and antitoxins. Even snake venom is kept on hand in case a keeper at the zoo should be bitten. All these are kept in cold storage rooms, each carefully marked with date and renewed whenever the limit of potency expires. Not tucked off somewhere in an office of a city department, but strategically stationed all over New York City are drugstores displaying the sign "Biologicals." Here night and day serum for tetanus, diphtheria, scarlet fever, pneumonia can be obtained.

Once upon a time the Fourth of July was looked forward to with dread by the health authorities. A boy would shoot off his cap pistol, the powder would backfire and penetrate his skin. Tetanus—lockjaw as everybody knew it then—would run its fatal course. Now tetanus antitoxin is always ready and a serum injection into the arm, administered promptly, will guard the boy against this agony.

When the bus lines supplanted the street cars and substituted the annoyance of an odor for a noise, the patrons complained to the health department that "poisonous" gases were about to destroy them. The complaint of a taxpayer always merits attention. But the resultant survey showed that the gases which had frightened them were harm-

"I drove down forest-canopied roads to the Blue Pacific"

"It was an unforgettable experience—the most beautiful drive I've ever had, and I've been in 45 countries," said Webb Miller, famed United Press correspondent.

The Oregon Coast Highway (U. S. 101) parallels 400 miles of magnificent Oregon coast-line. This splendid paved road takes you down green forest aisles, skirts mountain sides, runs along miles of white beaches. Stop! Oregon's beaches are free. There's driftwood for fires everywhere. There's resort or camp life, agate hunting, surf fishing, clam digging.

Spend your vacation in Oregon, the hub state of the Pacific Coast. San Francisco or British Columbia are less than a day's easy drive from our borders, Seattle only a few hours away. Send for our folder today. It will help you plan a new, different and economical vacation.

Attend:
The Portland Rose Festival, June 9 to 12
The Pendleton Round-Up, Sept. 16 to 18

Drive OREGON Highways

Oregon State Highway Commission, Travel Dept. 6, Salem, Ore.
Please send me your 28-page illustrated folder about Oregon.

Name

Address

The Only cough drop medicated with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.

VICKS medicated COUGH DROP

DOUBLE your pleasure

. . DRINK
FINE AMERICAN WINES—
MADE FOR 101 YEARS BY
GARRETT

Only the finest wines give full enjoyment. That's why Garrett's are the fastest-selling American wines. 27 distinctive Garrett types. Drink Garrett's famous Virginia Dare Wines or Sauternes; also Port and Sherry (alcohol 19-21% by volume). Improve health and appetite. Insist on Garrett Wines at your dealer.

Garrett & Company,
Inc., Brooklyn,
New York.

VIRGINIA DARE
(Light) WINE
AND 26 OTHER FINE WINES

Les Patrick says

N. Y. Rangers
Hockey
Manager

AFTER EVERY SHAVE, A REFRESHING DASH OF AQUA VELVA MAKES MY FACE FEEL LIKE A MILLION!

Closes Pores in Skin—Keeps out Dirt, Dust—Fights off Sore Spots...Irritation

SKIN PORES left wide open after shaving with warm water collect dirt, dust and impurities which often cause sore spots, pimples, ingrown hairs.

A cooling dash of Aqua Velva after your morning shave closes pores tightly . . . fights off irritation.

Free Offer

Good Only in U. S. A.

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A.
Please send me a trial bottle of Aqua Velva, the world's largest selling after-shaving preparation.

Name____________________

Street & No.____________________

City & State____________________

C-8

less and that carbon monoxide, lethal but odorless, was not present in quantities deleterious to health. Nevertheless, efforts are now being made to make the bus atmosphere as pure as that underground in the subways which, though dank, is constantly being renewed by huge pumps.

Because the happiness and efficiency of a people rests largely upon its health, the health department must necessarily figure in almost every phase of life which touches public welfare. The fire department, the police department, the department of hospitals, the department of sanitation, the division which grants building permits all work in harmony toward the same end.

An architect may exercise his imagination only up to a point. As his premises he must build around the tried and true rules of the sanitary engineer—toilets opening on the outer air, so much interval between buildings, so much floor space, light, and ventilation to so many people.

One of the onerous but essential tasks is the regulation and inspection of hundreds of small private hospitals. They must employ the specified number of internes, have proper beds, adequate laboratories, prove their ability to provide sterile water. They must be constructed according to the most stringent engineering specifications, and with the full concurrence of the fire department.

Swimming in Safety

Relaxation is recognized by a kindly Board of Health as being valuable. An enthusiastic plunge in city pools, a vigorous swim, shouts, splashing, and ball games are beneficial only if the swimmers are freed from the uneasy fear of athlete's foot, sore eyes, and, most important, those middle ear infections which often lead to mastoiditis. Before issuing a permit for operating a swimming tank, the health department is consulted to see that the applicant has provided apparatus for changing the water at stated intervals, and for sterilizing it by some such means as chlorination or pumping it past an ultraviolet ray lamp. Now such precautions have made the public pool safer than the old swimming hole.

Or, if you prefer more quiet pleasures, you can enjoy a movie, secure in the knowledge that even with the hall in darkness and no windows open, the ventilating system will be controlled. Engineering here has been developed to such a pitch that in some more modern moving-picture houses, if an old lady complains she is cold, the heat may be turned on in her neighborhood; or, if she is too warm, a word to the usher and she may be cooled almost instantly.

New York City has an entire department devoted to supervision of markets and the produce condemned weekly is figured in hundreds of tons. Not only must specimens of food be examined to see that they are good for human consumption, but care must be taken that the public gets its money's worth. In cheaper restaurants horse meat has been known to appear on the table in the guise of beef; horse meat is not poisonous, but if the customer is paying for beef, beef he should have.

The granting of licenses and the threat of revocation gives the Board of Health its greatest opportunity to keep conditions up to specified standards. Each enterprise so favored must display its certificates where they may be seen. A Class I rating, based on cleanliness, is the most effective form of advertising. Restaurants must also be inspected to see that the supply of hot water is adequate for proper cleansing of dishes. The same applies to drugstores which have become purveyors of food. Their fountains must be examined regularly and, since sterilization of glasses is difficult to enforce, they are being encouraged to substitute paper cups, even though these may run counter to the preferences of their patrons. Bakeries must be clean, manufacturers of soft drinks must keep their equipment up to the mark, and breweries must be regulated, particularly to see that bottles are properly sterilized.

Before establishments providing massage and Turkish baths can receive a license they must be inspected for equipment and also proof of knowledge on the part of the attendants of sufficient familiarity with the human body to pommel it with impunity. Every beauty parlor, barbershop, and chiropodist's in New York City must display its "This is to certify " in a prominent place. Many infections were formerly traced to practitioners ignorant of the necessity for and the technique of antisepsis and asepsis. Ringworm of the head or face may readily be conveyed by comb, brush, razor, or scissors. If a syphilitic were cut ever so slightly, and the razor had not been thoroughly sterilized, the disease might easily be transmitted to the next customer.

The health department as a rule has no punitive powers but must act through the regular channels of enforcement. The New York Board of Health, however, has the authority, unique in this country, to make its own laws and regulations, and prescribe penalties for their infraction. But in my opinion a health department which is most successful accomplishes its aims in other ways than by recourse to law or force.

The lower East Side section of New York City swarms with the immigrants of many nations, of many races, excitable, suspicious and, because of their wretched living conditions, often verminous. Many foreigners accept this as inevitable.

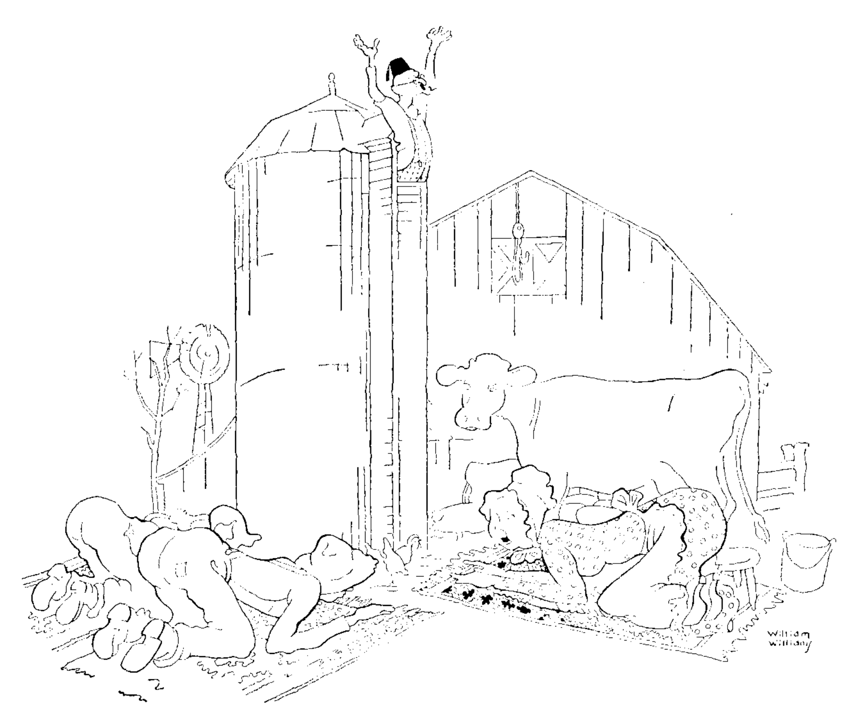
The presence of lice was a problem of health rather than esthetics. These uneducated foreigners knew nothing of the life history of the louse and, until a few years ago, Brill's Disease, the meek and mild little brother of lice-borne typhus, was endemic among them. Consequently somebody had to do something, and that somebody was the New York Board of Health. Although it possessed police power to enter a house, it did not have authority to order everything within bathed and deloused. Nor from a psychological point of view would it have considered such procedure advisable. Coercion can secure obedience to the letter of the law but can never bend the spirit into willing compliance. Public health nurses who had, by patient and persistent kindness, become "friends" proved the solution. They could go into the Italian, Jewish, and Chinese families that had learned to trust them, speak to each in the native tongue, help to gather up clothes and rags, and explain soothingly why the alarming disinfecting machines stood outside in the street.

Whenever an open case of tuberculosis was found to exist, the nurses could induce the family and contacts to come in for X-ray and fluoroscopic examination of the chest. New York City maintains at Otisville its own sanitarium where people who would otherwise be spraying the air with bacilli may be treated and brought back to health. Moreover, the establishment of health centers has proved far more effective than revoked licenses or fines. Education accomplishes what coercion never can. Well-baby clinics to which flock hundreds of mothers, anxious for advice and suggestions, have had a tremendous influence.

In thus catching disease in its early, curable stages and, through education, preventing its spread, the health department is performing its most valuable service to society. Its constant endeavor is to keep the public informed. A division of public health education in charge of qualified personnel is now a part of many health departments.

Practically everywhere the earnest endeavor is to keep the public health service free of politics. For this reason, perhaps, funds have never been as abundant as they should have been, and even more sad to relate, whenever the civic shears are whetted for slashing, the health department is first to be shorn. Nobody knows what would be the cost per capita for a perfect health service to a completely enlightened populace, but the present spread is anywhere between twenty cents and two dollars.

We make our way through the jungle of stone and steel, resenting, as taxpayers, perhaps, the money we pay to have these trails made safe. The country may be jolly and free, and the tax assessment lower, but those who have been long in city penthouses should congratulate themselves on their immunity from so many ills that country flesh is heir to. It costs four times as much to go without health protection as to pay for it.



"Things was a dern sight easier when yer gran'pappy was Napoleon!"

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

NEW TRUCKS CUT NATION'S HAULING COSTS

HYDRAULIC BRAKES
SAFETY STEEL CAB
6-CYLINDER "L"-HEAD ENGINE
ONE PIECE AXLE HOUSING
SIX GAS AND OIL SAVING FEATURES
1
2
3
4
5
6
DODGE

"We're Saving $8 A Month on Gas..."

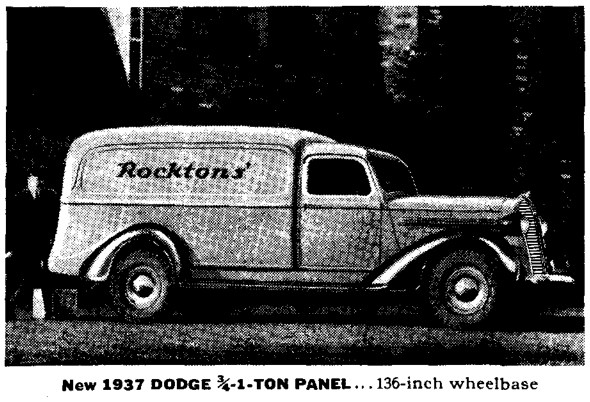
"Am I glad we switched to this new 1937 Dodge truck! I'm the driver of it; I know those finer Dodge features are saving us plenty on gas, oil and tires...I've made a careful check-up and we're saving $8 a month on gasoline alone."—H. J. Smith, Vapofier Corporation, Chicago, Ill.

H. J. SMITH
Chicago, Ill.

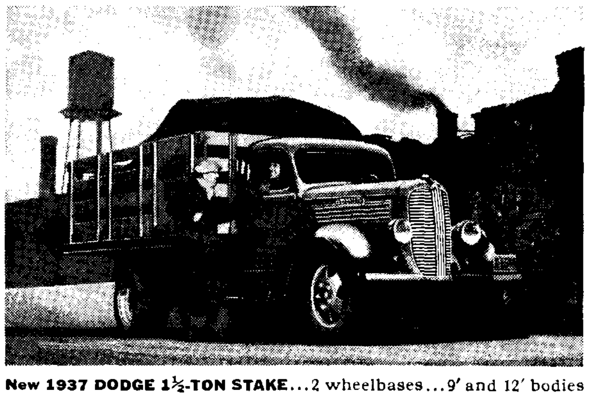
"Trucks Earn My Living for Me...That's Why I Switched to Dodge"

"I have compared Dodge with other lowest-priced trucks, because I am interested in both long life and low upkeep. Although Dodge trucks cost virtually the same as other low-priced trucks, they are worth considerably more because Dodge gives you hydraulic brakes, full-floating rear axle, and special gas and oil saving features. On gas alone, my Dodge trucks will save me five to seven dollars apiece every month."—C. E. Moore, Buda, Texas.

C. E. MOORE
Buda, Texas.



New 1937 DODGE ¾-1-TON PANEL... 136-inch wheelbase



New 1937 DODGE 1½-TON STAKE... 2 wheelbases... 9' and 12' bodies

LOW DOWN PAYMENTS...LOW MONTHLY TERMS. Consult your Dodge dealer. You'll find that easy terms can be arranged to fit your budget, at low cost, through Commercial Credit Company

NO WONDER truck operators everywhere are *switching* to new 1937 Dodge trucks. Dodge is priced with the lowest...but gives you many *extra high-priced truck features that save money* on gas—oil—tires—upkeep! Owners report "saving up to $95 a year on gasoline alone!" And with these great economy advancements, Dodge gives you *more* power...real 1937 styling...newly designed cabs and bodies to increase safety and driver comfort. See your Dodge dealer. Get all the facts about this great new money-saving Dodge before you buy any truck...get a "Show-Down" score card showing features of all three lowest-priced trucks. See how Dodge excels! Make the FREE gas test. Learn how Dodge trucks will save you money!

——DODGE—Division of Chrysler Corporation——

DODGE TRUCKS

**PRICED WITH THE LOWEST
BUILT TO OUTLAST THEM ALL**

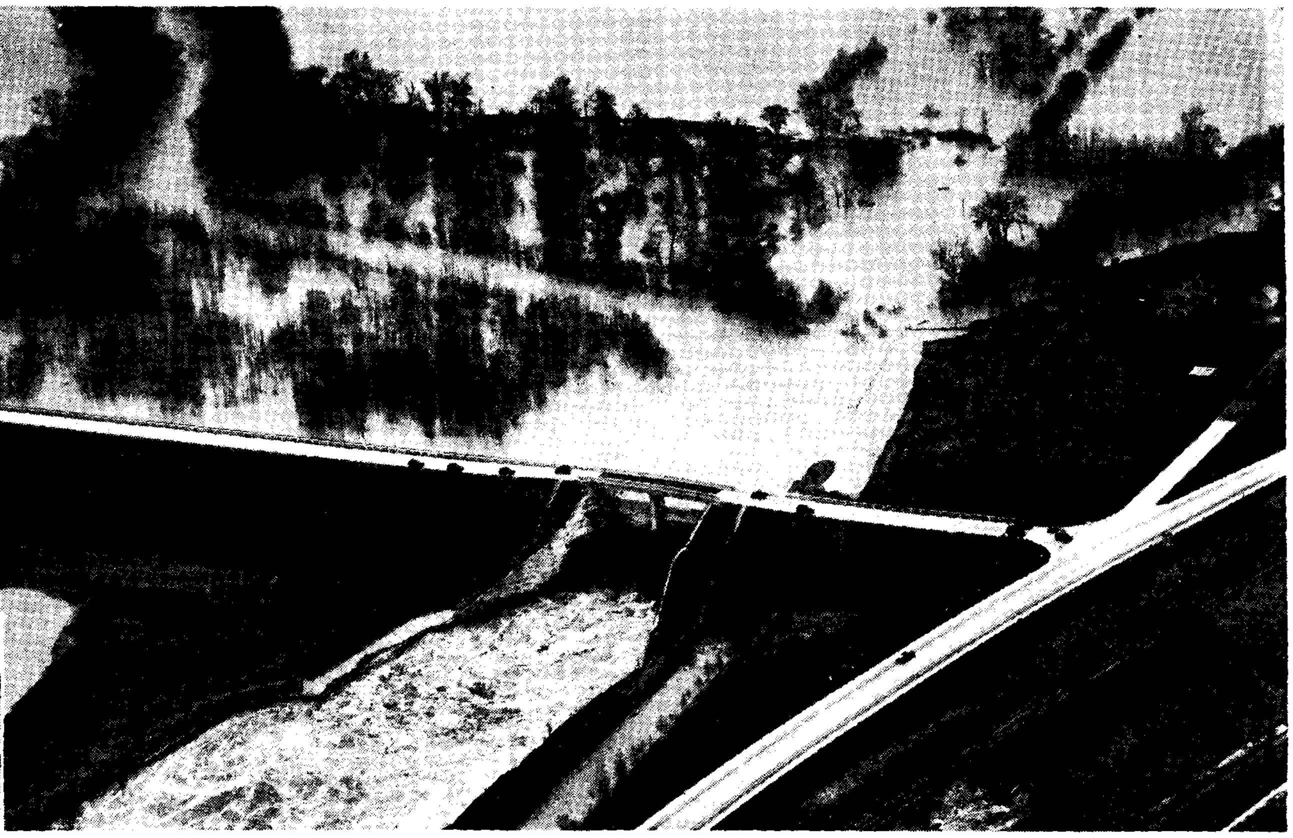
COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Huffman Dam (right) is one of the five dams protecting Miami River cities from flood waters. Below: Street scene in Hamilton, Ohio, during the flood of 1913



Water Cure

DAYTON, Ohio, knows about floods. When this winter's rains threatened the very existence of the cities of the Ohio River basin, Dayton was safe.

Twenty-four years ago Dayton had its flood. Four hundred people lost their lives, and property damage amounted to $100,000,000 in the Miami River flood of March, 1913. Until the Ohio River broke all records this year the Dayton disaster was the most spectacular flood of this century.

The intelligence and public spirit with which the people of Dayton fortified themselves against future floods form one of the stirring chapters in American history.

Two years after the great Dayton flood the Miami Conservancy District was created as a new political subdivision of Ohio. Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, now chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority, made Dayton's plans to prevent future floods. His success in this undertaking made him famous. Five great dams were thrown across the upper valleys of the Miami and its tributaries.

The channel of the Miami was improved. Protection was provided against a flood 40 per cent greater than that experienced in 1913 and 20 per cent greater than the largest estimated to be possible.

It was an expensive undertaking. Construction began in 1918 and was not completed until 1922. The cost was $32,000,000.

Immediately after the flood Dayton decided to establish an efficient city government. It was the first large city to adopt the commission plan and employ a manager. Dayton's present greatness reflects the courage its people showed when challenged by a great emergency.

Nature is still greater than man but civilized men are not helpless even when confronted with the violent forces of nature. The Ohio River will go on rampages from time to time. The intensity of this year's floods may not be repeated within a hundred years. Floods of varying degrees, however, will return year after year. Much can be done to prevent the repetition of the worst of the recurrent losses.

The Ohio is a great river. It drains a rich and populous area. The rainfall is heavy. Much of the land is valuable. The task of designing plans to protect the millions of people who dwell along the Ohio from the menace of recurring floods is large enough to challenge the best skill we possess.

The engineers employed by the National Resources Board reported that the most practicable plan was to construct flood-control reservoirs on the tributaries of the important rivers. Land along the Ohio is too costly and too densely populated to permit the construction of storage reservoirs along the big river. It is necessary to go back into the mountains and hills to fortify the cities.

A work of this magnitude is not to be undertaken lightly. The interests of great cities in at least six states are affected. The cost of any comprehensive project will necessarily be enormous. No people have ever attempted a larger program of construction. No country except China has had so vast an opportunity.

The Chinese floods kill thousands of people. The Chinese have accepted floods as one of nature's ways of restricting population beyond the capacity of the land to provide food.

We cannot yield to any such fatalistic attitude of helplessness. We know we can do much to defend our lives and our possessions. When the waters rose we were able swiftly to mobilize our resources. Boats were brought from the seaboard and others were quickly built. Medical authority intervened to prevent the spread of disease. Food was brought in. Government and private philanthropy headed by the Red Cross rendered instant aid to those in peril or in need. The emergency called forth a magnificent response.

The work now to be done is more important and less exciting. The thrill of immediate rescue of families imminently in danger of drowning has passed. The much more complicated problems of working out engineering plans for controlling vast rivers and of persuading communities and states to make sacrifices in a common cause remain to be solved.

The engineering problems are difficult enough. In earlier years one man or a single community would try to build a wall to protect a small area. After the Mississippi flood of 1927 that scheme of separate individual construction was seen to be fruitless. Levees as long as the Great Wall of China and much higher were not enough to check the violence of the mighty Father of Waters.

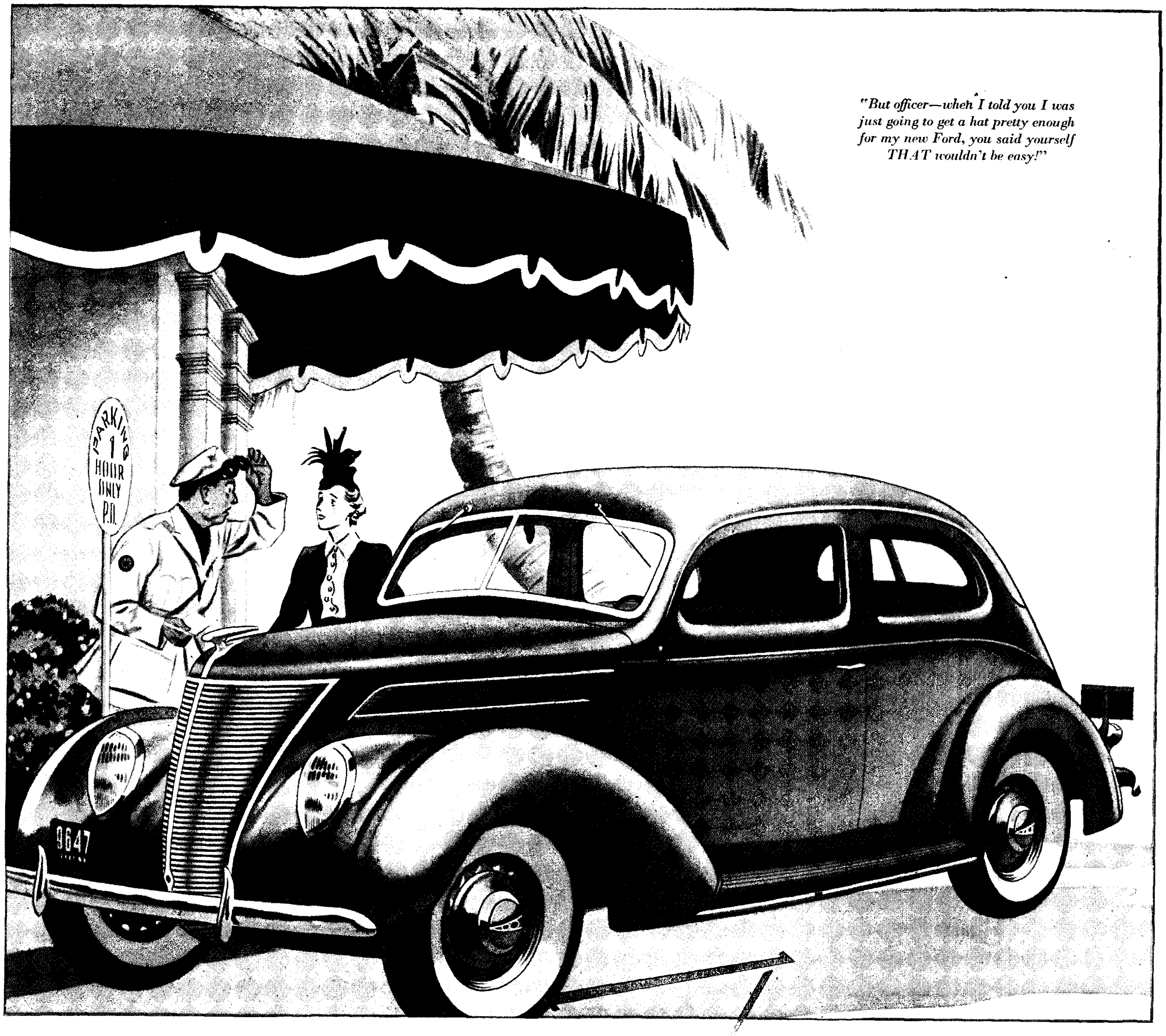
Obviously some agency able to consider the problem from the standpoint of all of the states which are touched by the Ohio, Missouri and Mississippi rivers and their tributaries is required. The United States Army engineers were called upon to make larger plans and other federal engineers have been employed.

Meanwhile the weather, ever variable, has broken records of a hundred years and longer. The very fury of the rains gave demonstrations of floods beyond all previous experience or expectation. So the problem which engineers must consider has become larger. It is not insoluble.

Dayton showed how one area, willing to employ competent engineers and able to create for itself an alert and competent city government, could at a reasonable expenditure protect itself against one river inclined to floods.

Many cities, numerous states and the federal government must work out an agreement for co-operative effort before the larger rivers can be brought into measurable control. Then the immense engineering projects can be designed, created and administered. No branch of government alone can accomplish the task.

The very magnitude of the work invites all the wisdom and all of the public spirit we can summon. To tame the rains and to check the violence of great rivers so that men may live in comfort and safety is a venture worth trying. If the floods of 1937 inspire us to this achievement, this year will indeed be memorable.



"But officer—when I told you I was just going to get a hat pretty enough for my new Ford, you said yourself THAT wouldn't be easy!"

DISTINCTIVE BEAUTY
BORN OF USEFULNESS

Ford V-8

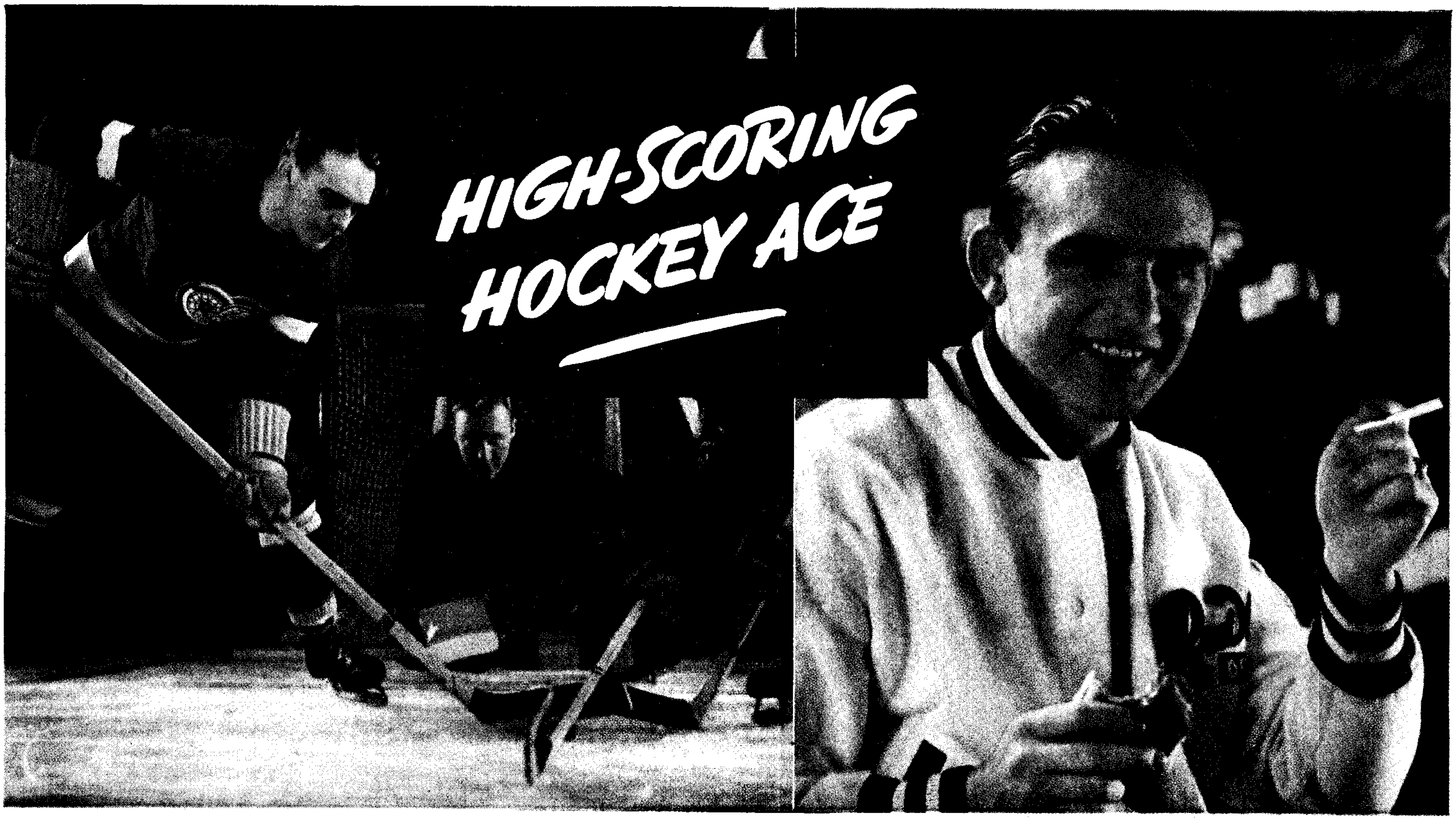
FOR 1937

TODAY'S world wants beauty born of usefulness . . . form that follows function . . . lines that are pleasing and practical.

By such modern standards, the 1937 Ford V-8 is unmistakably beautiful. It's wide, low, roomy. No horns, headlamps or spare tires break its smooth, clean curves. Every detail, inside and out, contributes to its simple, distinguished design.

There's beauty of another kind in its fine materials, precision workmanship, faithful service. And there's beauty in its budget figures too!

Both the improved 85-horsepower V-8 engine and the new 60-horsepower V-8 engine provide smooth performance with economy. In fact, the "60" engine, optional in five standard body types, makes possible the lowest Ford price in years and the greatest gas mileage ever built into a Ford car.



Herb Lewis of the Detroit Red Wings says: "I go for Camels in a big way!"

THE lightning-quick camera eye caught *Herb Lewis* (*above, left*) in this slashing set-to before the goal. Next split-second he scored! After the game (*right*), Herb said: "You bet I enjoy eating. And I'll give Camels credit for helping me enjoy my food. Smoking Camels with my meals and afterwards eases tension. Camels set me right! And they don't frazzle my nerves."

Camel smokers enjoy smoking to the full. It's Camels for an invigorating "lift" in energy. At mealtimes it's Camels again "for digestion's sake." Thanks to Camel's gentle aid, the flow of the important digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids—speeds up. A sense of well-being follows. So make it Camels—the live-long day.

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

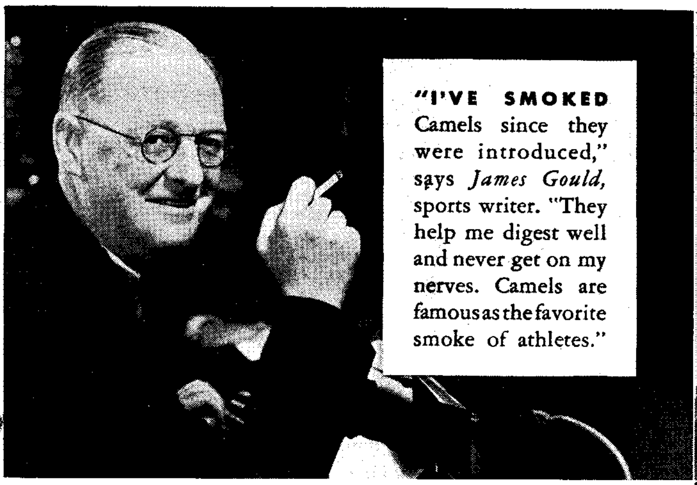
COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.

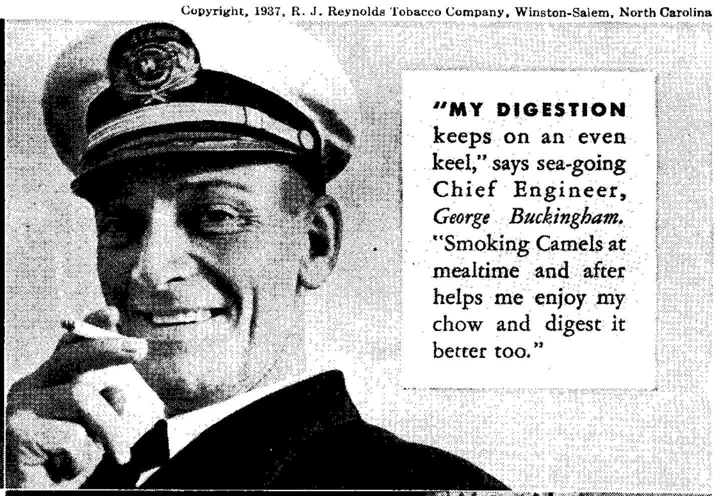
CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

TUNE IN every Tuesday

Hear "Jack Oakie's College"—a full-hour gala show with Jack Oakie in person, Benny Goodman's "Swing" Band! George Stoll's Concert Orchestra! Hollywood comedians and singing stars. Special college talent every week! Tuesdays—9:30 pm E.S.T., 8:30 pm C.S.T., 7:30 pm M.S.T., 6:30 pm P.S.T., WABC-Columbia Network.

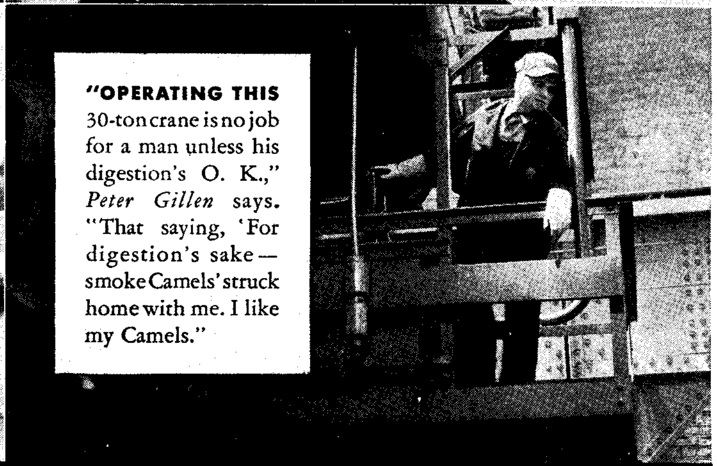


"I'VE SMOKED Camels since they were introduced," says *James Gould*, sports writer. "They help me digest well and never get on my nerves. Camels are famous as the favorite smoke of athletes."



"MY DIGESTION keeps on an even keel," says sea-going Chief Engineer, *George Buckingham.* "Smoking Camels at mealtime and after helps me enjoy my chow and digest it better too."

GLIDER record-holder, *Dorothy Holderman*, says: "Gliding is thrilling, though nerve-shattering at times. Camels are so mild. Wrought-up as I may feel, Camels help my digestion run smoothly."



"OPERATING THIS 30-ton crane is no job for a man unless his digestion's O. K.," *Peter Gillen* says. "That saying, 'For digestion's sake—smoke Camels' struck home with me. I like my Camels."

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS!